

Incorporating the Australian Home Budget.

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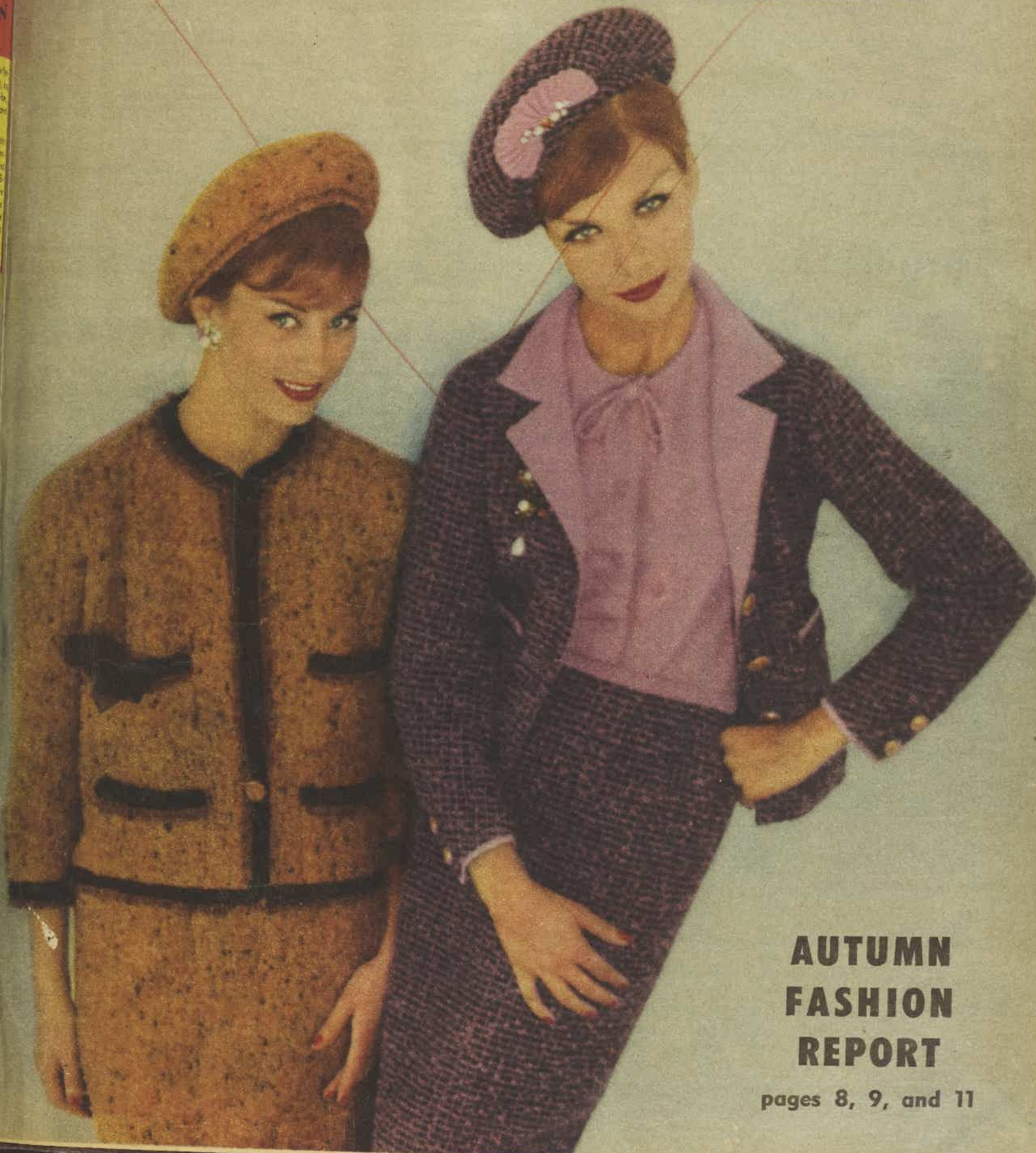
The Australian

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

9



**AUTUMN
FASHION
REPORT**

pages 8, 9, and 11

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MARCH 2, 1960

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CONTENTS

Fiction		Home and Family	
Doctor and Son (serial, part 1), Richard Gordon	16, 17	Honesty, Honor, and Self-respect	37
The Lie, Arthur Gordon	18	£2000 Mothers' Contest	39
Pretend You Love Me, Jan Cox	19	Pre-natal Exercise and Hints	39
Spears		Budget Holiday Home	40, 41
The Lady at the Back, Leone Stewart	21	Six Ways to Strengthen Your Marriage	42, 43
Albatross, George Langelaan	23	Home Plans	45
		Gardening—"Milky Way" Plants	46
		Seafood Suggestions for Lent	49, 50
		£1235 Mustard Contest	50
		Prize Recipes	50
		Embroidered Dress	52
		Transfers	62
Special Features		Entertainment	
Autumn Fashion Report	8, 9, 11	Films, Film Reviews	65, 66
Autumn Handknits, Four-Page Feature	33 to 36	TV Color Pin-up, Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.	67
		Television Parade, by Nan Musgrove	71
Regular Features		Fashion	
Worth Reporting	10	Dress Sense, Betty Keep	47
It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	26	Fashion Frocks	55
Letter Box	31	Fashion Patterns	77
Ross Campbell	31		
Social	68, 69		
Stars	77		
Jackys Diary	78		
Mandrake, Crossword	79		

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Staff writer Ronald McKie, author of "Proud Echo," told us of some of his research difficulties for his latest book, "The Heroes," which is reviewed on page 74.

AT one stage his only clue to Operation Rimau, the top-secret raid that disappeared without trace, was the name of Furuta, who had been a Japanese Army interpreter in Singapore during World War II.

How do you find one Japanese, without even knowing his full name, among a hundred million Japanese?

Finally, Ron wrote his impossible request to Associated Press in Tokyo.

Back came a letter from the News Editor.

"We telephoned the Japan Veterans' Association and the Defence Ministry without success, and I wrote a brief note saying there was little hope we could find Furuta without a more solid clue."

"A member of our staff, Mrs Yoko Mural, saw the note on my desk and recalled that her former English teacher, a man named Furuta, had worked in Singapore."

"She contacted the family and it appears that the man you are seeking is Hiroyuki Furuta."

Enclosed was Furuta's address.

★ ★ ★

RICHARD GORDON'S "Doctor And Son," which begins as a serial on pages 16 and 17, sold more than 80,000

copies before it was published. Richard Gordon, real name Gordon Ostlere, is a doctor who decided to turn author while serving as a ship's surgeon on a cargo boat travelling to Australia.

His first book, "Doctor In The House," was so successful he gave up medicine.

He is reported to have said:

"I'd never really been happy in medicine, so I thought, 'Here's my chance to find out if this is what I want.'"

"There also was the attraction of never being called out of bed to see a sick sentence."

"Believe me, the romance of night calls dies before the ink's dry on your diploma."

Richard Gordon's wife, Jo, is a doctor, so he has a knowledgeable critic in his home.

★ ★ ★

WE know that many adults find plenty to interest them in our Teenagers' Weekly supplement.

The fans of Dobie Gillis, hero of the recent short story series, included an enthusiastic batch of grandmothers.

But no doubt there are some parents who regard the section as strictly for the kids and hand it over unread.

We recommend these to hang on to it long enough this week to read about Barry Knapman, 15-year-old Sydney diver (Teenagers' Weekly, page 3).

● The superb fashions that won gold medals among the 1000 designs entered in the Australian Wool Bureau Competition for 1960 are shown in an eight-page, all-color section in our next issue. The section can be pulled from the paper and kept as a guide to planning a high-fashion autumn-winter wardrobe.

Next Week

The most beautiful lips are yours with extra creamy CASHMERE BOUQUET colourfast lipstick...

... the smoothest, creamiest, most vivid lipstick of all



In gold and pink case 3/3

Lovely lips deserve the flattery of Cashmere Bouquet lipstick. Its creamy smooth texture lends them a very special beauty... gives the soft freshness, the satin sheen and the magical glow that is the natural look of youth. Cashmere Bouquet lipstick colours range from dreamy, delicious pinks to brilliant daring reds.



7/6

For those who prefer a 24-hour lipstick

CASHMERE BOUQUET

Sta

24-HOUR LIPSTICK

AVAILABLE IN EIGHT LOVELY SHADES

The Georges are sorry to leave

By NONI ROWLAND, staff reporter

● "We are leaving half of our family behind in Australia when we sail for England," said Lady George, wife of Sir Robert George, retiring Governor of South Australia. "That shows how much we think of your country."

AFTER seven years in Government House, Adelaide, "the Georges," as they have become known throughout the State, sail in the Himalaya on March 7.

The family Sir Robert and Lady George are "leaving behind" comprises a daughter and son-in-law, now settled permanently in South Australia, and a married son in Sydney.

They have two sons—one married—in England.

In their seven years in South Australia Sir Robert and Lady George, who is noted for her beauty and exquisite clothes-sense, have carried out hundreds of official functions.

"Not only have I laid numerous foundation-stones," said Scottish-born Sir Robert, with a mischievous smile reaching to expressive eyes, "but I have actually seen many of the buildings completed and opened."

"Since we have been in Australia we have seen tremendous progress all over the country. But I think the biggest progress has been here in South Australia."

Outback memory

Few native-born South Australians know their State as well as the Georges.

They have travelled thousands of miles on official and unofficial visits to the river-towns along the Murray—"We love the River!"—to the south-east, Kangaroo Island, Port Lincoln, north of Port Augusta, to Alice Springs, and the bush.

"I think it is the outback I will remember most vividly when we are back in England," said Lady George.

"When we have stayed in the outback I have had the feeling that now I am really breathing Australia, the true Australia."

Sir Robert, a keen sportsman—he loves sailing, fishing, polo, and riding—will remember well the thrill of landing a white pointer shark weighing 1060lb.

"And, of course, the two bigger ones that got away—as usual," he added.

As well as the happy events, both Sir Robert and Lady George will remember the disastrous ones—floods, heatwaves, and the bushfire that destroyed the Governor's summer residence at Marble Hill.

Fire took all

The fire, back in 1955, gutted the residence and destroyed most of the Georges' personal possessions.

"Normally," said Lady George, "we would have left most of our silver, clothing, my jewellery, and other personal possessions at Government House."

However, at the time it was undergoing repairs following the 1954 earthquake, so we packed most of our things and took them with us to Marble Hill.

The fire burnt all but one of the Pierre Balmain gowns Lady George brought with her to Australia, and in which she was photographed in color for *The Australian Women's Weekly* in 1953.

But, more important to Lady George, the flames destroyed photographs of her children when they were young.

"We literally lost everything but the clothes we were wearing that terrible day," Lady George added, "but the people of South Australia were very kind. We had

letters of sympathy from people all over the State."

After seven years of official duties, Sir Robert and Lady George are looking forward to a long rest.

"When we get back to England," said Lady George, "we will live in a tiny house we have bought in London, and do nothing for several months except relax, see old friends and family."

A private life

"For years we have lived in big houses in many parts of the world—in Turkey, Iraq, Singapore, Paris—and, naturally, there has been a good deal of official entertaining."

"That's why it will be nice to live privately in a small house for a while until we find a house in the country."

"I love gardens and gardening, which I find very relaxing. It will be good to have an English garden again."

However, Sir Robert and Lady George won't arrive back in England until the end of May—"just in time for summer."

While Sir Robert and Lady George have been in residence in the tall building off Adelaide's lovely North Terrace, the walls have been dotted with paintings by South Australian artists—and by Sir Robert.

"See this little painting here," he said, drawing my attention to a watercolor signed R. George in one corner.

"When the Queen Mother stayed at Government House I asked her if she would like to see a painting by a South Australian and drew her over to this one."

"Her comment?" the Governor said, roaring with laughter. "What a nice frame, Sir Robert."

Unfortunately, most of Sir Robert's landscapes, which would have been vivid reminders of Australia, were destroyed in the Marble Hill fire, but several remain to be packed away, together with pictures by Sir Hans Heysen and several other local artists.

Quickly at ease

At the end of my interview in a sunny, comfortable room at Government House—an interview that stands out for its pleasant informality and the charming way in which Sir Robert and his wife quickly put me at ease—I asked for their main impressions of South Australia.

"The enormous progress," said the Governor.

"The kindness of neighbors to one another in times of disaster like bushfires," said Lady George.

"But most of all," they both said, "the tremendous amount of welfare work done in such good spirit by organisations such as Red Cross, Legacy, R.S.L., C.W.A., the Mothers and Babies' Health Association."

As I rose to leave, Lady George told me she had prepared a small speech for a farewell function in her honor.

"You know what I am going to say—'We came, we saw, you conquered.'"

And she gave me a very warm smile.

● *Charming, informal study of the retiring Governor of South Australia, Sir Robert George, and Lady George with their poodle, Louis. Picture by Max Farrell, Adelaide.*



WHILE LONDON WAITED

*Crowds kept
constant vigil*



THE PALACE "GUARD." Crowds gaze through the railings at Buckingham Palace during their vigil for the Royal birth.



SYMBOLIC PICTURE. This baby carriage, taken by a London mother to the main Palace gates, was one of hundreds.

*... and the Duke, with outriders alerted to
clear path to Palace, filled Royal engagements*



ON ROYAL DUTY. Prince Philip, who carried on with the round of official duties, at an Army presentation.



THE DUKE, again on Royal duty, talks to actor Kenneth More at the premiere of the film "Sink the Bismarck" at London's Odeon Theatre.



Every mother has sympathised with the Queen

● For weeks now, the most interesting news item for women has been: "When will the Queen's baby be born?"

Every mother sympathises with another mother who is awaiting a baby. Every mother can especially sympathise with the Queen in the last weeks of her pregnancy. For where the average woman has a group of relatives inquiring about the baby, the Queen has entire nations.

Towards the end, pregnancy seems to go on and on. It becomes an apparently endless period of discomfort and uneasiness; a period of waking every morning thinking "Will it be today?"; of answering anxious relatives asking: "Dear, do you think it will be tonight?"

The inquiry—so solicitous and so well-meant—can also be so wearing.

How does the mother know whether the baby will be born that day? A baby takes its own time.

A normal pregnancy is generally regarded as 283 days—dated from the beginning of the last period.

About 14 days on either side of the 283rd day is still normal.

(Many doctors believe that labor should be artificially induced if the pregnancy continues beyond the 283 days-plus-14.)

The Queen doesn't suffer from the troubles afflicting most mothers expecting third babies. None of the usual questions vex her: "I don't know still how we're going to afford it . . . Our place just isn't big enough . . . Who's going to run the house while I'm in hospital?"

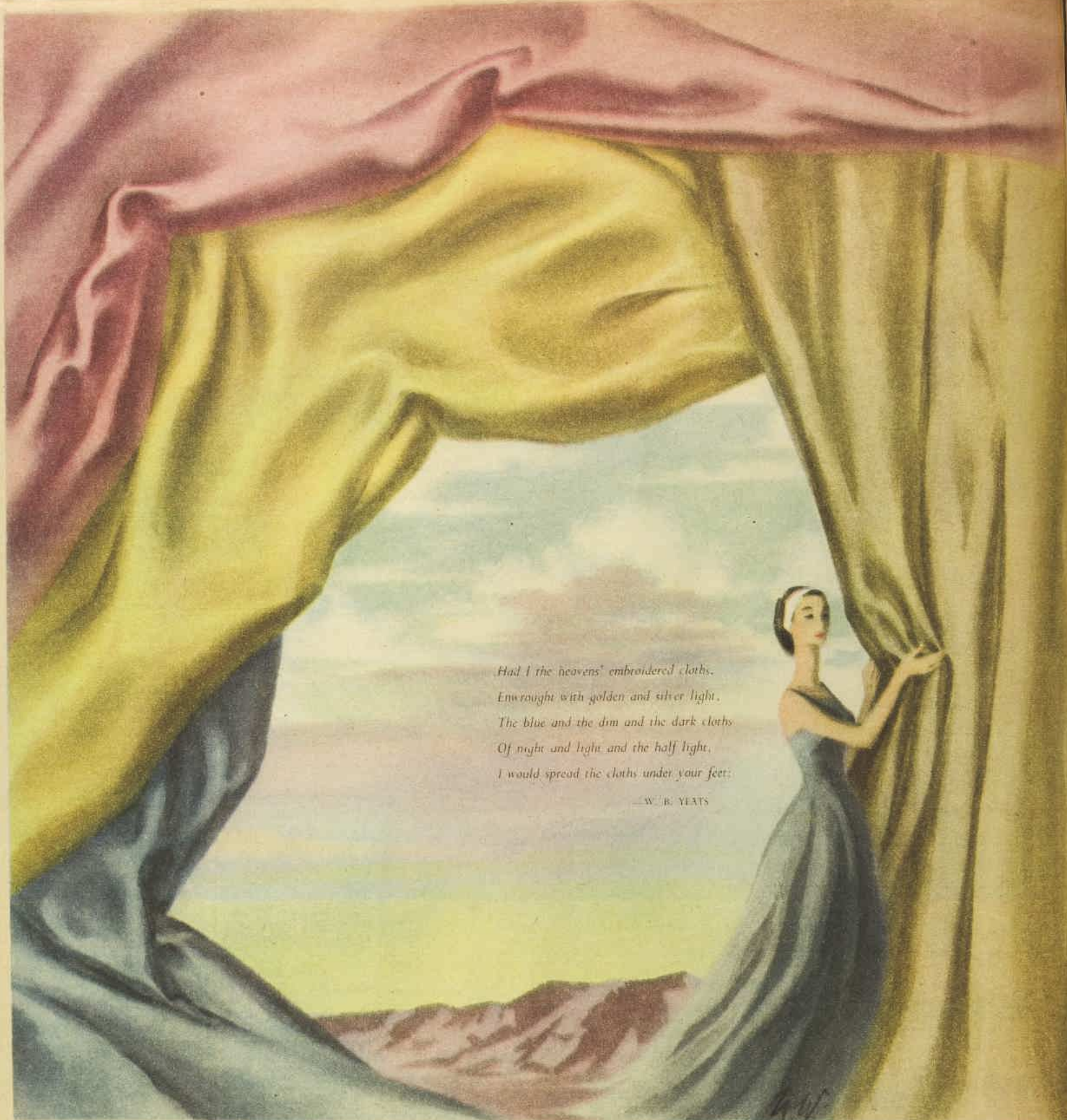
Who'll mind the children? . . . There'll be no social life for us for months."

But she has whole nations of inquiring relatives.

Crowds line the railings of Buckingham Palace, sleep on the pavement, lift hopeful faces to the Palace windows, stir at the sight of a car entering or leaving. The world Press badgers her Household for just one extra word—some indication of WHEN. The entire Household itself is disrupted, given over to organising an announcement.

And everyone asks "WHEN?"

The fuss at such a time—ghastly to every expectant mother—would reduce most women to daily hysterics.



*Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:*

— W. B. YEATS

Wide windows to frame a favourite view, furniture whose every line expresses gracious living — what are these without the right curtains, the right fabrics? To bring an atmosphere of beauty and elegance to your home, choose furnishing fabrics by Prestige.

Furnishing fabrics by . . . **Prestige**

TREASURED FOR ELEGANCE



Paul Baybut-Peet



Dolly Higham



Home on a permanent wave

Hairdressers are happy in ace-of-clubs castle

By SUSAN BARRIE

WHILE hard-up British peers are moving out of their stately homes, Dolly Higham, the railwayman's daughter, is moving in. Dolly, a Lancashire lass with her hair "bleached up and greyed down," is the new lady of Midford Castle, Somerset.

Dolly's stately home, built in 1770 on a hill outside the ancient city of Bath, is probably England's cosiest castle. It is small, compact, centrally heated, and shaped like the ace of clubs.

Back home in Lancashire, Dolly's Mum and Dad are tickled to death.

Dolly, now 35, began her working life at 14 as a dressmaker's assistant. Her husband, Paul Baybut-Peet, was a 2/6 a week apprentice to a Liverpool hairdresser.

Today they own eight West Country hairdressing salons and will open another three soon.

Slim, dapper Mr. Baybut-Peet—Mr. Paul to his clients and his 170-strong staff—said: "Some people thought we were mad to buy a castle to live in. They thought it would be bleak and cold. But it's really just a comfortable country home. And to us it's beautiful."

Why is the castle shaped like the ace of clubs? "According to the story," Mr. Baybut-Peet said, "it was built by a Captain Roebuck, an 18th-century gambler, with

£100,000 he won on the turn of a card—the ace of clubs. "Buying the castle was my idea. I was sick last year, and while in hospital saw a picture of Midford, up for sale with 45 acres of land.

"A timber company bought the estate and chopped down many of the wonderful old trees. But I bought the castle

with five acres of land (he paid an undisclosed five figure sum for it) and the timber company will have to replant the trees.

"Dolly took a bit of persuading. She thought the place would be too hard to run. But we have a housekeeper and a daily woman to help, so it is quite easy."

Dorothy Baybut-Peet is a beige blonde, with grey eyes, a trim figure, and small, beautifully shaped hands.

Following her dressmaking career she trained with a beauty salon and worked in London as a beauty specialist for some years.

Paul Baybut-Peet met her in Southport 11 years ago. They both worked in London after marriage, and only four years ago began the West Country venture.

"I wanted to give provincial Englishwomen the same sort of hair service they could have in London," Mr. Paul explained.

"In a place like Bath, with only 90,000 people, you can't turn all women out looking alike. It would be fatal.

"So I tried to give them the individual, fashionable Mayfair hair-styling. It worked.

"Dorothy missed her own profession at first, but she took over the business side while I concentrated on the hairdressing. Now we wouldn't go back to London."

Dorothy, a clever, energetic woman, says that her husband does all the creative work.

"I love entertaining and the castle is very nice for parties," she said. "But I'm not the least bit artistic. Paul takes care of all the designing for the salons and our home."

In the entrance hall, where a Persian rug is spread on flagstones, a bar at one side is lit by softly shaded lamps. Rare prints of old Bath hang on the walls.

The small, circular sitting-room is gracious and elegant, with a few Sheraton pieces and pastel brocade curtains.

The big dining-room, formal but comfortable, has Wedgwood-blue walls and a



● Paul Baybut-Peet in the hall of his castle with (beyond) the dining-room. The castle is furnished with antiques of several periods.

white ceiling. The curtains are dull gold satin, and the high-backed chairs and trencher table are William and Mary, upholstered with their original fine tapestry.

Everywhere, big windows give a view of the estate and surrounding countryside.

The bedrooms were another furnishing challenge for the Baybut-Peets. Their own big, circular room, with pastel walls and carpets and blond wood furniture, has an adjoining washroom, although there is a nearby bathroom with washable flowered wallpaper and a thick, sapphire-blue carpet.

Throughout the castle the

ace-of-clubs design predominates in windows and ventilators, and the shape of the rooms.

"In the 18th century Bath was a great gambling centre," Mr. Paul said.

One of the Baybut-Peets' treasures is a letter from one of Captain Roebuck's descendants, congratulating them on redecorating the castle.

"He writes that in making this an elegant home for ourselves, he feels we are rejuvenating the castle and giving it a new lease of life," Mr. Paul said. "It used to belong to a London barrister, but it was empty for about a year before we bought it."



● Dolly stands beside a 17th-century four-poster bed in one of the seven near-circular bedrooms of Midford Castle, which her husband redecored.

AUTUMN

FASHION REPORT

Cardin *Chanel* *Lines* *Ricci*
Patou *Balmain* *Laroche* *Lanvin*

By Betty Keep

● Paris autumn fashions are creatively brilliant and have a wide silhouette latitude. Two young men, St. Laurent, at Dior, and Pierre Cardin, have zoomed to fresh fashion stardom. More news is overleaf.

Dior ▶

● Sparkling and very young, the fashions from Maison Dior are overstated rather than understated. The clothes excite the eye and fire the imagination. Many are frankly eyebrow-raising.

The Dior skirt-length is the shortest in Paris—a flirty knee-level by day, and shorter at sundown.

Dominant trends include tunics, wind-blown, puffed, and hobble skirts—and the elongated look. The latter is achieved by a slender, unbroken line, and is heightened by a wide, many-stranded dog-collar choker necklace and a hat rising to a lofty peak.

This new look is seen (right) in a front-buttoned tunic dress, with the tunic bloused at knee-level.

At Dior the chemise is not altogether dead; St. Laurent designs one for evening, falling straight from a strapless decollete to the instep.

◀ *Cardin*

● The Cardin clothes are soft, supple, and fluid. The silhouette surrounds rather than grips the body. The lowered waist, placed at the hipline, and a blousing line that spills fullness above the hips are both constant and established throughout the collection.

Plaids in inky-purples and blues make suits with fingertip-length jackets. Suit jackets are often self-belted below the waist.

Cardin uses lots of belts. They all have invisible fastenings; some are bi-color in beige and brown.

The favorite Cardin hat is small and "hard," made in velvet or fur on tweed. It is worn smack on the wearer's forehead.

A single rose in dress fabric is a pretty Cardin fancy. At left it is the only trim on a simple bloused dress made in rose-red lace.





Gres

● As always, the key of the Gres collection is subtle drapery for day and night. (See the superb evening dress above.) In this collection the waistline is marked in dresses but unmarked in greatcoats. The latter, with their soft bulk and width, almost eclipsed the famous Gres drapery. Add to these two themes the Gres fondness for subdued misty color—and white—and you have a comprehensive picture of her autumn collection.

The new coat silhouette is dramatic. The sleeves, bathing or kimono, start from the wearer's rib-cage or from waist level. Collars, too, are often enormous.

A slice of extravagance from this house is the brilliant beaded belts studded with multi-colored cabuchons.



Laroche

● "Freedom and Liberty" describes the Laroche autumn collection. This designer presents a series of unaffected, easy-to-wear clothes.

Hoods are a Laroche signature. Made in fur, they are a follow-on from the hooded blouses shown with the Laroche summer suits.

The fur hoods this season are detachable. Example (above) in black beaver is worn with an easy-fitting red wool suit.

After dark Laroche uses soft transparent fabrics that side-step any look of winter. He uses the fabric for younger feminine designs that have an understated perfection of cut.



Balmain

● The Balmain collection is elegant, luxurious, and pretty rather than trend-setting. Even so, Balmain has produced the most popular tailored suit in Paris (above).

The suit has a long jacket, is shaped but not fitted at the waist, and is buttoned high.

Balmain elegance is again seen in two after-dark fashions—a white satin dinner-suit and a jet-encrusted black tulle evening sheath.

Balmain's newest fur coat is luxurious. It is really two coats—one ermine, one broadtail—identically cut and worn to be slipped one over the other like Japanese kimonos.

The Balmain pretty look is seen in a series of "blousing" dresses in white wool.

KEEP YOUR HAIR
shining silken-soft
and lovely!



RICHARD HUDNUT egg creme shampoo

FOR NORMAL, DRY OR OILY HAIR

Better than a shampoo . . . a true beauty treatment for your hair! You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair . . . hidden subtleties of tone . . . lustrous sheen alluringly revealed . . . and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the egg formula which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed.

Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It imparts no dulling, "soapy" film but leaves hair *shining, silken-soft and lovely!* Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—costs no more to use than ordinary shampoos. Made in two types to care for all kinds of hair: for normal to dry hair—*Blue label*; normal to oily hair—*Red label*.



ECONOMICAL
BOTTLES
5/6 AND 9/6

BUBBLES 1/3



"I WAS billeted in Queen Victoria's bedroom," said Graham Granville-Smith.

Graham was telling us about the time he helped organise a lace exhibition at the stately English home of Countess Manvers, in Nottingham. "For a stately guest, I was a bit different, I suppose," he added thoughtfully. "You know, having afternoon tea in the Blue Drawing-room—in blue jeans and a red sweater.

"But they were very nice to me. I ate with the family and everything."

Graham, who comes from Cootamundra, N.S.W., went to England in 1955. He got a job as a window-dresser at one of London's biggest stores and spent six months in Paris. Back in London, he has now formed his own decorating company.

He visited Australia for two weeks to see his parents.

"Sydney has changed so much," he said. "The skyline looks like New York (no, I haven't been there yet) . . . the prosperity . . . I want to be among it, to grow up with it. I want to come back home . . ."

Shoo: but you won't get lost

DO you know which way you're going?

If you do, ignore all this. But if you're the fluttery feminine type, there's abso-



• Lost? Just follow your heel . . .

lutely no excuse now for all that nonsense about getting lost.

And it's all thanks to Albanese of Rome.

Albanese is a shoe-designer, and he's dreamed up the revolutionary job photographed here.

The jazzy curved heel is complete with a real compass that always points north.

So there you are. Lost? Take your shoes off, Lucy, and go north, young ma'am.

A FRIEND of ours has just bought a baby car. She has also invested in one of those leather key fobs, embellished with a medallion of the car's make.

But her medallion, restrained and elegant, says "Rolls-Royce." "I don't want my car to get an inferiority complex," she explained.

Blue is the green light

WEAR a blue dress. And why? Because we've just unearthed the fascinating fact that men tend to propose if a girl's clad in blue.

We're indebted to American swimsuit manufacturer Fred Cole for this information.

Every Sunday morning Mr. Cole plays tennis with a friend who's a color psychologist.

And the friend told Mr.



• Well, there are no pockets in a swimsuit.

Cole, who told us. So we're advising you: wear blue.

We met Mr. Cole in Sydney at a parade of his latest beachwear (note: backless swimsuits are IN).

Mr. C. is a practical man. He has designed a new sort of hat for the beach.

It's black straw, and it has a wide band with a coin purse attached. But not only a coin purse.

As well, there's a comb and lipstick and sun cream and cigarettes and matches. And, when you look inside the chapeau, there's a mirror set in the crown.

SHE was glamorous, red-headed, and the conscious possessor of a figure second only to Marilyn Monroe.

Every male head swivelled as she undulated into the restaurant with her two escorts.

But she ignored everybody. Seated comfortably, she took a comic book out of her handbag—and didn't look up till she'd read it from cover to cover.

Thirty purple minutes . . .

SOME weeks ago we mentioned nagging wives.

Now, it seems, there are just as many "offending" husbands. They sulk.

How? By sitting glumly over a newspaper, by looking for dust in corners, by eating in silence.

But, according to a British psychiatrist, the most dangerous time is the half-hour after husband arrives from work.

"You might call it the purple half-hour," he said.

"It is a nasty blow indeed if his wife doesn't seem pleased to see him, or if she chooses that moment to confess she's broken his favorite pipe."

A HOUSEWIFE we know was washing spinach in the kitchen sink.

She gazed abstractedly on the window, reached for the soap flakes, and sprinkle them on . . .

Oh, well. She may be absent-minded—but where there's life, there's 'ope.

Mink, mink, mink . . .

WE'VE always thought mink coat was the ultimate in luxury. We still do M'mmmmmmmmm.

But, according to Phyllis Digby Morton (wife of the British couturier), HER mink coat was the worst fashion mistake she ever made.

Mrs. M. is a fashion journalist. She says the coat is no suitable to wear to the office, too hot at a cocktail party, too valuable to leave in a theatre cloakroom, too bulky in a theatre seat—and in a small car.

Consequently, her mink coat spends most of winter in the wardrobe. In summer it's in cold storage.

"Like a couple who are not happy living together, yet haven't the courage to part, my mink and I are tethered for life," she said.

Oh, it's such a problem!

Don't monk-ey round, please

ENGLISH comedienne Dora

Bryan was reminiscing about her days with the repertory company she joined at the age of 14.

It was there she first suspected her "line" was comedy and not high tragedy.

The company was staging Bernard Shaw's "St. Joan."

Dora was cast for a non-



• Dora Bryan—victim of a habit.

speaking role as a monk in a courtroom scene. She was well masked in a cowl and habit. "Frankly," she admitted, "I felt that 'St. Joan' hadn't much for me.

"It was a very, very long scene and I used to get bored." So, under cover of the habit's voluminous sleeves, Dora used to knit to while away the time.

But one terrible night the monks filed off stage—and, trailing behind Dora, a ball of fuzzy scarlet wool unravelled slowly . . .

AUTUMN FASHION REPORT

Continued

Chanel

• Gabrielle Chanel, who successfully dressed the flat-chested emancipated woman of the 1920s, is equally successful in her 1960 fashions. The Chanel signature is still the suit with a cardigan jacket and slim, easy skirt.

The autumn daytime version of this suit has been given a new look via a bigish stiff beret made in a fabric matched to the suit.

The beret is worn to show the hairline and is trimmed with a clump of Chanel jewels.

Brilliant and understated are Chanel's theatre and dinner suits made in opalescent brocade. A perfect example is the one at right, with its bound jacket edge and pockets.

A newcomer to Chanel is her classic tunic dinner dress. The tunic is slashed at each side to show a slim underskirt. The fabric choice is again brocade.



Lanvin

• Biggest news at Lanvin is the skirt length. Skirts at this house are the longest in all Paris, reaching sometimes as much as four inches below the knee.

Castillo, the Lanvin designer, uses this lengthening line in all phases of fashion. At right it is shown in one of his new long tailleur. The suit is made in a beautiful coarse-woven but supple tweed.

The long jacket suggests, but does not define, the waistline, and is top-heavy with a deep side-buttoned collar. The slim skirt covers the wearer's calf.

Redingotes and straight coats widening softly towards the hem are other new silhouettes at Lanvin.

The Castillo formal evening fashions are superb. The favorite theme is a long dress and matching coat in luxury fabric. Star in this field is a dress and coat in Chinese-yellow brocade. The ensemble was ankle-length.



Vina Ricci

• Points stressed through the Ricci collection by designer Crahay include the marked and often belted waistline and the new development of volume at the top of the silhouette. This fullness is achieved by sleeves.

The cut-in-one bodice-and-sleeves appears over and over. A pretty example of this theme is illustrated in the red satin cocktail dress (left). Worthy of note are the balloon sleeves, the fullness above and below the belt, and how the width of the belt shortens the bodice.

Collars are in vogue at Ricci, and are often capelike and concealing.

The most popular Ricci suit has a belted jacket and a narrow hippy skirt.

Multi-stranded necklaces made in ruby-red beads and crystal and light pastel-blue pearls are two evening specialties of this House.



Patou

• Designer Roland Karl at the elegant House of Patou says "Everything will be done to make the torso appear longer." Waistlines are focused with narrow belts. Often less than one inch wide, the belt is placed slightly below normal waist level.

With this new dropped line, the high bosom effect is endorsed.

The Patou skirt length, for day, is 17in. from the ground. Ankle and slightly longer are usual in after-dark fashions.

The Patou collection includes wonderful embroideries, some of the prettiest white wool dresses in Paris, and a "new look" sleeved evening dress with a demurely covered décolletage.

This alluring evening coverage is seen in the dress at left. The dress combines an all-over-embroidered bodice in charcoal-grey and turquoise with a white satin skirt.



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FILM STAR'S MARRIAGE: **HOW THEY MET**



• Film star Anne Baxter, 37, and 30-year-old American Randolph Galt. They will live at Gloucester, N.S.W.

• Grazier Randolph Galt, just married to film star Anne Baxter, first met the 37-year-old actress by pretending to be an Australian in order to get a dinner date.

"I'M so glad that he did. Rand is the answer to my prayers," Anne told me at a small cocktail party she gave for friends to meet her (then) fiance.

While in Sydney, Anne said, she had met the Peter Baillieu, close friends of Galt, who owns a 42,000-acre cattle station near Gloucester, N.S.W., and a 12,000-acre property at Esperance, W.A. She had hoped to see the Baillieus in America one day.

Then shortly after making a personal tour for "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll" she arrived in San Francisco to appear in a TV programme honoring her grandfather, the late famous American architect Frank Lloyd Wright.

Galt was in San Francisco at the same time, and, having heard of Anne from mutual

From
PAULA WALLING,
in Hollywood

friends, decided to telephone her hotel to try to get a date.

He was sure, however, that she would not speak to a stranger. So he announced himself as Peter Baillieu.

"I was most surprised and enthusiastic at hearing from Peter," Anne said. "And then when Rand confessed I was amazed. Fortunately I was amused enough to accept his invitation to dinner.

"Being engaged to Rand is like a breath of fresh air.

"And I'm absolutely thrilled at the idea of living in Australia. I feel it's one of the few places left where there are still opportunities for young people, where a bit of the pioneer spirit still exists, where

life is basic, earthy, and healthy.

"It's going to be heavenly—both out at the station and in Sydney. I'm looking forward to Sydney's social life. It's similar to the life here without, of course, all the night-clubs. But I shan't miss them, anyway."

Anne looked lovely at the party and was wearing her engagement ring of a half-inch-square emerald with tiny baguette diamonds on either side.

Anne received the ring on New Year's Eve while mixing a salad for dinner at her aunt's house.

"Just as my hands were covered in watercress, Rand came into the kitchen, picked up my left hand, and slipped on this most beautiful ring."

"I saw my future home the last time I was in Australia, and, like any other bride, took measurements. I've shipped over many household things."

£2 A DAY FOR PARIS

• Most art students want to study in Paris. But Australian artist Moya Dyring, who has lived in Paris since 1935, sounds a warning note.

"IF students want to live and work in Paris, I don't think they can do it under £2 a day," said Miss Dyring, who is visiting Australia for a series of exhibitions.

"They can live in the students' quarters—Montparnasse, for example—at a decent hotel for about 15/- a day. But on top of that they have to pay for food and artist's materials.

"If they don't have enough money, either their work or their health will suffer.

"Art students are a dime a dozen. But they can't stay long in Paris because of the expense.

"So many of the younger ones have to take jobs—house-

work or grape-picking or baby-sitting.

"You can't get full-time work in France without a worker's card, and cards are hard to get. So that only leaves places like UNESCO.

"For a year I think a student would need £1000, which includes fares."

Miss Dyring has more advice for would-be students.

"Immediately go to a school—L'Ecole des Beaux Arts, Julien's. Some are free.

"Even if you don't learn anything, you'll find out where the exhibitions are, how to live cheaply, where to eat. You'll make friends, meet people. If you don't know any French, there's always someone who speaks English. "And take plenty of warm

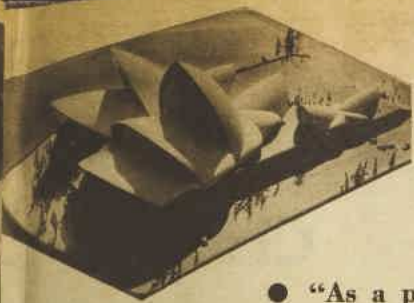


• Artist Moya Dyring

clothes. They're expensive in Paris."

In Sydney, Moya Dyring will exhibit at the Macquarie Galleries for two weeks from February 24. Then she will go on to Canberra, Melbourne, Brisbane, and possibly Newcastle. Mrs. H. V. Evatt will open her Sydney show.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1960



Mr. Opera House sings our praises

● "As a people you are unique. You are not like any other race in the world." This is what Danish architect Joern Utzon thinks of Australians after his fifth visit here since, on January 29, 1957, he won the £5000 first prize with his "White Sails" design (left) for Sydney's National Opera House.



● JOERN UTZON.

"YOU'RE not mass-produced like the Americans. You're all different, all individuals," he said before returning to Denmark recently.

"You're certainly the only men anywhere who are in old shorts and slacks and shirts five minutes after you reach home.

"Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, Italians, Danes—none of them ask 'why?' Australians use this word all the time. I have never been in a country where the people discuss themselves and their country so much.

"Perhaps this is because the pioneer is still so close that you can feel him. Perhaps it is because your minds are attuned to thinking in terms of vast space, whereas we in Europe don't think of space, we merely fit.

"I like the way so many people criticise Sydney because they want to see it properly planned. They want it to develop into the beautiful city it could be.

"I laugh, even in one of your heatwaves, when I see typical English houses designed for a cold climate and gentlemen in thick dark suits. I wonder when you will design your clothes to suit your climate.

"I also smile when I think of the only game of cricket I have just seen. I define the game as a slow-motion movie.

"But I love your taxi-drivers—and being able to talk to them—my bearded driver who had never heard of Circular Quay because: 'It's me first day driving. I've been up north shootin' crocs.'

"But what I like most of all is the tremendous feeling for the future here, and the way Australians are like men who have just come home from a great victory."

Danish newspapers have a nickname for Joern Utzon (pronounced Yawn Oot-sun). It is "Aladdin"—the man who can add jewels to his turban merely by polishing his lamp.

His blue eyes laughed as he told me this at Benelong Point, down among new concrete slabs, grey pipes, rusty steel rods, timber frames, hewn rock—the raw material of a building beginning, genesis of his Opera House.

"It began as a dream," he said as we stood in what will be the basement for the air-conditioning machinery, and nearly 50ft. below the level of the lowest seats in the main auditorium. "And when it's



● Basement of the central section of Sydney's National Opera House. Air-conditioning machinery will be housed in this section.

finished it will be exactly like that dream, only all the shadowy details will be filled in.

"Every man on this job is a perfectionist, and every man wants to make this building the most beautiful in the world, but there would not have been a building growing here today without the late New South Wales Premier, Mr. Cahill."

What I wanted to know most was whether any major change had been made in the original design, and an explanation of some of those details he spoke about.

"The design is the same—a base of sandstone which is natural in these surroundings, shell roofs covered with white tiles (the peak of the biggest shell will be higher than nearby Unilever House), and glass panelling between shells and base.

"The exterior is quiet, but the interior decor will build

up to peaks, rich reds and golds like fantastic flowers, in the main auditorium.

"Instead of three theatres in the original design—main auditorium to hold 3000 people, small auditorium to hold 1200, and chamber music-lecture hall for 300—there will be four.

"We have added what we call a small experimental theatre, designed for 400, in

in theatre life, has an intriguing quality even about its description.

"This big hall will be capable of eight variations in its shape and size. It will be possible to move the walls, the ceiling, and even the floor, or sections of any one of these three.

"For example, we want to use theatre, music, almost as a material in this building, so

where among your audience, or things like that. They will all be possible."

But even more intriguing is the plan to use lights to move people—just like dogs moving sheep—back into the main auditorium towards the end of the interval.

"This is fact," Joern said. "It has been proved that you can manipulate people by changing the intensity of your lighting.

"By doing this in the lounges and 90ft-long curving bar which serve the big hall, you can encourage people to move back into the auditorium without any airport feeling of being ordered by jangling bells or harsh loud-speaker system.

"In much the same way, though this is a different subject, people entering the Opera House will be 'manipulated' by the air-conditioning system.

"If, for example, the night

is very hot, people won't suddenly move from 90 degrees temperature to 70 degrees as they enter the building.

"They will be cooled or warmed gradually, so that by the time they take their seats they won't be aware they have been in any other temperature all day."

Joern told me that wherever he moves in Europe he hears the same story—that famous actors, singers, musicians would scramble to appear at the opening of the Opera House because it will be the world's most modern and best equipped, and a perfect setting for their talents.

And when will that opening be?

"The Opera House will be completed towards the end of 1963."

But when I pressed him to name the day, he shrugged, smiled, said, "Eight o'clock in the evening," and laughed.

By RONALD McKIE

the basement directly under the main auditorium.

"In this theatre the foyer and theatre area will be in one piece. A beautiful lounge with its bar will merge into the theatre proper and add to the general sense of comfort and intimacy."

But the main auditorium, which Joern insists will be new

we will be able to close off the stage area, bring in the walls, lower part of the ceiling, raise the central floor of the hall, put the Sydney Symphony Orchestra on it, and group seats around the orchestra.

"Or for some theatrical performance you might need steps leading down from your stage, or a raised platform some-

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HAS GUN (WITH BULLETS) ... WILL TRAVEL

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

● Good-looking John Holt is a crack rifleman who has gun, will travel, and—unlike the sharp-shooting heroes of TV Westerns—always pays for his own bullets.

HIS ambition to take his gun travelling is also quite different from that of the TV hero. The transport he has set his sights on isn't a horse. It's a jet headed for Rome.

For John hopes to be selected in the Australian rifle-shooting team for the Olympic Games in August, and he's currently firing thousands of bullets into a target at Syd-

ney's Long Bay Range in his efforts to make the grade.

The 29-year-old bachelor—a veterinary surgeon—will know whether or not he's achieved this ambition when the team is announced after Olympic Trials in Melbourne in mid-March.

If he's chosen, as he's almost certain to be, it will be the second time he has fired his way overseas as an Australian shooting representative.

His first trip was in 1958,

when he went with an Australian team to Moscow to compete in the world rifle-shooting championships.

"We didn't conquer the world in Moscow," he said. "And we don't really expect to win any Gold Medals in Rome, though we'll certainly be trying our hardest."

John explained that Australian riflemen were "poor relations" compared with the stars of other nations.

"In Australia we can't get enough practice because it's too expensive," he said. "We have to pay for all our own bullets, and they're no small item."

"It's a different tale in most overseas countries."

"The Olympic rifle-shooters from America and Russia are in the Army, so they have free ammunition to train with. The Canadians and Germans are all working in armaments factories, so they also have free ammunition."

"Just to show you the contrast, it costs me £5 for bullets and for someone to mark the target every Wednesday afternoon when I practise at Long Bay for the 300-metre free rifle event."

John also shoots every Saturday afternoon and every Sunday. These occasions are less costly in bullet expenditure, as he practises then for the 50-metre small-bore event, but it still adds up to nearly £10 each week.

Even Olympic selection doesn't provide temporary financial relief, for all competitors have to provide their own bullets.

Bullets for the comparatively small Australian Olympic team of 12 shooters will cost at least £300.

The only way the team could become "free-shooters" would be if a local firm made the team a pre-Olympics gift of the ammunition.

If John makes the trip, his most important piece of luggage, naturally, will be his rifle, a lethal-looking affair which cost more than £100 and had to be specially made because he's left-handed.

Apart from this and a normal array of clothes, he'll also take a burgundy sweater his mother knitted for him a few years ago, a slightly worn leather jacket, a thick, padded



THE VET. John Holt with Bobbie, one of his two pet silky terriers.

woollen mit, and a peaked cap with "Foreign Legion" side-flaps to shut out glare.

These are all essential parts of his shooting equipment. He'll wear them despite the August heat in Rome, because they provide added support when he has his 18-pound rifle in firing position.

In Rome, all the riflemen will don the smart "walking-out" uniform of the Australian team only after guns have been put away for the day.

John first began to take an active interest in the sport when he was just 16.

"I'd really have needed a reason NOT to take up shooting as a hobby," he said. "It's traditional with the men in my family."

The family shooters have included his father, who died about five years ago, and his two elder brothers.

One brother, Neville, has also represented Australia. He went twice with an Australian team to shoot at Bisley, the English military range, and while there in 1948 was a member of a token team representing Australia in the London Olympics.

This was the first time Australia had ever tried shooting in the Olympics, but it wasn't till the 1956 Melbourne Games that an official Australian team competed.

John estimates he has fired 50,000 bullets in the three years he has been in serious training.

Incidentally, any girl who thinks she might be able to find the way to John Holt's heart by becoming an Annie Oakley is on the wrong track.

He agrees with the Annie Oakley sentiment that "you can't get a man with a gun."

"I'm not saying women can't be crack shots, of course. The Russian women at the Moscow championships, for instance, were fantastic," he said. "But it's not my idea of a sport for girls."

THE RIFLEMAN. Sydney veterinary surgeon John Holt, who is almost certain to represent Australia at the Rome Olympics, ready for a practice shot.

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Marigny, is conducting the Model Quest as part of the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival.

M. Rene Luzic, famous hairdresser from London and Paris, will demonstrate the latest in hair-styling and grooming techniques in each capital city.

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From Paris, ensembles from couturier Maggy Rouff—with the best in local couture from the Australian Wool Bureau.

The winners of our Model Quest—the Color Queen and two runners-up, our Color Princesses—will appear in each State with M. Luzic.

Here is a list of prizes:

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- Two weeks' holiday in Paris, all expenses paid.
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- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.
- £220 spending money.
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- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £12/12/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

Color Princesses

- Ten days' holiday in Hongkong, travelling by Cathay Pacific Jet Flight, all expenses paid.
- Tour of all Australian capital cities with the L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival, all expenses paid.
- £150 spending money.
- Fashion wardrobe of clothes for evening and daytime, supplied by Prestige.
- Lingerie wardrobe, supplied by Prestige.
- Foundation garment wardrobe, supplied by Berlei.
- Shoe wardrobe, supplied by Rayne.
- £7/7/- bottle of D'Orsay Fantastique perfume.

HOW TO ENTER

- Quest entrants must be single Australian citizens, and available to travel from April 1 to June 30 inclusive.

The coupon on this page should be completed (please use block letters) and sent to: The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Coupons must be accompanied by a recent full-length photograph of the entrant. No responsibility can be taken for the photographs. They become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd., and will be destroyed when the quest ends.

The quest will close on March 14. The Color Queen and the Color Princesses will be chosen by a panel of beauty and fashion experts. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decision.

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DOCTOR & SON

Beginning a hilarious new serial by RICHARD GORDON

GRIMSDYKE, my friend as I had always thought, asked, as though referring to some popular sporting event, "And how did the honeymoon go?" I winced.

"I wish you wouldn't smirk when you mention it," I said. "Even at this distance I'm a bit sensitive about playing the standing joke."

"Sorry, old lad," he apologised. "But you must admit that honeymoons are a bit of a laugh. At least, that's what I thought when I watched you and Nikki going off to a lifetime of bliss in a hired Daimler with a couple of tin cans tied to the back."

"I'll certainly agree with you they're something of an overrated pastime."

"I bet they are. It must be even worse trying to kid the hotel management you've been married for years and years when you actually are. But, bliss apart, did you have a good time?"

I hesitated. "No," I said. "As a matter of fact we ran into difficulties not even envisaged by Havelock Ellis."

Nikki and I had married unfashionably in the middle of winter, and chose a hotel in Cornwall with blue shutters and pixies on the teapots which seemed to cater only for other honeymoon couples and people convalescing from serious illnesses.

We had hardly arrived when my wife started trembling violently. I put this down to emotion, until I discovered that she had a temperature of a hundred and three. So I ordered her to bed and treated her for a week for influenza. Then I caught it myself and she had to treat me all the next.

"That wasn't a honeymoon, that was a virologists' convention," laughed Grimsdyke, as I told him. "Still, it shows the wisdom of marrying a fellow practitioner. She can not only cherish you in sickness and in health, but cure you free of charge and do your work while you take a gentle convalescence into the bargain. Particularly, of course, when you pick such a good-looking doctor as Nikki. Have another beer?"

We were in the Hat and Feathers at Hampden Cross, a genial inn decorated with sporting trophies chopped from the fore end of deer and the rear end of foxes, which for several centuries had slaked the thirst of the small Hertfordshire town where I practised.

We were enjoying the widespread British custom known as "a quick one before Sunday lunch"—my own wife and others all over the country were sweating over the roast joint and green peas, while their husbands steadily filled themselves with beer until they would as cheerfully have swallowed boiled marbles instead.

I could now seldom visit pubs at all, the doctor's professional reputation suffering from repeated appearances in the local more than the vicar's.

But it was the first time I had seen my old classmate from St. Swithin's Hospital since he was best man at my wedding. Shortly afterwards Grimsdyke had found a way of combining his leanings towards both psychiatry and gracious living by becoming resident medical officer to a private mental home installed in a castle in Inverness, and now another winter had passed and spring

had arrived with its gift of the English countryside in fresh green wrappings.

"You're not going back to Scotland?" I asked, as Grimsdyke returned from the bar with our tankards.

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid Caledonia's a bit too stern and wild for me. It's wonderful how the inhabitants manage to thrive on draughts and oatcakes. Also, they shut the pubs on Sundays."

"So you're settling back in London?"

"That's it. The job up north had its uses—particularly in topping up the exchequer, which was pretty low by the time I'd finished paying for your blasted wedding present. But somehow old Uncle Grimsdyke just can't keep away from the bright lights of Piccadilly."

"There's no one quite so provincial as a Londoner," I agreed, remembering my own spells of exile, which for a cockney can be as bitter in Manchester as in Melbourne. The atmosphere of London had by now colored both Grimsdyke's lungs and personality, and he never felt really comfortable anywhere he couldn't hail a taxi and order it to take him to Fortnum's.

"What's your next contribution to the advance of medicine?" I asked.

He looked rather vague.

"There's my work for the popular Press, of course."

"I'd forgotten that."

My friend was referring to the knack he had discovered of writing medical articles for the newspapers, which in deference to the strict rules of professional anonymity he generally signed "By a Distinguished Harley Street Specialist."

"I've got a rather jolly little thing on deformities coming out on Saturday, by the way, which I'm quite proud of. But first of all," he went on cheerfully, "I'm going to have an absolutely slap-up and buckshee holiday. I'm going to be Jolly Jack Grimsdyke. I've got the job as doctor on a Mediterranean cruise ship."

I was immediately interested. Shortly after qualification I myself had realised that a medical degree is also a ticket to a world tour, and had signed on as doctor to an old cargo boat creaking her way to South America. My professional duties seemed to consist largely of drinking pink gins with the Chief Engineer, and though this was an agreeable form of practice I felt that irreversible psychological changes might occur if I persisted in it.

"That's a bit of luck," I said admiringly. "How did you land the job?"

"Through the last one. The chief psychiatrist was treating the daughter of a local laird, a smashing-looking piece who had what he called 'a hysterical personality'—though personally I think she only needed a good spanking. Still, he must have done her some good, because next week she's marrying young Lord Corrington, who owns the Lady Anne—that's the ship, a great white thing like a wedding-cake—and several dozen others besides."

"Fact is," he explained, "the Corringtons are going

on the cruise as their honeymoon. She wanted a doctor aboard who knew her case-history, and as the chief psychiatrist couldn't make it he sportingly suggested me. It's just the thing. At the moment I need a rest cure, after more than a year's uninterrupted employment."

"You might have quite a lot of work to do," I warned him.

He looked pained. "Work?"

"I mean, you can't just shut a couple of thousand people up in a tin box and float them into the hot sunshine. They breed infections like mites in Stilton."

"All that's taken care of, anyway," Grimsdyke said lightly. "The Chief M.O. is none other than Sir Hamilton Harberry, M.D., F.R.C.S., and so on, who does it just to pass the time now he's retired. He's a chap who can take out an appendix between lunch and dinner without turning a hair. My duties, I gather, will be of a more social nature—such as showing pretty girls the boat deck in the moonlight. And, of course, there's bound to be simply hundreds of them on board."

"All looking for husbands."

"I think I shall rather enjoy myself," he went on, ignoring the remark. "Particularly with refreshments at duty-free prices. How about another pint?"

But I glanced at the clock.

"I promised Nikki faithfully we'd be home by one-thirty."

Grimsdyke looked surprised. He would not himself have considered leaving until our jovial check-waist-coated landlord, undergoing the twice-daily transformation of an English publican, had hectoring us all into the street.

"Come on, old lad! Nikki won't mind, surely? She's a tremendous sport. And everyone knows that pub clocks are kept about twenty minutes fast, anyway."

"She may be a sport, but I've already discovered there's no worse crime in the matrimonial calendar than being late for a meal."

"Oh, all right," he yielded. "But it doesn't seem long since there was as much chance of detaching you from an open pub as a thirsty kitten from its mum."

I had been much looking forward to Grimsdyke's visit, there being few experiences more gratifying to a recently married man than showing off his new wife's cooking to his old friends. He turned out to be a rewarding guest, admiring exuberantly my wife, the roast lamb, the small cottage in which we lived, and even the garden, which was mainly a form of outdoor relief for the birds.

Our conversation during lunch was of the sort inescapable between two Englishmen who'd shared the same educational establishment, and when the time came to clear away Nikki said with some relief, "I'll leave you two to continue your reminiscences in peace. I can be getting on with the washing-up."

I gave him a cigar which had originated in the fibrosis of a certain prosperous Major Marston, and he

To page 53

*As prospective parents Nikki and Simon
were in a world of their own which
excluded the problems of their friends.*

ILLUSTRATED BY
BOOTHROYD

I have lighted my lamps . . .

. . . and their flicker is soft and gentle, in the quietness before the night flashes into a tempestuous merriment of sound and colour.

Everyone has a New Year of course—but we still claim that our *Divali* is something new . . . the riot of colour and laughter, the gentle flicker of the oil lamps, the frightening noise of fire-crackers as they whizz across the sky . . . a warning to the spirits of evil, a welcome to Lakshmi, golden goddess of prosperity. In fact, there's something special about all our festivals . . . there's something special about India. We would so love to show our country and its ways to you. Why not stop-over awhile and see India on your way to London with

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THE LIE

A short short story

By **ARTHUR GORDON**

DRIVING to the station that Saturday afternoon under the grey March sky, Len Harrison felt his sense of depression deepen. Behind him his son Jimmy filled the station waggon with six-year-old exuberance.

Beside him Miss Sims sat quietly, hands folded in her lap, except when she raised one now and then to smooth a strand of greying hair into place under her sensible hat. Her face was calm, as controlled as always. There's no point in feeling grim about it, Len told himself sharply. Leaving was her idea, her choice. Why let it bother you?

But it did bother him all the same.

In the back seat Jimmy had somehow contrived to unfasten the clasps of Miss Sims' suitcase. "Gosh, Missie! Do you have to take all these clothes for just a little trip?"

Miss Sims glanced briefly over her shoulder. "Close it up, please, Jimmy. You know better than that."

It was amazing, Len Harrison thought for the thousandth time, how she could control this tornado of a small boy with a quiet word or glance. His parents certainly couldn't seem to do it. Damn it all, Len Harrison thought, why does it have to end like this?

Everything seemed to have come about so quickly. Thursday, as usual, had been Miss Sims' day off. On Friday, innocent-looking enough in its neatly lettered blue envelope, the letter for her arrived from Philadelphia. The next morning, quietly but definitely, she told the Harrisons that she would be leaving them to take another job.

Her explanation was simple and forthright. The People in Philadelphia, she said, had been urging her for some time to come to them. Now they had made an offer that she couldn't refuse.

"I wouldn't have believed it," Margot Harrison said fiercely. "I never thought she cared that much about money. I thought she loved the children."

Len Harrison had rubbed his forehead ruefully. "She is fond of the children; I don't think there's any doubt about that. But she's a single woman, honey, and not getting any younger. If these people can pay her so much more, you certainly can't blame her."

"Oh, Len!" his wife cried despairingly. "You're always making excuses for other people. What about her sense of loyalty? Don't you think she owes us something? How can she just walk out like this?"

"She isn't walking out, exactly. She's offered to stay until we find somebody else."

"I don't want her to stay," Margot said grimly. "If she's going, she'd better go. This very day. You can put her on the afternoon train to the city."

"What about your job?"

"I'll just have to work at home until we can get somebody else."

"What are we going to tell the kids?"

Margot hesitated. "Barbara won't mind so much. She's too young to understand. But Jimmy . . ." She bit her lip. "Well, we'd better just say that Missie has to go away on a trip and let him think she'll be back."

Jimmy had given his heart to Miss Sims.

It was the day of Margot's return from the hospital with a brand-new baby girl. Len had asked the employment agency in the city to send someone to help with Jimmy and the household chores until Margot was herself again. "Someone reliable," he had said, "who



Jimmy excitedly ran down the platform waving the note in his hand. "Missie! Wait," he shouted.

can just take over for a couple of weeks." They sent Miss Sims.

She was not at first sight a very impressive-looking person. She was rather plain except for her eyes, which were a clear, candid grey. Her accent sounded faintly British; later they learned she was born in Canada. Her age might have been anywhere between thirty-five and forty-five; it was hard to tell.

Her references were excellent, although it was evident from them that she never stayed long in one position. She didn't talk much about herself. She didn't show much emotion, either; there was something very reserved, very disciplined about her. But there was warmth beneath the discipline. Both the Harrisons sensed it, and their son was drawn to it instantly.

"Oh, Len," Margot whispered that first night, "she's marvellous. If only we could keep her!"

"What would you do? Go back to your old job?"

"Believe me," said Margot fervently, "if I knew the children were safe and happy, I would. We could use the extra money to pay Miss Sims."

That was the way things worked out. Miss Sims did agree to stay; Margot did go back to work. Before her marriage she had been a dress-designer. The months slipped by; the family seemed to be running like a well-oiled machine—until the day the letter came from Philadelphia.

Now the station was in sight, a handful of Saturday passengers waiting on the long platform. Len Harrison eased the car into his usual parking place under a great willow tree whose branches made black tracery against the sky. He reached out slowly and cut the ignition. Queer, he was thinking, queer and a little sad how easily relationships were broken or reached an end. All the shared laughter, all the common interests, all the woven threads of living—they should add up to some kind of permanency. Evidently they didn't.

Abruptly there came into his head a scene from the early part of the week. It had been the children's bedtime, and Miss Sims picked them both up for the climb up the stairs.

Margot held out her arms first to Barbie and then to Jimmy, but both of them, giggling and laughing, clung to Miss Sims. And Margot said, also laughing, "Well, chicks, it's easy to see who comes first with you around here!" But Miss Sims put the children down quickly. "Go to your mother, Jimmy," she said. "You, too, Barbara." And as usual they obeyed her.

The car door clicked open and Miss Sims stepped out. "Thank you, Mr. Harrison. Thank you for everything."

"When'll you be back, Missie?" Jimmy cried, bouncing on the seat.

Miss Sims gave him her quiet smile. "I'll sit down tomorrow, Jimmy, and write you a letter. You'll find it when you come home from school on Monday."

Len Harrison said, "Why don't you wait here in the car until the train comes?"

But Miss Sims had already opened the rear door. "No," she said. "No, thank you. I'd really rather you didn't wait."

She turned quickly and walked away from them, shoulders set against the weight of the suitcase. She crossed the damp black cinders, a resolute and oddly lonely figure. She did not look back.

"Daddy," said Jimmy, "this fell out of Missie's suitcase when I opened it. Do you think she wants it?"

Len Harrison stared down at the blue envelope, at the neatly printed address, at the Philadelphia postmark. And all at once he knew. Unmistakably he knew.

He drew out the folded sheet of note-paper and saw that it was blank. There was no letter from Philadelphia. There never had been such a letter. Miss Sims had sent herself an envelope, that was all—to justify leaving. Because she felt it would be better for Jimmy and Barbara. Because she felt they were beginning to love her too much.

Len Harrison felt his throat tighten. How often had she done this, removed herself because she feared she was beginning to receive affection that by her strict standards should belong only to parents? How often had she exiled herself because she thought it was the right thing to do?

He looked down the long platform at the figure walking away from them into emptiness, into loneliness. He reached for his pen; on the piece of paper he scrawled two hasty lines. "Jimmy," he said, "take this to Missie, will you?"

"Okay!" In a flash the child was out of the car. "Missie! Missie! Wait." Down the platform, legs twinkling. His father saw him offer the note. Sixteen words: "Missie, there's no such thing as too much love. Come on back here where you belong."

Standing on the platform under the leaden sky, Miss Sims read the message. For a moment she did not move. Then carefully she folded it, put it into her pocket. She picked up her suitcase and offered her free hand to Jimmy. They started back down the platform.

Len Harrison made his hands relax. He opened the car door and stepped out. As he stood there waiting he noticed that the branches above his head were not so bleak and bare after all. They were blurred with green. They were hazy with the promise of spring.

(Copyright)

PRETEND YOU LOVE ME

A complete short story

By JAN COX SPEAS

NEVER having picked up a man before, either deliberately or accidentally, Kate Reynolds faced the moment with a great deal of uncertainty and dread.

As she had anticipated, the clubhouse was momentarily deserted. The cocktail crowd, thinning out for dinner, had not yet been replaced by the younger dancing set, and the skaters who had spent the afternoon on the ice had all staggered home to ease their aching feet and frostbitten noses.

He was sitting at the bar alone, apparently engrossed in his drink. To Kate, watching him from the door, he looked very big and unapproachable, and she sought despairingly for the courage to speak to him.

It had seemed so simple when she made her plans. She had chosen him with great care, and it would be foolish to spoil everything because of stage fright.

His name was John Morgan. He was a stranger in town, the architect for the new houses on the hill behind the Reynolds' home, and his friendship with the Trosper, who had vouched for him as a temporary member of the club, gave him some claim to respectability. He was not married and, to the chagrin of the local belles, seemed to prefer it that way.

These were the established facts. The local gossip, however, was far more colorful. He was rather attractive, in a rough-hewn kind of way that gave rise to ingenious rumors about his probable past, and he was reputed to be cynical, outspoken and brusque to the point of rudeness.

"But what is he really like?" Kate had asked Alice Trosper, hoping for something more concrete than rumor. And Alice had merely answered, "Delicious—absolutely delicious. Would you like me to introduce you, Kate? Not that it will do any good at all, but no woman should die without the experience."

Kate had declined the offer. But after watching John Morgan cautiously for the better part of two weeks, she was hopeful that he was the right choice.

He might laugh and tell her flatly that she was a fool, and he might easily refuse her request altogether. But he did not seem to be the type of man who would spread the tale around town for the sake of a good laugh.

Before she could lose her nerve completely, Kate walked across the room and stood beside him at the bar.

"Mr. Morgan—" she began tentatively. He turned, a look of mild inquiry on his face, and waited courteously for her to go on.

"I'm Kate Reynolds," she said. "Have you had dinner?"

Unlike most strangers, he did not seem surprised by the odd pitch of her voice, low and husky and very deep.

Only after the briefest pause, he said, "Not yet. Will you join me?"

"No," Kate said. "Thank you. I only want to talk to you for a moment."

"Certainly," he said. "Here, or would you prefer more privacy?"

"A table will do, if you don't mind."

He took his glass and followed her.

She shook her head absently when he asked if she wanted something to drink, and the moment had lengthened uncomfortably into silence before she realised that he was watching her with a rather odd smile.

"It can't possibly be that difficult," he said.

Kate blushed, but she drew a deep breath and plunged. "Mr. Morgan, have you made any plans for the club dance tomorrow night?"

"The famous Holiday Ball? No, I haven't made any plans. Quite an affair, if you like that sort of thing."

"Then," she said carefully, staring at her hands, "perhaps I might be able to hire you for the evening." Feeling almost ill, she waited for his reaction.

He looked at her for a long moment, face expressionless. Kate was not addicted to mirrors, not liking what she saw there, but she knew what a man saw when he looked at her in that measuring way.

A tall, thin girl with strong bones and decisive features. A mouth too wide for her face. A cloud of dark hair pushed carelessly back from her forehead. A look of being all bones and eyes and awkward height. It was hopeless, she thought miserably; she should have known better.

Then he said quietly, "I'm sure it could be arranged."

Relief washed through her in painful waves. "I'll pay you

To page 73

John Morgan was sitting alone as Kate approached him. "Have you had dinner?" she asked.



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THE LADY AT THE BACK

A short story complete on this page

By Leone Stewart

THE auctioneer smiled at the distant, black velvet hat and suit. "A single Venetian goblet—sold to the lady at the back. Your name, please, madam? Oh, it's you, Mrs. Bullet."

Jane had gone to the sale especially to buy that red goblet. But once again, Mrs. Bullet, the lady at the back, had outbitten her.

This was by no means unusual. Jane had never openly quarrelled with Mrs. Bullet. Yet the bidding feud had continued between them for months now. Jane could only conclude that the trouble dated back to the time she'd beaten Mrs. Bullet for a Dresden shepherdess.

The auctioneer, that day, had been a little deaf, and he had missed the last call from the back. The shepherdess had become Jane's. Mrs. Bullet had given her a look of utter fury. And at every sale since then Mrs. Bullet was there, recklessly outbidding her rival and winning time after time. "What did you buy at the sale, dear?" Mark asked across the dinner table that evening.

"I didn't buy anything. How could I? Mrs. Bullet was there. Oh, Mark, it doesn't seem to matter what auction sale I go to she's always behind me."

"But surely," he argued, "you can't always want the same things?"

"It isn't that I want what she wants, or even the other way round. It's just that if I make a bid she must run me out."

"You think it's a personal vendetta?"

"I do. I haven't cared so much before, but I lost that Queen Anne dressing stool I admired so much, and today the Venetian goblet. I'm sure she didn't really want it. She'd never have put in a bid if she hadn't heard me from the front."

"I went up to fifty shillings for the goblet, though it really wasn't worth that. But Mrs. Bullet rocketed to three pounds. The funny thing is I've never even spoken to her."

He smiled. "A silent war, eh? There's only one cure, darling—stay away from auction sales in future."

It might have been good advice, but Jane didn't take it. The lure of the salerooms was something she couldn't resist. She was early this afternoon, seated in a Hepplewhite chair at the front, clutching her catalogue. Against Lot 81 was a large pencilled arrow.

"A Victorian wash-hand stand with cupboard and a marble top," ran the description.

The room was filling rapidly and she stood up craning her neck over the heads of the crowd for a glimpse of the lady at the back.

Would Mrs. Bullet be here today? A feathered toque above a grey suit announced that she was.

Jane sat down and stared fixedly at Lot 81 in the catalogue. It would be at least an hour before the auctioneer reached it, and though she coveted a Waterford glass set and a pair of candlesticks she decided not to bid for them.

What was the use when the lady at the back was ready to pounce? Mrs. Bullet's voice wasn't heard once during the first half of the sale.

"Lot 81—"

Jane leant forward, tense, expectant.

"You've read the details in your catalogues," the auctioneer was saying, "but I might just point out that these marble-topped Victorian wash-hand stands are again very much in vogue. Now, who'll start the bidding?"

Someone said a pound.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, don't hedge, we've a lot to get through. One pound I'm offered."

"Two pounds," Jane murmured.

"Three pounds."

"I hear three pounds from the lady at the back."

Jane waved her catalogue. "Four."

"Five!"

The price started to leap, the auctioneer nodding from Jane to the lady at the back. No one else entered the contest.

Mrs. Bullet's voice boomed out: "Eighteen pounds!"

"Eighteen pounds I'm offered." Even the auctioneer was beginning to look a little surprised. "Any advance on . . ."

"Nineteen," Jane said firmly.

There was a pause.

"Are you going to let it go, madam?" He looked over the crowd towards the feathered toque.

"Twenty," she said in a breathless voice. His gaze fell back to Jane. She lowered her eyes and fanned herself with the catalogue.

"Sold to the lady at the back—oh, of course, it's you, Mrs. Bullet."

Mark was incredulous. "You mean you went to a sale this afternoon and didn't buy anything?"

"Yes, darling. I didn't get back till five. I had to stay behind for the end of the sale."

"What for?" he asked. "If you didn't bid for anything . . ."

"Oh, I did. I went up to nineteen pounds."

He whistled. "Nineteen pounds. What was it for?"

"A Victorian wash-hand stand. Mrs. Bullet obviously wanted it a great deal more than I did. She outbid me as usual. Isn't it amazing what prices obsolete wash-hand stands will fetch these days? You've been saying for ages you wished some one would come and take ours out of the attic. Well, now someone has."

She laughed and waved the cheque at him. "Oh, Mark. I wonder what Mrs. Bullet will do with our—white elephant?"

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Tightly clutching her catalogue, Jane stared fixedly ahead waiting for Mrs. Bullet's voice from the back.





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Where had it come from?

A dramatic short story

By **GEORGE
LANGELAAN**

ILLUSTRATED BY PHILLIPS

DONALD PARKSON glanced at his wristwatch and but-
toned up his tunic. "Lights out already, Anne?" he said.
"Sunday-school trippers?"

"No," grinned the hostess, closing the cabin door.
"Going home after a conference. It's always the same; some
were barely able to crawl up the gantry. Half of them are
already snoring. Ghastly plane trip, didn't get a wink of
sleep, they'll explain to their wives tomorrow."

"I'll still take a look round. I may not find time in the
morning," said Parkson. Tucking his captain's cap under
his arm, he stepped through into the long cabin of the trans-
atlantic airliner.

It was strange how he had always wanted to visit his passen-
gers before they settled down for the night and how, somehow,
there was always so much to do after take-off that he rarely
managed it. He walked along the dimly lit cabin, and through
to the rear. Half the seats were empty and all but one of
the passengers had put out their individual lights and were
already asleep or at least had their eyes closed.

"Can't see a single light; where are we?" growled a bold
little man as he passed.

"Already out over the ocean. Since the weather's fine we're
making a beeline for Europe."

"Risking our necks to save giving us breakfast," snorted the
passenger.

"No, you get breakfast in any case," Donald Parkson
answered with a curt laugh, wondering whether the little man
was joking or not.

"I agree, you should have a pretty quiet night, Anne," he
said two minutes later as he changed his tunic for a zip-
fastened jacket.

"Yes," said the hostess, preparing cups and a tray.

"Any coffee, Lady Anne?" The navigator had poked his
head into the tiny kitchenette.

"In about five minutes, Tom." The head disappeared.

"Why do they all call you Lady Anne?"

"Because of the way I handle the passengers, I think. Why
do they call you Lucky Parkson?"

"What's your guess?"

"Because you're lucky, I guess. Well, why shouldn't I
be a lady, then?" said the hostess, chuckling. "You know,
Lucky, I'm sorry this is your last trip."

"So am I, in a way. But I know someone who isn't,
though."

"Peggy? Yes, I know. I would never marry a pilot."

"No pilot could afford it, Lady Anne," butted in the flight
engineer as he emptied a bowl of cube sugar into his pocket.

"Apart from the company uniform, the only thing that fits
you is a mink coat. This really your last trip, Lucky?"

"Afraid so, Al. The age limit has caught up with me."

"How many times have you crossed?"

"On this particular line and flight, this happens to be my
one-thousand-and-first crossing."

"And how many close shaves?" asked Anne, pouring out a
cup of coffee.

"Believe it or not, none."

"Commercial flying, yes; but during the war?"

"That's where I got my nickname. I've been flying for
almost twenty-five years, first in the R.A.F., then commercial
in most parts of the world. I have never once had trouble
of any sort."

There was a long buzz as one of the markers flashed red on
Anne's call-board.

"Twenty-one. That's the old boy who was worried be-
cause he couldn't see a light. Now I've told him we're out
over the ocean he's probably worried because he can see a
light. Run along and tell him there are still ships floating
around. I'll take care of that," said Parkson, picking up
the tray and carrying it forward.

Sitting by his little table, the flight engineer was reading
a detective story. His four engines had been reduced to
normal cruising for almost an hour; they were roaring smoothly
and belching bluish streaks into the ice-cold darkness. In
about two hours' time he would switch fuel tanks.

Meanwhile, there was nothing to do but listen and throw
an occasional glance at his control dials—a mere confirmation,
for his ears always warned him of anything unusual before
any dial needle so much as trembled away from normal.

In his corner, the navigator was drawing a blue pencil line
on a chart, a blue line that followed very exactly an ink line
that had been drawn in before.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1960



A huge bird was flying swiftly and
strongly in front of the plane.

Albatross

Facing him, the radio operator was scribbling on a pad.

"Weather?" queried Parkson, putting down a cup of coffee.

"Yes. Seems to be thickening a little ahead, but nothing

to bother about."

"Thanks," smiled Walker, his co-pilot, seeing him with

the tray.

"All quiet?"

"All quiet, Lucky," Walker said, stirring his coffee as the

automatic pilot gently moved the stick between his knees.

"Aren't you taking your nap?"

"Not tonight, John. This is my last trip and I'll have plenty

of time to rest after that; attending business lunches or dic-
tating rot to a secretary in the office."

"That's the sort of thing my missus has always dreamt of.

Seeing me off every morning, with bowler hat and umbrella

and just enough time to miss the eight-sixteen."

"Yes, I know. Well, when you reach that stage, I shall

be at the last but one, retired and taking my daily walk as

far as the local. By then, of course, our youngsters will be

piloting Mars and Venus liners."

Having finished his coffee and taken the tray back to Anne,

Lucky Parkson stretched, clambered into his seat, pulled the

belt tight over his hips, and drew out an old-fashioned woollen

bonnet before pulling the intercom earphones over his head.

He studied the chronometers, the compass, and each of the

seventy-odd dials above, in front of, and below him, and then

settled down comfortably.

"John, you turn in if you like. I'll have you called if I

need you."

"No, thank you, Lucky. I'll have a little snooze here if

you don't mind," said Walker, pulling a cashmere scarf up

round his ears.

Captain Lucky Parkson rarely took much rest when in

flight. He had, however, made a habit of turning in for an

hour once they were well away and out of traffic lanes when

the weather was good. He was always up and in charge at

the approach of dawn when crews get tired.

Except for practice runs, he rarely allowed his co-pilot to

bring her in or take off. Not that he did not trust him—he

knew Walker was as keen and good a pilot as he was himself

—but he felt it was his duty.

It was really amazing that his luck should have held

throughout four years of war and twenty years of regular flying.

To page 76

Shock colors . . . pale colors . . . off-



STRAWBERRY VANILLA

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FATHER



"May I ask what you have in mind?"

MOTHER



"She's had a wonderful time . . . Haven't you, dear? . . . HAVEN'T YOU, DEAR?"

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

THE collection of cookery books in my cupboard ranges from the severely practical ("take two mutton flaps") to the intolerably affected ("reduce shallots and garlic to a molecular state at the point of a knife").

The other night I was looking through one of the practical books, a solid, dull work which is nevertheless informative. Flicking over the pages, I was shocked by a recipe title—"Mock Tripe."

To simulate tripe seems about as depressing a culinary effort as one could think up. Indeed, I would award it a palm for dreariness if it were not that I suddenly remembered something even worse.

Years ago I shared a flat with some girls, all of us eager to economise on food in order to save money for necessities like nail varnish.

I found a prize recipe in a newspaper—not, I am glad to say, this one—which was exceedingly economical. It was for "Mock Brains." You made this dish with fried onion, oatmeal (probably water and flour, I forget), dipped the mixture in egg and bread-crumbs, and fried it. In dripping, of course.

A more experienced cook would have read it and shuddered. I cooked it.

I think I could safely nominate it as the worst dish in the world.

ANOTHER cookery note: In America you can now buy a cake-mix complete with disposable mixing-bowl and baking containers.

Cake-making in its old form will soon be in the class of those arty hobbies, like hand-weaving your own cloth.

AFTER that recent trainless Sunday in Victoria, reports stated that other forms of public transport were not crowded.

This doesn't prove, of course, that people didn't want to travel. They had warning, and they stayed at home.

Unfortunately, public transport authorities these days are only too ready to note such happenings and to cut down services.

In Sydney—and in many other cities—the pattern goes like this: Citizens, disgusted with infrequent and irregular services, use private cars or taxis more and more. Transport authorities, disturbed at decreasing number of passengers, cut down services, raise fares, or both.

Once I believed that public utilities, such as transport, should be run by the State or by local government bodies. Not any more.

If private enterprise owned Sydney buses and trams it would long ago have recognised that public transport had to be fast and comfortable to compete.

It might even have begun to lure passengers with extra attractions, like free coffee on the way to work. Now, there's a thought.

DRESS reform for men has been a hardy annual ever since I can remember—which is quite a time.

This year in Sydney, with higher temperatures than usual, it has been taken out, dusted, and discussed as if it were a new thought.

Indeed, in case someone else reminds me, I may as well admit that it is my second paragraph on the subject within the month.

Sydney's Lord Mayor, Alderman Jensen, gave the matter a fresh spark of interest by appearing at his office in white shirt and shorts. He looked quite nice, too, as he is a good-looking man.

Nevertheless, I think long pants and sandals are cooler and more becoming than shorts and long socks. The socks must be hot, and the effort seems hardly worthwhile for a bit of a breeze around the knees.

The other night at a concert at the Town Hall I thought the orchestra's white shirts and black pants (white blouses and black skirts for the women) looked good, and wondered why conductor Charles Mackerras hadn't followed suit.

At least, I wondered why until I saw Mr. Mackerras in action. His conducting is so athletic that it would be impossible to keep a shirt looking neat, unless it were stitched in.

But the hot-weather wear and tear on his conventional suit of tails must be very severe.

Brooding on the matter afterwards, I checked on conductors and their clothes, learned that Sir Bernard Heinze wears out one suit of tails per year at an annual cost of £70.

A FAMOUS homing pigeon, Macon Kid, spoiled his perfect race record when he arrived at his loft in Florida, U.S.A., 296 days late on a 200-mile trip. His owner said the trouble was love, and that he would find Macon Kid a girl-friend before the next race.

A pigeon trained to go straight home Thought, "Damn it, other pigeons roam.

I'm sick of that monastic loft, And when romantic breezes waft I envy pigeons in the parks, Such charming chicks, and oh, wot larks!"

At which he took a turning (wrong) And burst into a pigeon song.

(If pigeons sing—I doubt they do— But certainly they bill and coo.)

He met a lady, passing fair, They reared a pretty pigeon pair. But life, alas, is full of traps, He grew to envy single chaps, One morning simply flew away, And lived to race another day.



IT ADDS UP!

THE SMARTEST GIRLS USE TAMPAX!

BECAUSE they know that Tampax was invented by a doctor for the benefit of all women—married or single!

BECAUSE they know, too, that with Tampax internal sanitary protection, nothing can show—and no one can know!

BECAUSE Tampax helps them forget about differences in days of the month—so sure, so secure do they feel with Tampax.

NO WONDER smart young moderns everywhere encourage their friends to try Tampax—to discover its many benefits!

TO DISCOVER the comfort, convenience it brings! No chafing, bulges! No odour problems! No disposal problems!

TO DISCOVER new freedom! Freedom to swim, shower and bathe—to do what you like, whenever you feel like it!

TO DISCOVER the poise, the confidence that comes with knowing that you're at your very best!

NO WONDER millions choose Tampax! Are you a Tampax user? You owe it to yourself to be one. Buy Tampax at any chemists or store. Available in two absorbencies—Regular and Super—to meet personal needs.



Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women

VARICOSE VEINS!

Scholl "Soft-Grip" Elastic Stockings



NEW NYLON SOFT-GRIP TOP Support without constriction. Gives greater comfort, longer wear.

SEAMLESS Invisible when worn under usual stockings.

COOL, LIGHT So light on your legs, yet provide 100% correct surgical tension.

NO WRINKLING — SMOOTH FIT Moulds itself to the leg, fits like your own skin.

REINFORCED HEEL Nylon reinforcement makes Scholl Soft-Grip last longer.

SOFT-GRIP AT FOOT Soft-Grip water-thin finish at foot where stocking ends snug fit in shoe.

Gently and firmly, Scholl Soft-Grip gives your tired legs perfect support.

The Secret of Comfort Scholl Soft-Grip

ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY All fittings from Chemists, Stores, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Dealers

Also Scholl NYLON Surgical Hosiery

If you were **NESTLÉ'S** Advertising Manager...

which ad would you choose?

FAVOURITE IN
AMERICA
ENGLAND
AUSTRALIA
CANADA
FRANCE

flavour Active

NESCAFÉ the World's Favourite Coffee

...and no wonder! No other coffee self-brews such flavour right in your cup. No other coffee is so easy to make—leaves no grounds or deposit. Nescafé is so good that all the world knows it... the only coffee served in the United States Pavilion at the Brussels World Fair... the only instant coffee the Brazilian government allows to be made in that coffee-famous country!

A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT

ADVERTISEMENT
No. 1

OR

ADVERTISEMENT
No. 2

No doubt about it - You make great coffee!

Nestlé's Pick-the-Ad Competition is the easiest-to-win and most interesting ever, and you've got 52 chances to win a prize.

Here's all you do! Imagine you are Nestlé's Advertising Manager and select the Nescafé advertisement which, in your opinion, will make more people want to drink Nescafé. Then write down (in not more than 25 words) the reason for your choice.

Take a tip! Before you begin, take a minute to make a cup of Nescafé for everybody. Nescafé is real coffee, stimulating enough to spark off some brilliant ideas.

flavour Active NESCAFÉ
INSTANT COFFEE

Of course she makes great coffee. You can't help but make great coffee with Nescafé because Nescafé is great coffee. Rich, full-bodied coffee flavour right down to the last drop. That's Nescafé. Each tiny particle of Nescafé is flavour-active.

You simply add hot water and those flavour-active particles burst into life, self-brewing delicious coffee right in your cup. Not a fragment of flavour is lost with Nescafé!



A NESTLÉ'S QUALITY PRODUCT

... use this entry form!

Pick the advertisement you prefer, and write down the reason for your choice in 25 words. Add your name, address, etc., and send with a Nescafé label to:

NESCAFÉ, BOX 4002, G.P.O., SYDNEY, N.S.W.

(Note: Attachment of Nescafé label not required from States where such a requirement contravenes State laws.)

EXCITING PRIZES YOU CAN WIN IN

NESCAFÉ PICK-TH-AD COMPETITION



FIRST PRIZE: The holiday of a lifetime and £250 cash! 1st class return tickets for two to Rome by Qantas Super-Jet Service, reserved tickets for the Olympic Games at Rome's gigantic new Stadium, 2 weeks double accommodation arranged and paid at the Grand Hotel with £250 spending money as well!

OR

The latest-made Holden family Sedan with 3 months free petrol supply.



SECOND PRIZE: 14-day flying holiday for two to New Zealand and £100 cash. 1st class return air-tickets to New Zealand by Qantas Super-Jet Service; luxury hotel accommodation for 14 days; and £100 spending money.

Fifty Third Prizes: Fifty family-size hampers, each packed with famous Nestlé's Products to the value of £5.



I consider Nescafé Advertisement No. _____ will make more people want to drink Nescafé because

(IN NOT MORE THAN 25 WORDS)

Name _____

Address _____

State _____

My Grocer's Name _____

His Address is _____

RULES AND CONDITIONS OF NESCAFÉ COMPETITION: 1. No limit to the number of entries, provided each is mailed separately. 2. The closing date is April 15, and no entries received after this date will be considered. 3. Singlewomen (and their families) of Nescafé and their Advertising Agents are not eligible. 4. The results will be published in Australian Women's Weekly on 4th June. 5. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. 6. Winning entries become the property of The Nestlé Company (Australia) Limited, and may be used for advertising purposes.

Lincoln

hand-knits become fashion knits in NEW 1960 COLOURS

The world's newest fashion colours are to be found in Lincoln's outstanding range of Knitting Wools... plus these eyecatching new overseas styles... and with Lincoln's famous quality in soft, luxurious Knitting Wools, you just can't go wrong!



PREVIEW OF LINCOLN'S ADVANCE STYLES AND FREE KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS!

To obtain free instructions for any of the FOUR new styles shown below, write to LINCOLN MILLS, Gaffney St., Coburg, Vic., stating style numbers (and your address, please!)

Ski sweater in luxurious 6-ply 'Buffalo' by Lincoln
STYLE No. 2286



Glamorous, snug sweater in Lincoln's 'Buffalo' 6-ply
STYLE No. 2283



Latest vogue — the big cardigan in Lincoln 4-ply 'Crepetta'
STYLE No. 2282



Classic raglan sweater — in 6-ply 'Buffalo' wool
STYLE No. 2279



CHILD CARE CENTRE

Twin aims of education and child-minding

● What would you do if you had a sick child in hospital and nobody to look after your young baby at home? Or if you needed medical treatment and had no place to leave your two young children while you visited a doctor?

HOW would you, an expectant mother, go about getting practical tuition in baby care—bathing, feeding, and all the rest—apart from the theory available in pamphlets and books?

And how should your husband, who feels he should at least know something about looking after a baby, start preparing for parenthood?

Every day in big cities and small towns people face these problems, and that is why, at Sydney's Royal North Shore Hospital, a start has been made with a special Child Care Centre designed to give mothers and expectant parents answers to questions and problems which often bewilder them.

The recently opened Centre is unusual for several reasons: It cost £14,000, and not a penny of this came from the Government. The money was raised by the Ladies' Committee, the North Sydney Rotary Club, and the Royal North Shore Hospital Auxiliaries.

Two functions

The Centre combines two functions—education and child-minding. There mothers can leave children under five,

without cost, while they visit a doctor or the hospital.

Minding places like this are so rare that some mothers attending Royal North Shore have had to come into the heart of Sydney, leave their children at the Hyde Park Centre, and then go all the way out to the hospital.

The Centre's other function is to educate mothers and expectant parents in baby care and pre-natal problems.

Prevention

Education is the long-range aim, for, as the Centre's honorary director, Dr. Clair Isbister, says, only through maternal and child health education can illness, premature births, and abnormalities be prevented.

Prevention is the key word. "For ten years at Royal North Shore," Dr. Isbister says, "child specialists,

By
RONALD McKIE

dietitians, physiotherapists, and other experts in their own fields have been lecturing and demonstrating to women on pre-natal and post-natal care.

"But for ten years they have worked in rooms all over the place, and the efficiency of their work has inevitably suf-

fered because of the poor and scattered housing conditions for their lectures.

"Now we have our own Centre, where we will be able to mind up to 50 children a day in cots and playgrounds, and where, in demonstration and lecture-rooms, we will be able to organise the education of mothers and expectant parents.

"If women can be taught to prepare intelligently for birth, and come to labor with full confidence, including personal knowledge of the labor ward and theatre where they will have their baby, and what goes on during labor and birth, they will themselves prevent complications.

"Through education we feel we can reduce the number of premature births, abnormal births, and spasms. Many spasms, for example, are premature babies damaged by long labor or too much anaesthetic."

Apart from night lectures to expectant parents, which begin in March, Workers' Educational Association lectures to parents with older children will also be held at the Centre; the Mental Health Association probably will hold classes there, too.

The Centre is also a place where student doctors and nurses will be able to see normal children.

Child study

This may sound strange, but it is important, because doctor-nurse undergraduates spend much of their student time surrounded by sick people, including children, and seldom see a healthy youngster.

To decide if a child is sick you at least need to have some idea what a child looks like, and how he behaves, when he is well.

The Child Care Centre, which is close to St. Leonard's Station, includes:

● A lecture room, to seat 200, which will be used as a playroom for children left at the Centre during the day. A big

open-air playground will adjoin this room.

● An observation room, with darkened one-way vision windows, where doctors and students can observe children without themselves being seen.

● A nursery to hold 20 babies and a special room off it where the correct methods of dressing baby, making his cot, and putting him to bed can be shown.

● An information and demonstration room, which includes a small kitchen.

Here mothers and expectant parents will not only be instructed how to bath baby and prepare his milk and other food but will be shown demonstration sets on the walls and in cases.

Set standards

These include approved books on mothercraft and baby care, diet charts and food hints, sample tins and packets of food used in artificial feeding, a complete set of the clothes baby needs, and special clothes for mothers.

"With the contents of this room," Dr. Isbister says, "one of our aims is to establish and maintain certain standards.

"We have found that it is not much use merely teaching mothers the basic principles of baby care. You must also give them precise information—the type of clothes they need that are on the market, the best brands of foods, and things like that.

"We don't plug one brand of tinned milk or vegetables against others, but we do display food and food supplements like vitamins, and the clothes for both baby and expectant mother which we approve.

"In other words, we recommend to mothers and expectant parents what we think is best for baby, and thus establish an approved standard for them.

"This is all part of their education, and better education of mothers and expectant parents is the real aim of this Centre."



● Superintendent of the Child Care Centre, Mrs. J. F. Saunders, plays with a shy little boy left in her care. Volunteer helpers from the Ladies' Committee look on. This picture was taken in the Centre's main playroom, which is used as a lecture hall at night.

Bathing a baby

● Sister Christina McTaggart, in charge of nurseries at Royal North Shore Hospital, demonstrates how to bath a baby.



● 1st: Wash baby's face (a doll is the model) with plain warm water.



● 2nd: Wash soap from head back from forehead.



● 3rd: Lie baby on back and gently lather body.



● 4th: Position before placing baby into bath.



● 5th: Holding position in the warm-water bath.



● Physiotherapist Diana Toole (right) is giving this group at the Child Care Centre instruction in pre-natal exercises.

Taste the *Quality* difference!



ANDERSONS—the famous name for quality, freshness, flavour...

Your family is right in wanting meat — they need it every day. But when you buy "Cold Cut" sausages make sure you get only the finest quality... always look for one name — **Andersons**.

We at Andersons use only prime beef, pork and veal — specially selected and country-killed in our own abattoirs.

We maintain a non-stop delivery of fresh supplies in sparkling-clean refrigerated vans. So, the dependable freshness of our "Cold Cuts"... of all our smallgoods, safeguards your family's health.



**NEW!
NOW AVAILABLE!**

All our "Cold Cut" Sausages — including Andersons Garlic Sausage, Andersons Luncheon Sausage and Andersons Fritz Sausage — can now be bought in these handy, ready-sliced 8-oz. packets... or sliced from bulk, as well as sold in 8-oz. "nobs".

NEW! ANDERSONS **"GOLDEN CURE"** **BACON**

"Golden-cured"—ready for the pan — does not require boiling first!

Pink, lean and tempting... that's the way you'll always buy our bacon. Sweet, tender and mild... how it will always taste. Prime quality bacon, slowly, carefully "golden-cured" — that's our secret. Never harsh or "salty".



Ask for

ANDERSONS

Taste the
quality
difference

"Home on the Pig's Back!"

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Different states of mind . . .

IT is grand for people to be State-proud, but when visiting other States why do people have to make a point of saying how much bigger and better things are where they come from? Some friends from Sydney, holidaying in Brisbane recently, turned up their noses at everything and said, "We have better ones in Sydney." Queenslanders love Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, and other big cities, but they also love the open spaces and rural atmosphere of their own State. And they very seldom find fault when enjoying the hospitality of friends in other States.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. Dick, Ekibin, Brisbane.

Arch problem

THONG sandals look sloppy and untidy on waitresses and salesgirls. Their feet would benefit more through wearing well-supporting shoes during working hours, and then slipping into thongs to relax off duty.

£1/1/- to "Tidy-feet" (name supplied), Tambellup, W.A.

Pew praises pulpit

LISTENING to a sermon in our local church recently, I was so enthralled I nearly clapped at the end. It occurred to me that, however well a clergyman may preach, he gets the same reaction from his congregation — silence. Why should we not show our appreciation in church?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Irene Smyth, Nunawading, Vic.

No pension

WHEN my grandmother was naturalised recently, she thought she would get the old-age pension. But she was mistaken. To be eligible, one has to have lived in Australia 20 years. Is this fair? When naturalised, New Australians expect things to be easier for them—but are they?

£1/1/- to Miss Antonia Obramiwa, Merrylands, N.S.W.

Not much "chop"?

I'D like to answer Mr. F. Davison, who said he was looking for an Oriental wife, whom he would love and appreciate. Australian men have a reputation for being the worst husbands in the world. I'm sure any Oriental girl who marries an Australian is not getting much.

£1/1/- to E. Rosendahl, Gladstone, Qld.

Parents wanted

TOO many hospitals are run with the discipline of an army barracks. Children's wards, for instance, commonly operate on the principle that the less the parents are around the better it will be for the child. Hospital staff believe that nurses and doctors can work better if mothers and fathers are not there to "upset" the children. What they forget is the terror of the sick child at being abandoned—when he needs them most—by the only ones he has learned to trust.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Noella Graham, Forest Hills, Vic.

Cat costs

WE have a lovely mother-cat that produces adorable kittens several times a year. We advertise in our local paper for homes for them, at a cost of up to 5/- an advertisement. Sometimes the ad. is repeated three times, and often we have delivered a kitten to its new home in our car. Although the cost of feeding the mother and her kittens runs into quite a sum, rarely is anything offered, although a taxi is often used to collect a kitten. When the pleasure and company a healthy cat gives its owner is considered, surely it would be a nice gesture to make some contribution for it.

£1/1/- to Mrs. I. Bell, Armidale, N.S.W.

Twins "on parade"

I THINK twins should dress differently from each other to allow each to develop a sense of individuality. When dressed alike they're seen—and thought of—as a "pair," and are really only for show.

£1/1/- to Miss Judith Drevman, Dandenong, Vic.

Hands across the language

• Miss Anna Gionese, of Hobart, recently asked Australians to be more friendly towards migrants. She wrote, "If you were to help us to understand your ways, which are new and strange to us, we would not form 'Little Italys' and 'Little Germanys.'" These are extracts from some replies:

MANY people complain because New Australians tend to speak their own language when together. But I would speak English to Australians in Europe. If New Australians are prepared to come to our country and aid its development by their hard work and knowledge, the least we can do is to offer them friendship and understanding.

£1/1/- to M. McKellar, Coonabarabran, N.S.W.

MY advice to all migrants is to make greater efforts to speak our language and you will have many Australian friends. Those with children attending school could, if they tried, do much more towards speaking better English, because migrant children speak as well as Australians after a short time. I have a close and valued friendship with my Italian neighbors, but I had to go more than half-way to achieve it.

£1/1/- to I. G. Marsh, Kyogle, N.S.W.

AN Australian husband and his Japanese wife spend their holidays next door to me. She is the sweetest little woman anyone could wish to know. I do not always understand what she says, but it is not hard to find out what she means. Quite unexpectedly she brings little gifts to show us her friendliness.

£1/1/- to Mrs. Jessie Saunders, Red Hill South, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE just got a licence to drive a motor vehicle.

It took me 15 lessons, as I was not a particularly apt pupil.

I couldn't help feeling jealous of younger, more gifted learners, like Mrs. Daphne Spink, of our district.

She got her driving licence after only 10 lessons—three fewer than her husband took. I believe he was very annoyed.

My teacher told me it is quite common for women to learn more quickly than their husbands. This conflicts with the male belief that women drivers are an inferior race.

Some women, of course, like some men, do not learn quickly.

While I was waiting to be tested for the licence and feeling very jumpy, a lady applicant was having her test. She parked her car with two wheels on the footpath outside the police station.

Though I felt sorry for her I was also grateful. Her mistake cheered me up a lot.

The learners I envy most are the

THE BEGINNER

bright lads of 17 or so who sail through in six lessons. Their reflexes are in showroom cond., as the car ads say; whereas mine are like the gears of an old taxi.



In my test I did better at the book-work questions than the driving. I answered correctly that you can lose your licence for driving under the influence of drink or drugs. (By the way, I have decided to give up drugs.)

The next step will be to buy a car, probably a used one.

Horrie Donkling says the best

time to buy a used car is a wet afternoon in winter, but I don't want to wait that long.

Most of the ads say "one owner," which is supposed to be an important thing in a car's favor.

No doubt it is if the owner was a nice, kind person who looked after the car tenderly since it was so high. But what if he was a nasty, cruel owner, who starved his car of oil and flogged it at intersections?

When I buy one I shall probably take Horrie along to look at it first. He knows some cunning questions to ask, like: "How are her shocks?"

After that there will be the question of what brand of petrol to use. They all sound impressive, with those clever things that are added to them. The children are putting pressure on me to use a brand that runs a competition in which you can win a two-wheeler bike.

It's a big change for a veteran pedestrian to become a novice motorist, but it had to come. I have driven my feet too long, and nobody will give me a trade-in on them.

You're really not at your beautiful best until you've put on

CUTEX

lipstick and nail polish!

Cutex is an important fashion accessory—Cutex lipstick and nail polish colours can make your ensemble. Use brilliant Cutex colours to contrast against darker clothes—delicate tints to accent pastels. Your lips look younger, lovelier—your nails so well groomed—when you use Cutex lipstick and nail polish. Be your beautiful best with Cutex.



STAYFAST LIPSTICK
Regular Case 5/3 Swivel Case 6/6
NAIL POLISH
Regular 3/3 Brilliance 4/9 Pearl 6/3.

perfect coffee automatically

Westinghouse Automatic COFFEEMAKER

Thermostat keeps coffee at serving temperature for hours. Automatically makes any strength coffee. Never boils the coffee. Spoutless design—no drips. Cleans like a dream. Makes 2 to 8 cups in a few minutes.



YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S
WESTINGHOUSE

Irresistible . . . romantic . . .

HIS 'n HERS



RAGLANS* TO HANDKNIT IN **JET**

TRIPLEKNIT

from Patons Knitting Book No. 570 (2/-)

This autumn . . . be twice as nice.

There's DOUBLE Beauty in TRIPLE quick time when you handknit the thrilling 'His 'N Hers' matched raglans in fabulous Patons JET Tripleknit. All-wool and moth-proofed, JET Tripleknit—equal to 12 ply—is in 19 shades and ideal for TV knitters. Buy it at your nearest store and see Patons new knitting books for 1960.



* Full knitting instructions

See Patons Knitting Book No. 570 (price 2/-). If unobtainable locally, write, adding 5d. postage, to the address below.

HIS COLOUR—Linden

HER COLOUR—Nasturtium



Irresistible NEW colours

New styles and new colours that match the coming season are ready now . . . be sure to see Patons full range of yarns and colours.

Berberis	Grotto Green	Sapphire
Copper Glow	Fir Haze	Red Flair
Honey Dew	Linden	Nasturtium
Oakapple	Larch	Poppy
Tortoiseshell	Gala Peacock	Pumpkin
Mink	Aero Blue	Pink Lupin
Green Grass	Jersey Blue	Radiant Red
Bronze Green		

PATONS & BALDWIN'S

(AUSTRALIA) LTD.

THE INTERNATIONAL NAME IN HANDKNITTING FASHIONS

DEPARTMENT 2, BOX 1606 M, P.O., MELBOURNE, VICTORIA

DEPARTMENT 2, BOX 70, P.O., MASCOT, NEW SOUTH WALES

DEPARTMENT 2, BOX 929 M, G.P.O., BRISBANE, QUEENSLAND

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1960

Autumn hand-knits

Off-beat colors in wool

● Here are eight new exciting colors specially designed for the coming season's handknits.



Pumpkin

Fir Haze

Bronze-Green

Linden

Sapphire

Wild Oat

Radiant-Red

Copper-Glow

GAILY STRIPED in the newest colors, these shirt-neck sweaters are made from the same pattern. See instructions overleaf.



SAPPHIRE-BLUE, long-sleeved smock can be worn without a coat. Instructions overleaf.

FIR HAZE silky mohair sweater is casual, comfortable, and quick to knit. Instructions are overleaf.

More designs in color on page 35



BOXY-STYLE cardigan has ribbed trim down the front, rounded neck, and three-quarter sleeves.

Tailored cardigan for cooler days

This cardigan would look attractive in wild-oat or the exciting new red.

Materials: 11 (12, 13) balls Lincoln Daphne crochet wool —10 (11, 12) balls main shade, 1oz. contrast shade; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 knitting needles; 10 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 32 (34, 36) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 19½ (19½, 19½) in.; sleeve seam, 13½ (13½, 13½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 11 rows to lin.

Abbreviations: M, main color; C, contrast color.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles and M wool cast on 128 (136, 144) sts. Work in st-st. for 4in. Change to No. 11 needles and work a further 1½in., then inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 10th row following until there are 140 (148, 156) sts. on needle.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 15in. from cast-on.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 110 (118, 126) sts. rem. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 3in. on straight. Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 12th row following until there are 118 (126, 134) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 7½ (7½, 7½) in. on straight.

Shoulder Shaping: At armhole edge of every row cast off 8 (7, 8) sts. 10 (10, 12) times and 0 (9, 0) sts. twice, cast off remainder.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 13 needles and M wool cast on 56 (60, 64) sts. Work in st-st. for 4in. Change to No. 11 needles and work a further 1½in., then inc. 1 st. at side seam of next and every 10th row following until there are 62 (66, 70) sts. on needle. Cont. without further shaping until work measures same as back to under-arm.

Armhole Shaping—1st Row: Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts., purl to end. Dec. 1 st. at armhole end of next and every alt. row following until 47 (51, 55) sts. rem.

Cont. without further shaping until armhole measures 3in. on straight.

Inc. 1 st. at armhole edge of next and every 12th row following 4 times in all, at same time when armhole measures 5 (5, 5½) in. on straight work neck shaping thus, cast off 6 sts., k to end, then dec. 1 st. at neck end of every row until 40 (44, 48) sts. rem. Cont. until armhole measures same as back to shoulder.

Shoulder Shaping: At armhole end of next and every alt. row, cast off 8 (7, 8) sts. 5 (5, 6) times and 0 (9, 0) sts. 0 (1, 0) times.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front, reversing all shapings by working them at opposite ends of rows.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 13 needles and M wool, cast on 74 (78, 82) sts. Work in st-st. for 4in. Change to No. 11 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of 7th and every 6th row following until there are 114 (118, 122) sts. on needle.

Cont. without further shaping until work measures 15½in. or length desired, allowing for a 2in. hem.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 6 (7, 8) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row following until 58 (60, 62) sts. rem., then in every row until 26 (28, 30) sts. rem. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT BORDER

Using No. 13 needles and C wool, with right side of work facing, commencing 2in. above cast-on edge, pick up and k 163 (163, 165) sts. evenly along front edge to neck.

1st Row (wrong side): P 1 (k 1, p 1) to end of row.

2nd Row: K 1 (p 1, k 1) to end of row.

3rd Row: As 1st row.

4th Row: Rib 5 (5, 7), cast off 5, rib to last 9 (9, 11) sts., cast off 5, rib 4 (4, 6).

5th Row: Rib 4 (4, 6), cast on 5, rib to last 10 (10, 12) sts., cast on 5, rib 5 (5, 7).

6th Row: As 2nd row.

7th Row: As 1st row.

8th Row: M, knit.

9th Row: M, as 1st row.

10th Row: M, as 2nd row.

11th Row: M, as 1st row.

12th Row: M, rib 27 (cast off 5, rib 16) to last 31 (31,

The three hand-knits below are shown in color on previous page.

GAILY STRIPED SHIRTS FOR HIM OR HER

Materials: Villawool Starlite Crepe; 12 (13) balls main color (M.C.); 12 (13) balls contrast color (C.C.); 1 pr. each Nos. 10 and 11 needles; 5 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (38) in. chest; Length, 24½ (26½) in.; Sleeve 17 (19) in.

Tension: 7 sts. to lin.

Pattern of Stripes: Worked in st-st. * 2 rows M.C., 2 rows C.C. * Rep. from * to * inclusive.

BACK

** Using M.C. and No. 11 needles, cast on 130 (142) sts. and work in patt. of stripes inclusive. Cont. until 1½in. Change to No. 10 needles and cont. until 5½in., ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 10th row thereafter until 148 (162) sts.

Cont. until work measures for her 16½in., for him 18½in., ending on a p row. **

Shape Armholes: Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 4 (5) sts. twice, 2 (2) sts. 6 times, 1 st. 8 (8) times.

Cont. on rem. 120 (132) sts. until armholes measure 2½in. for her, 3½in. for him,

on the straight, ending on a p row. Inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 10th row 4 times altog. Cont. on the 128 (140) sts. until armholes measure 8in. for her, 9in. for him, on the straight, ending on a p row.

Shape Shoulders: Cast off in patt. at beg. of next and every row 4 (4) sts. 14 times, 6 (6) sts. 4 times, 6 (8) sts. twice, 36 (44) sts. once.

FRONT

Work as Back from ** to **. Divide work to **Shape Armhole and Front Opening.**

Next Row: Cast off 4 (5) sts., k until 70 (76) sts. on needle, cast on 22 sts., turn.

Cont. on these 93 (98) sts., inc. 1 st. on front edge every 3rd row 14 (18) times, at the same time, on armhole edge, casting off at beg. of every 2nd row 2 sts. 3 times, 1 st. 4 times, then work straight on this edge until armhole measures 2½in. for her, 3½in. for him, inc. on armhole edge 1 st. on next and every 10th row thereafter 4 times altog., and 101 (110) sts. are on needles. Cont. until armhole

measures 8in. for her, 9in. for him, on the straight, ending at armhole edge.

Shape Shoulder: Cast off at beg. of next and alt. rows 4 (4) sts. 7 times, 6 (6) sts. twice, ending at front edge. Cast off on front edge at beg. of next row 6 sts. once, at the same time cont. shaping shoulder and cast off 6 (8) sts. once, cast off rem. 49 (56) sts.

Ret. to rem. sts., cast on 22 sts. and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Using M.C. and No. 10 needles, cast on 96 (100) sts. and work in patt. of stripes inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row until 112 (116) sts. Cont. until work measures 14½in. for her, 17in. for him, ending on a p row. Cast off at beg. of next and every row 7 (7) sts. twice, 3 sts. twice, 1 st. 18 (20) times, 3 sts. 18 (18) times, 18 (20) sts. once.

COLLAR

Using M.C. and No. 10 needles, cast on 56 sts. and work in patt. of stripes for

15½ (17) in., ending on a white stripe. Cast off.

CUFFS (both alike)

Using M.C. and No. 10 needles, cast on 52 sts. and work as collar until 10½in., ending with a white stripe. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Using a small back-st., sew up shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Press seams. Make a fold ½in. beyond the centre front of facing and pin into position on wrong side, over-sew the lower ends and sl-st. facing down. Fold up to inside a hem 1½in. wide on lower edge and sl-st. down. Fold the cuffs and collar in half lengthways and seam ends tog., and lin. in on other edge on cuffs.

Press facings, hems, cuffs, and collar. Attach collar round neck edge on the inside firstly, then fold over to outside and neatly sew down. Pleat sleeve ends in to fit cuff and attach cuffs to right side of sleeve, fold to inside and sew down.

Have 2 machine buttonholes made in each cuff. Sew on buttons in required position. Sew on button at front neck as shown in photograph.

FIR HAZE MOHAIR SWEATER

Materials: 16 (17, 18) balls Villawool mohair; 1 pair each Nos. 5 and 9 needles.

Measurements: To fit bust 34 (36, 38) in.; length, 27½in. (all sizes); sleeve, 17in. (all sizes).

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.

Pattern of Rib 1st Row (right side of work) Sl 1, k to end.

2nd Row Sl 1 purlwise, * k 1, but k into the st. below, p 1, * rep. to end.

Rep. 1st and 2nd rows inclusive.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 87 (91, 95) sts.

1st Row (right side of work) K 1, * p 1, k 1, * rep. to end.

2nd Row P 1, * k 1, p 1, * rep. to end.

Rep. these 2 rows until 2½in., ending on the 2nd row.

Change to No. 5 needles and patt. inclusive.

Cont. until work measures 19in. (or length required), ending on the 2nd row of patt.

Shape Raglan Cast off in patt. 2 sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows. Work 4 rows straight.

Next Row: Sl 1, k 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., knit to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., k 2.

Work 3 rows.

Rep. last 4 rows until 23 (25, 27) sts. rem. Work 3 rows.

Cast off in patt.

FRONT

Work as back until 19in., ending on the 2nd row of patt.

Shape Raglan and Left Side of V Neck.

1st Row: Cast off 2 sts., k 41 (43, 45) sts., sl. rem. 44 (46, 48) sts. on to holder, turn, and work back.

Work 4 rows straight.

Next Row: Sl 1, k 1, sl 1,

k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., knit to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., k 2.

Cont. to shape raglan on every 4th row 17 (18, 19) times altog., at the same time shaping neck edge as directed every 12th row 4 (5, 6) times altog. until 3 sts. rem. Work 3 sts. tog., fasten off.

Ret. to rem. sts., sl. centre 1 st. on to holder, join in yarn, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse, reading the shapings as follows:

Sl 1, k 1, sl 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., knit to last 5 sts., k 3 tog., k 2.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 43 (47, 51) sts. and work in single rib as back until 3in. Change to No. 5 needles and patt. inclusive. Inc. 1 st. each end inside the first and last st. (by picking up the horizontal loop between and knitting into the back of it) on the 7th and

every 8th row thereafter until 71 (73, 75) sts.

Cont. until sleeve measures 17in. (or length required), ending on the wrong side of work.

Shape raglan as back until 7 (7, 7) sts. rem. Work 3 rows. Cast off in patt.

TO MAKE UP

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up the 2 front and left back raglan seams. Using a spare fine needle pick up 23 (25, 27) sts. on back neck, 49 sts. on each side of V front neck, and 1 st. on holder at centre V point, 7 (7, 7) sts. on sleeve top. Using No. 9 needles work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in., dec. 1 st. on each side of centre V 1 st. every row. Cast off ribwise. Sew up the 4th raglan and neckband seams. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Brush garment on the right side only.

SAPPHIRE-BLUE SMOCK

Materials: 19 balls Peacock mohair boucle, shade 2462, sapphire; 2 prs. needles, Nos. 9 and 6; 6in. zipper.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 25½in.; to fit up to 36in. bust; length of sleeve seam, 17½in.

Tension: 5 sts. 1in.; 6½ rows, 1in.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on

33) sts., cast off 5, rib 26 (26, 28).

13th Row: In rib, casting on 5 sts. in place of those cast off in previous row.

Repeat 10th and 11th rows twice.

18th Row: C, knit.

Using C wool, repeat from 1st to 7th rows inclusive.

Cast off in rib.

LEFT FRONT BORDER

Using No. 13 needles and C wool commencing at neck edge, pick up and k 163 (163, 165) sts. evenly down left front, ending 2in. from cast-on edge.

Work as given for right front border, omitting buttonholes.

NECK FACING

Using No. 11 needles and M

loosely 94 sts. Work in st-st. for 17in., or lin. longer than required length to armholes. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until dec. to 74 sts.

Next Row: K 37, leave rem. sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on last 37 sts., still dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 4th row until dec. to 31 sts. K 2 tog. all along next row. Cast off loosely. Join

color, cast on 10 sts. Work in st-st. until facing measures long enough to fit round neck, excluding borders.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all sections under a damp cloth. Press one edge of neck facing, stretching to curve it at the same time. Join shoulder seams. Sew facing around neck on wrong side with the edge which was not stretched to the neck edge. Turn to right side and fold under and slip-stitch into position. Join side and sleeve seams. Set in sleeves. Make a 2in. hem along lower edge of sleeves and jacket. Press again and sew buttons into position to correspond with buttonholes.

wool at centre back and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back to armholes. Dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until dec. to 68 sts.

Next Row: Work 21 sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 26 sts., work 21 sts.

Cont. on last 21 sts. and cast off 3 sts. at neck edge every 2nd row 6 times, and cont. to dec. 1 st. at armhole edge every 4th row until all sts. have been dec. Fasten off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond. Gather around neck.

SLEEVES (both alike)

Using No. 9 needles, cast on loosely 48 sts. Work in st-st. for 4in. Change to No. 6 needles and cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th row until inc. to 64 sts. When sleeve seam measures 18½in.

or lin. longer than required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 4th row until dec. to 32 sts. K 2 tog. all along next row. Cast off loosely. Join sleeves to back and front.

NECKBAND

Using No. 9 needles, cast on loosely 25 sts.

1st Row: K.

2nd Row: P twice into 1st st., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

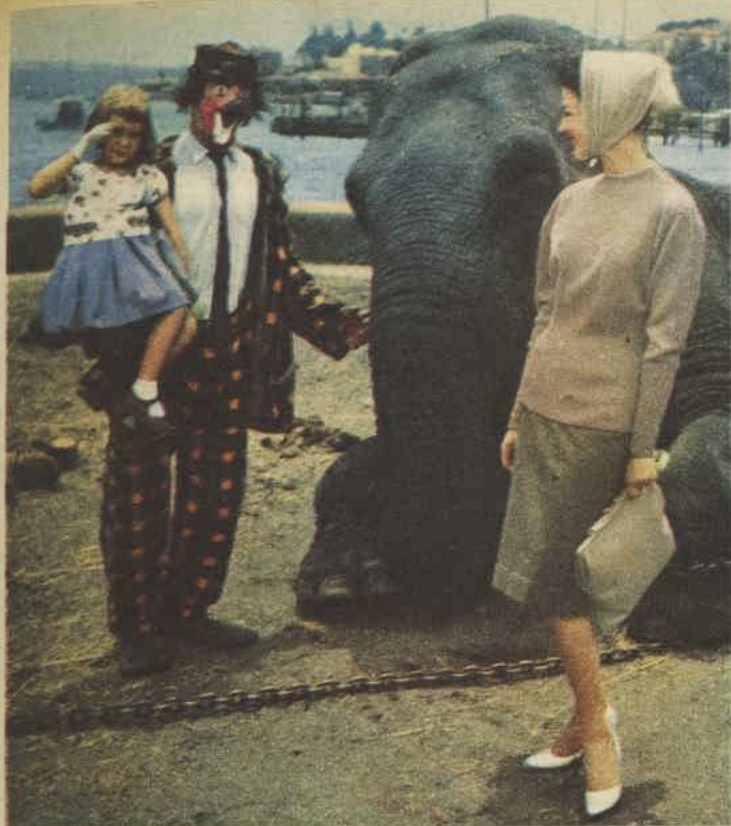
Rep. the last 2 rows until long enough to go around neck. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press very lightly with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Make lin. hem along lower edge and around sleeves. Stitch neckband on to right side of neck, then fold in half and st. back on to wrong side, folding ends in neatly. Stitch zipper into back opening.

ABBREVIATIONS

K, knit; p, purl; st-st., stocking-stitch; inc., increase; dec., decrease; altog., altogether; foll., following; beg., beginning; rep., repeat; rem., remaining; p.s.s.o., pass slipped stitch over; t.b.l., through back of loop.



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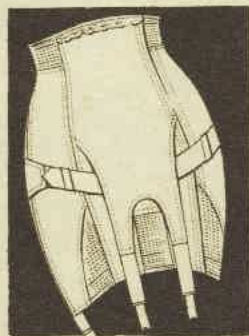
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These three handknits shown in color on previous page

Wild oat long-line sweater

Materials: 13 (13, 14) balls Lincoln "Daphne" crochet wool; 1 pair each Nos. 11, 12, and 13 knitting needles; 4 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 (36, 38) in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 24½ (25, 25½) in.; sleeve seam, 17½ (17½, 17½) in.

Tension: 8 sts. and 11 rows to 1 in. over stocking-stitch.

FRONT

Using No. 12 needles, cast on 144 (150, 156) sts. Work in k 1, p 1 rib for 10 rows.

11th Row: K 1, (k 4, p 2) to last 5 sts., k 5.

12th Row: K 1, (p 4, k 2) to last 5 sts., k 1.

Repeat 11th and 12th rows until 140th row above cast-on is complete.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st. for 42 rows.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every alt. row following until 128 (132, 136) sts. remain.

Cont. without shaping until there are 72 (76, 80) rows in armhole.

Neck and Shoulder Shaping: 1st Row: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts., k 51 (51, 51), leave on

holder, cast off 16 (18, 20), k 56 (57, 58).

2nd Row: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

3rd Row: Cast off 5 (5, 5), k to end of row.

4th Row: Cast off 6 (6, 6), p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

5th Row: K 2 tog., k to end. Repeat 4th and 5th rows 3 times, then 4th row once.

13th Row: Knit. Cast off remainder.

Join wool at neck edge to 51 (51, 51) sts. from spare needle.

2nd Row: Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts., p to end.

3rd Row: Cast off 6 (6, 6), k to last 2 sts., sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o.

4th Row: P 2 tog., p to end. Repeat 3rd and 4th rows 3 times, then 3rd row once.

12th Row: Purl. Cast off remainder.

BACK

Work as for front until there are 37 (41, 45) rows in armhole shaping.

Next Row: P 61 (63, 65), k 6, p 61 (63, 65).

Next Row: Knit. Repeat last 2 rows once.

Next Row: P 61 (63, 65), k 6, p 61 (63, 65).

Pumpkin-yellow jacket suit

Materials: 39 balls Patons Ripple double knitting wool; 1 pr. of No. 8 knitting needles; 7 in. zip-fastener; 1 hook-and-eye; a medium crochet hook; elastic for waist.

Measurements: Bust 34 in., sleeve seam 12 in., jumper length 22 in., skirt length 27 in., waist 26 in., hip 38 in.

Tension: 5 sts to 1 in.

SKIRT (Back)
Cast on loosely 86 sts. Work in st-st. throughout, knitting the first and last st. of every row. Work even for 12 in. Inc. once each end of the next row, then every foll. 4 in. 4 times altog. (94 sts.). Work even for 19 in. from beg. Dec. once each end of the next and every foll. 6th row 10 times altog., while at the same time, when 2nd dec. has been made each end, make darts as foll.

Next Row: K 33, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., mark this point with a colored thread, k 20, place a colored thread, k 2 tog., k 33. Rep. this dec. every 8th row 5 times on each side of centre 20 sts., allowing for the dec. sts. at side seams. Work even until back measures 27 in. or length desired. Cast off loosely.

SKIRT (Front)
Cast on 92 sts. and work as directed for back until front

measures 19 in. from beg. (100 sts.).

Shape side seams and darts as for back.

First Row for darts will be: K 36, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., k 20, k 2 tog., k 36; when front measures 27 in. from cast-on edge, cast off loosely.

JUMPER (Back)
Cast on 86 sts. and work in st-st. throughout, knitting the first and last st. of every row. Work even for 9 in.

* Inc. once each end of the next row. Work 2 in. even. Rep. from * twice (92 sts.).

Work even until back measures 17 in. altog.

Shape Armholes: Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, dec. once each end of the next 6 rows (68 sts.). Work even until armholes measure 5 in. on the straight. Inc. once each end of the next row and foll. 6th row twice (74 sts.).

When armholes measure 7½ in. altog., shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows and 9 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows, cast off rem. 22 sts.

FRONT

Cast on 92 sts. Work as directed for back until front measures 9 in. altog. Shape side seams as for back, while

Back Opening:

1st Row: K 67 (69, 71), place on holder, join on 2nd ball of wool, cast on 6 sts., k 61 (63, 65).

Keeping the 6 sts. at centre in garter-st., cont. until there are 73 (77, 81) rows in armhole.

Shoulder Shaping:

1st Row: Cast off 5 (6, 7) sts., p to last 6 sts., k 6.

2nd Row: Knit.

3rd Row: Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts., p to last 6 sts., k 6.

Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows until 26 (27, 28) sts. remain, work to centre, leave on spare needle with wool attached.

Using wool attached to stitches for other side, work as for side already worked until 52nd (56th, 60th) row is complete.

Next Row: K to last 4 sts., w.r.n., k 2 tog., k 2.

Cont. as for left side until 72nd (76th, 80th) row is complete, working a buttonhole in 66th (70th, 74th) row.

Shoulder Shaping: Work as for left side, ending at shoulder edge, with a buttonhole 14 rows above previous one, break off wool.

Join shoulder seam.

NECKBAND

Using No. 12 needles, with right side of work facing, using wool attached to left side, k 26

at the same time make front opening. (Right Side): K 40, and leave these sts. on a spare needle. Cast on 12 sts., k to end of row. Work even on these 64 sts. for 2 in.

Make Buttonholes: K 5, cast off 4, k 8, cast off 4, k to end of row.

Next Row: Cast on 4 sts. over those cast off on previous row.

Make 2 more buttonholes 4 in. apart, while at the same time, when front measures 17 in. from beg., shape armhole by casting off 7 sts. at beg. of next row at armhole edge, k 2 tog. at same edge every row 7 times.

Work even until armhole measures 5 in. on the straight. Inc. at armhole 3 times as for back. Work even until armhole measures 6½ in. on the straight.

Shape Neck: Cast off 26 sts. at neck edge. Dec. once at neck edge in next 4 rows. Work even until armhole matches back. Shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. once and 9 sts. twice from armhole edge.

Return to sts. on spare needle. Cast on 24 sts. for underlap and work to correspond with other side, omitting buttonholes and with shapings reversed.

SLEEVES

Cast on 58 sts. and work even for 6 in., inc. once each end of the next row, then every

rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 28 (B-40) sts. rem.

Size A—Next Row: K 4, * k 2 tog., k 4, rep. from * to end (24 sts.). Cast off.

Size B—Next Row: * K 2, k 2 tog., rep. from * to end (30 sts.). Cast off.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Cast on 58 (B-68) sts.

Work in st-st. for 2½ in.

Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every foll. 6th row until there are 92 (B-108) sts.

Cont. straight until work measures 17½ in. from beg.

Cast off 9 (B-10) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 14 sts. rem. Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 3 sts.

1st Row: K, inc. 1 st. each end.

2nd Row: P.

3rd Row: K 1, "inc." (by picking up thread which lies between next 2 sts., placing on left-hand needle and knitting t.b.l.), k 3, "inc." k 1.

4th and Alt. Rows: P.

5th Row: K 2, "inc." k 3, "inc." k 2.

(27, 28), pick up and k 104 (108, 112) sts. around front, k 26 (27, 28) across right side of back.

Keeping the 6 sts. at each end in garter-st., work 5 rows in st-st., then 6 rows in k 1, p 1 rib, with a buttonhole 14 rows above previous one (4 in all). Cast off in rib.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 66 (72, 78) sts.

Work as for back of jumper until 56th row above cast-on is complete.

Still working in rib until 96th row is complete, increase 1 st. at each end of 57th and every 10th row following, 74 (80, 86) sts.

Change to No. 11 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every 8th row following until there are 94 (98, 102) sts. on needle, then without shaping until there are 94 rows in st-st.

Armhole Shaping: Cast off 3 (4, 5) sts. at beginning of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at each end of 3rd and every alt. row following until 50 sts. remain, then at each end of next 2 rows.

Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join side and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Stitch cast-on stitches at base of back opening to inside of garment. Press carefully. Sew buttons into position opposite buttonholes.

Join side and sleeve seams, set in sleeves. Stitch cast-on stitches at base of back opening to inside of garment. Press carefully. Sew buttons into position opposite buttonholes.

Shape Top: Cast off 2 sts. each end once, then dec. once each end every alt. row for 7½ in. on the straight.

Cast off.

COLLAR

Cast on 90 sts. and work st-st. for 8 in. Cast off loosely.

POCKET TOPS (Make 2)
Cast on 20 sts. and work even for 4½ in. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Join shoulder, side, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves seam to seam. Turn under front facings and sl-st. in position. Fold collar in half and attach to neck. Turn 3 in. hem at lower edge of jumper and sleeves. Sew on buttons. Stitch buttonholes together. Press carefully. With right side facing, fold pocket tops with cast-on and cast-off edges meeting in centre. Stitch each end, turn to right side, and sl-st. centre seams. Sew to jumper on each side above hemline.

SKIRT

Join seams, leaving 7 in. open at left side. Cut elastic to fit waist, stitch in waist, and insert zip. Sew hook and eye at waist, and with right side of skirt facing, work 1 row of double crochet at lower edge of skirt. Press carefully.

Cont. inc. in this manner each side of centre 3 sts. every alt. row until there are 39 sts. Work 92 (B-96) rows straight.

Next Row: K 16, k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 16.

Next Row: P.

Next Row: K 15, k 2 tog., k 3, k 2 tog. t.b.l., k 15.

Cont. dec. in this manner each side of centre 3 sts. every alt. row until 5 sts. rem., ending with a p row.

Next Row: K 2 tog., k 1, k 2 tog. Cast off.

CUFFS (Both Alike)

With wrong side of work facing, pick up 64 (B-72) sts. along lower edge of sleeve.

1st Row: P.

2nd Row: K.

Rep. these 2 rows for 4½ in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Join all seams. Turn back hem round lower edge and sl-st. on wrong side. Turn back front edges and sl-st. on wrong side, mitring corners. Work round buttonholes and sew on buttons. Turn in ½ in. hem on cuff and sl-st. Turn back cuff. Fold collar in half and sew in position.

Honesty, honor, self-respect

- School marks are less important than honesty. Glory on the playground is less important than good sportsmanship. Popularity costs too much if honor is sacrificed.

WHEN a child sees a chance to gain an advantage by cheating, lying, or deceiving without being caught, what keeps him from taking it?

Parents, alas, cannot always know all the factors that go towards developing a particular child's sense of honor and honesty.

For they cannot know every single thought the child has, or everything that happens to him, especially at school.

When there is no danger of punishment or of other people's bad opinion, a child's motive for doing the right thing has to come from within himself.

So, his upbringing needs to lead him to wish to do the right thing, and also to do it.

Luckily children, at a very early age, have a quite clear sense of right and wrong. Some of the first words they learn are "good" and "bad," which they quickly apply to everything which affects them—their food or toys, and their own or their friends' behaviour.

Parents need to cling to this early sense of right and wrong, and help develop it into a sense of honor and honesty. For children, especially after they reach school age, become quickly "sophisticated."

His world expands

They are rubbing shoulders with all kinds of other children—some cleverer, some duller; some better behaved, some worse; some "goody-goody" types, and some full of mischief, even cunning.

As the child's world expands his early sense of right and wrong becomes less clear for him. He needs, at this stage, both confidence in his parents and guidance from them.

The process of developing the wish to do the right thing, of acquiring a "sense of honor," can be a painful one.

A struggle goes on within each individual child—just at it once went on within each one of us.

The conflict becomes very real when the child wants to do one thing—the attractive or seemingly rewarding or easy thing—yet knows that the other thing is right.

The struggle is not, of course, constant. It becomes intense, even acute, whenever some specific issue arises to test the child. Usually it goes on silently within the child, but parents get occasional glimpses.

Here is an instance.

When Paul was ten years old he came to his mother with the request: "Will you promise to let Kevin and me do what we're planning to do, and do you promise not to tell anyone about it?"

His mother couldn't give him a blank note like this, but she said she'd let them if she possibly could.

This was the situation: Paul was allowed to spend his own money on whatever he wished, but Kevin's mother let him spend his allowance only on "sensible things like books."

The boys felt like spending their money on "foolish" things that day—sweets, toys, and trinkets. Their plan was that Paul would sell one of his books to Kevin. They would take this money and Paul's own money, then go and buy whatever they wanted.

Kevin would be able to tell his mother (truthfully) that Paul had treated him to these things, that he had spent his own money on a book.

Of course, Paul's mother couldn't go along with any plan designed to deceive Kevin's mother.

The interesting thing is, though, that the boys could have gone ahead and done it without asking, and the

chances were that they wouldn't have been "caught."

Yet they really wanted to make sure it was "all right," for they suspected that it wasn't. That was why Paul went to his mother.

When Paul's mother told them she couldn't give them permission to fool Kevin's mother, Paul got angry.

"Can't trust you!"

"I knew you'd say that," he stormed. "I'm sorry I ever told you. I can't trust you."

But Paul hadn't really wanted to make this decision, or he would have gone ahead. Part of him was unwilling to do something tricky and deceitful.

Upset, he turned the whole thing into a fight against his mother.

His mother was sorry to see him so angry, but she wisely stuck to her principles, knowing that eventually he would understand.

Three years later Paul was mature enough to see that being honorable was something he owed to himself. By that time he had discovered the crux of the matter—self-respect.

One day his mother was setting out milk and cakes for Paul and three of his friends, and heard them talking about going to secondary school the following year.

"My brother says all the kids cheat in high school and get away with it," one of them said.

"Yeah, and they get the good marks, too," said another.

"And if you don't go along, my brother says, they call you chicken," added the first.

Paul's mother remarked, "You'll all have to be pretty strong-minded about sticking to your principles."

"You're not kidding," one boy said, and the rest agreed.

Paul's mother recognised that this was the sort of thing one said to a grown-up.

She was pleased when her own boy brought up the subject after his friends had gone.

"I cheated a couple of times," Paul said to his mother, "once in a race, once in a game."

"And how did you feel about it afterwards?"

"Pretty cheap."

"What's the fun of winning when you know you don't deserve it?"

"I don't understand those kids who cheat all the time. Don't they have any self-respect?"

For a child begins to be honest and honorable to earn the approval and respect of his parents, and later of his friends, teachers, and other people generally. But there comes a time when he cherishes his own self-respect.

To value his own good opinion a child has to have confidence in himself.

Children boast and tell tall tales about their achievements, their possessions, or their parents' importance, because they are not confident of their own worth without such trimmings.

They deny wrongdoings and mistakes, not only from fear of punishment but also out of fear that they will not be thought good or bright.

When some standard of achievement is set too high for them to reach honorably, they are driven to meet it by deception.

For instance, Greg's father wants Greg to be a fine athlete. He boasts that Greg is the star of the cricket team. He watches his boy's batting average, and shows keen disappointment when the team loses.

A bad sport

But Greg's team-mates think he is a good player but a bad sport.

They have seen him cheat on the field, and they have heard him tell his father how someone else made the error that lost the game, when the error was his own.

All the blame for this is not Greg's. He has come to believe that he has to be a star cricketer to win his father's respect.

Another child may feel he has to bring home good reports from school in order to be worthwhile in his parents' eyes. Some, despite good homes and well-disciplined schools, become accomplished cheats.

We all want our children to do well in school, but with the intense competition that exists in many aspects of our children's lives—in school examinations, in sports, in personal popularity—parents may have to make certain choices.

If they truly value integrity they must carefully avoid giving a child an exaggerated idea of the importance of these other "glories."

Points for parents

1. Set a good example in your own behaviour.
2. Let your child know you have confidence in his integrity.
3. Don't discourage him by expecting too much to begin with. Help him to develop the right attitude.
4. When he makes a mistake, be firm, but sympathetic, too. Do not shatter his faith in himself or his ability to do well.





SITTING KNITTING TO T.V.

Enjoy television without a conscience! That's what the new speedy-knit wools mean to you . . . a brand new wool knit wardrobe in just a few episodes of your favorite program too! Buy a pattern today, and any of the wonderful new quick-knit moth-resist, shrink-resist wools in fashion's newest colours — pumpkin, fir haze, bronze green, linden, sapphire, copper glow — start knitting tonight, and

surprise yourself how quickly you can knit (without looking or concentration) the newest chunky-look sweaters, scarves, even skirts. Speedy-knit wools are now available at smart stores everywhere.

For winter **WOOL** 's a natural

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1960

£2000 'Happiest Day' Contest

Real-life stories in prizewinning letters

● A mother and a father both win £10 progress prizes this week for "Happiest Day" letters, selected from thousands of entries.

MOTHER took a day off

A £10 progress prize to Mrs. W. R. Shaw, Beerwah, Queensland.

"I love my children dearly. But even at the risk of having cries of 'Unnatural mother!' and 'Monster!' ringing from Cape York to Wilson's Promontory, I want to tell you of my happiest day.

"I have three boys and two girls, ranging in age from 7½ years to 13 months.

"Children bring great happiness—a first tooth, a first word, first steps, the first time you get a proper hug from a baby, little loving attentions as they grow older—all these things and many more have made me very happy.

"But with cooking, cleaning, washing, sewing, and attending to their numerous demands, life can be hectic.

"My happiest day (thanks to my own mother and father, who minded the children) was last New Year's Day, when I temporarily forgot my responsibilities as a mother and had a long and carefree day driving down to the Gold Coast

(Queensland) with my husband, two sisters, and their husbands.

"It was the first day out I'd had purely to enjoy myself since my first baby was born. "We drove where we wanted to, stopped when we wanted to, ate where and when we wanted to, and surfed where we wanted to.

"There were no cries of: 'We're hungry, Mum!' 'Can we have a drink, please, Dad?' 'When are we going for a swim?'

"How lovely to be able to surf with my husband—usually we have to take turns.

"As we drove away we couldn't get used to the fact that we didn't have to turn around every few minutes to see that all was well.

"However, we soon became accustomed to this new freedom, and apart from the odd quailm—were they behaving well?—how was my own Mummy coping? (she also had my sisters' two babies, making seven children in all) we had a lovely day.

"Then home—and perhaps the loveliest part of the whole day—to see the dear little faces and to learn that they had missed us."

FATHER spilt the sugar!

A £10 progress prize to Mr. Vincent M. Lysaght, Ada Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

"Most of my happiest and lucky days have been associated with sugar. Not the folding stuff, just ordinary sugar.

"It started when I was two. I picked up the sugar basin at a picnic and wandered off.

"I was found an hour later suspended over a cliff from a projecting root which had caught in my clothes. My parents had traced me along a lucky trail of sugar and ants.

"I am not superstitious, but through the years spilt sugar marked my childhood triumphs, small wins in the State Lottery, getting various positions, etc.

"I have had many happy days during 34 years of marriage, but the happiest was the day my wife expected her first baby.

"It began with worry at 3 a.m. I rang a cab and got things ready. I will never forget the scared look in her eyes as she left me to go up in the hospital lift.

"I walked, worried, round

the streets. I imagined all sorts of things, called myself all sorts of names.

"I got a taxi to my mother's, and she did her best to ease my mind, and made me a strong cup of tea. But I couldn't forget my wife's last look at me.

"Absorbed in my thoughts, I reached out for the sugar—and then it happened.

"The sugar slipped out of my hand and spilt.

"As if by a miracle, I ceased worrying.

"Straight back to the hospital I went, full of confidence, and waited. Within an hour I was the father of a healthy baby boy and my wife was doing well.

"Boy, was I happy!

"All that day I received congratulations. I was walking on air, everything was perfect.

"It was a proud and happy time for us both when I gave the baby a nurse, that night, and 'mum' a big hug and kiss.

"However, I am not too happy just at the moment. For 'mum' is giving me a terrific earbashing—simply because, while I was writing this, she asked me to pass the sugar. I did so without looking—and spilt the lot."

How to enter

● Write and tell us, in no more than 500 words, about your happiest day as a mother or a father.

THE prizes will be awarded to the letters the judges consider to be the best entries.

Entrants who are mothers can win a first prize of £500, and fathers a first prize of £250.

Progress prizes of £10 will be awarded each week. The entries which win the progress prizes will also be eligible for the £500 and £250 prizes.

Mothers must address entries "Mother's Happiest Day," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Fathers must send entries endorsed "Father's Happiest Day" to the same address.

All entries close on March 7.

The purpose of the contest is to mark, for our readers, the birth of the Queen's third baby.

● Employees of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd. and allied companies, and members of their families, are not eligible to enter the contest.

● Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges. No correspondence will be entered into about the decision.

● All entries become the property of Australian Consolidated Press Ltd.

THE PRIZES

FOR MOTHERS

First Prize	£500
Second Prize	£250
Six prizes of £100	£600
Five prizes of £50	£250
10 progress prizes of £10	£100

FOR FATHERS

First Prize	£250
Five progress prizes of £10	£50

GRAND TOTAL £2000
£5 will be paid for any other entry published.

Hints and exercises

By

Sister MARY JACOB

for mothers-to-be

● Pregnancy is a full-time job with so much to learn and do that time simply flies.

THE first and most important things are to engage a doctor in whom you have complete trust, and book in at a good maternity hospital.

As beds are heavily booked up your doctor will very early book you in at a hospital he attends, or advise about one. There must be no delay about this booking.

With your husband helping, you can spend many happy hours planning simple nursery equipment.

A screen is a necessity.

Placed around the weather side of the bassinet on a verandah or in the garden, it is a windbreak, while inside the house it can be arranged to protect baby from a direct draught or from the glare of a window. Or it can make a cosy corner in which to bath baby in the cold weather.

Instructions for making a

screen: A strong wooden frame similar to a two-winged clothes-horse should be made. It should be strongly hinged, and should stand about 4ft. high (too high would cut off too much air) with each wing 3ft. wide.

The screen cover should be of a dark fadeless material (green for preference), and it is best made in one piece so that it slips easily on and off.

In this way you prevent a draught coming through the crack at the hinge.

This screen cover takes 4½ yds. of 36in. material.

When you are 3 months pregnant, you should make inquiries about pre-natal classes, which you should from now on attend regularly (usually once a week).

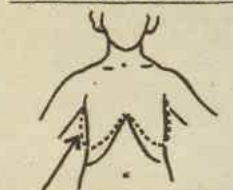
The importance and value of relaxation and controlled breathing during labor as taught by the late Dr. Grantley Dick Read, is now being more

and more appreciated by medical and nursing staffs.

Mothers who have regularly attended pre-natal classes, and have conscientiously practised the relaxing, breathing, and special exercises, can easily be picked out in labor wards by their close co-operation, complete relaxation, and absence of tenseness and fear.

To those who cannot attend classes, a few hints about

1. RIB BREATHING



DOTTED LINE INDICATES OPENING OF RIBS AND WIDENING OF THE INVERTED V AND THE WHOLE CHEST

breathing and how to control it may be helpful.

1. Rib breathing. This is a woman's natural way of breathing. With mouth closed, breathe in slowly to expand the ribs sideways, opening out the inverted V of the ribs in front. Then let the breath out gently.

NOTE. — You breathe for your baby before it is born, so practise this breathing several times a day out in the fresh air to ensure your baby the plentiful supply of oxygen it urgently needs.

2. Deep abdominal breathing. With your mouth closed breathe gently in and out, keeping quite loose and letting the abdominal muscles rise up

2. ABDOMINAL BREATHING

DOTTED LINE INDICATES A BREATH IN



DIAGRAMS of the exercises described above by Sister Jacob.

with the indrawn breath and drop back to normal position with the outgoing breath. In this type of breathing you must concentrate on using the abdominal muscles, instead of those of the ribs and chest.

NOTE. It is a good idea at first to place one hand lightly over the abdomen and observe how it rises with the muscles during breathing in, and falls with the muscles during breathing out.

3. Sternal breathing. With your mouth open, breathe in more quickly, lifting up the sternum or breast bone and letting it lower with a deep sigh. Then breathe in and out through your mouth quickly

(i.e. with a panting breath), as you can take quicker breaths this way than through your nose.

If you practise these 3 types of breathing regularly every day, and learn how to use them and control them in the different stages of labor, you will be able to relax instead of tensing yourself when your time comes.

During physical relaxation the mind also relaxes, so fear and panic of mind—the enemies of easy and natural labor—are banished.

Labor will be easier for you if you are also well informed on how a baby is born in normal childbirth.

3. STERNAL BREATHING

DOTTED LINE INDICATES A BREATH IN



DIAGRAMS of the exercises described above by Sister Jacob.

It's a family dream come true

HOLIDAY HOUSE ON A BUDGET

● This delightful weekend house among
trees in Connecticut, U.S., is planned for
tight budgets and will sleep four. Designed by
American architect Burton Bugbee.
Built first at a cost of only £1700. And
Plumbing, wiring, fittings, and
be added gradually to suit the budget.



LIVING - ROOM
(above) has high
gabled ceiling.
Color scheme is
in varying shades
of yellow. Divans
double both as
sofas and beds.

**KITCHEN and
dining area**
(right) open on
to living-room,
and are divided
by a counter-cum-
hatch. Door on
left leads to bath.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

March 2, 1960

Teenagers

WEEKLY

BULKY KNITS:
HIS
OR
HERS

—page 12

The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

LETTERS

The rock is still rolling

RECENTLY I read that rock-n-roll was dying. From the recent tour of American singers and the crowds they drew, I'd say it's far from dead. Someone is trying to kill rock-n-roll, but it will not die for a while, at least in Australia.—"Swinger," Newcastle, N.S.W.

I HAVE never seen such a disgusting exhibition of behaviour as teenagers (mainly the girls) turned on at the stadium "Rock-Spectacular." It beats me why anyone who has paid 12/- or more for a seat should want to scream non-stop through the items. This is an insult to the performers and should be forbidden. The show was top-line entertainment spoilt by shocking behaviour.—Graham Sawyer, Epping, N.S.W.

EVERY time I see a rock-n-roll show I wonder what a public uprising there would be if boys acted the same way as the girls. Say, if a boy jumped on the stage and started to hug and kiss Sandra Dee. Or if a group of boys mobbed her as she came off the stage and tore her blouse to shreds? The boys would be arrested by the police, but the girls who kiss or tear the shirt off Crash Craddock are excused as "fun-loving kids." If they're still kids, they had better go back to their toys if they can't act like young ladies.—Peter Lock, Epping, N.S.W.



M. TIDEY
... keen to be jockey.

Unfair to girls

WHY are all jockeys males? I would like to be a jockey, but just because I'm a girl everyone laughs at me. Why is it so funny? Women join in hunting, steeplechasing, and jumping, so why not racing? Many equestrian championships are held by women, so why not give them a chance to prove themselves with racehorses?—M. Tidey, Pymble, N.S.W.

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our pin-up: Jimmy Little, 22-year-old N.S.W. singer, who had a featured role in the movie made in Australia for the Billy Graham organisation. His newest disc for Festival is a 45 of the Western ballad "El Paso" and "Last Rose of Summer."

Superior joy

I FOUND it very hard to speak and mix with people at social functions until I was told to "think myself just a little superior to everyone else." Now I enjoy myself immensely at such functions.—"Shy Baby," Malanda, Qld.

Just a thought

ADULTS who strongly criticise teenagers' dress and wonder where the present generation is heading should give a thought to where it came from.—"Teener," Bass Hill, N.S.W.

Kissing games

I HATE kissing games! It takes the fun out of the game and the meaning out of a kiss. I think it's revolting having to kiss a boy I don't care two pips about. People who organise them at parties should grow up.—"Grow Up," Mt. Waverley, Vic.

Frank or kind?

SO "Personality Boy" (T.W., 13/1/60) wants girls to be frank! Honesty can lose more friends than anything else, as most people want to be told what they want to hear, rarely the unadorned truth. Kindness is the most important attribute a girl can have. If a boy dances badly he doesn't want to be told so. He would rather be told: "You will improve with more practice—that is all you need." Yet both can be true. If a boy says he is sorry he can't afford to take a girl to expensive places she could say that she wished he could or that they have lots of fun now, so why worry? Which girl would be the most popular? The one that considers the feelings of others, of course. Let us be honest; but let us be kind.—"Kind Lass," Atherton, Nth. Qld.

Dress reform

IT is ridiculous for men to wear long trousers and heavy shoes in above-century heat. When I suggested to my father that he should wear white shorts, open-necked shirts, and long white socks with sandals, he looked at me with horror. If a few men tried it, the fashion would soon catch on.—"Sensible," Ivanhoe, Vic.

Hot-roads safe

WHY are "hooligans" always being blamed for the road toll? They may paint their hot-roads hideous shades, but they are often very bright and so aid visibility. They are noisy, but at least you know they are there. And last, but not least, I have seldom seen a dusty or ill-polished hot-rod, and the engines are clean and run to perfection. So different to the brakeless sedan, practically rusting apart, that is owned by a conservative fifty-year-old.—"Red Devil," Stanthorpe, N.S.W.

"Kookie" cooked

UNTIL recently I was a "Kookie" fan, but a few weeks ago my mother, for a joke, started to use some of his phrases. I did not mind this when she did it at home, but last week I was very embarrassed to hear her use some in a conversation with a neighbor. Now she uses them frequently and says she loves "Kookie" talk. I am no longer a fan of his.—"Ex-Kookie Fan," Nambour, Qld.



HELEN PROCTOR
... proud to be square.

What's a square?

ON asking a group of teenagers who they would class as "squares," I was shocked by their answers. They said "squares" were teenagers who: (1) went to church every Sunday; (2) stayed at school after third year; (3) preferred symphony orchestras to Elvis or Ricky Nelson. I'm proud that most of these opinions refer to me, and I wouldn't change for all the Elvis records in the world.—Helen Proctor, Maitland, N.S.W.

Polite Sydney

WHILE spending a holiday in Sydney I found that the Sydney boys were far more polite and well-mannered than those in Melbourne. Their whole outlook on girls is different and I'm sure the Melbourne boys could learn a lesson from them any day.—(Miss) M. Nunn, St. Kilda, Vic.

Migrant style

AUSTRALIAN youth is often criticised for copying American styles and trends. But they don't. The new fashion in clothes and hairstyles stems, I believe, not from the Americans but from European migrants.—"Southey," Elsternwick, Vic.

Real life

KAY HARRIS (T.W., 3/2/60) is wrong in saying that sex is over-stressed in today's writing. Literature is a reflection of the morals and ideals of an age, and modern literature reflects the more open-minded view being taken of sex. Instead of hiding behind a screen of false morality as the Victorians did, contemporary writers deal with real life today as they see it.—John Baker, St. Lucia, Qld.

Not sissy

WHY do many boys think it is sissy to learn to dance? They would all like to be good dancers, but seem to think it is something that just comes to you. Don't they realise that dancing has to be learnt like any other art, and that it is not degrading to do it? Having spent quite a lot of money and time on learning myself, I find it very annoying to be walked around a dance floor, continually being bumped against other dancers and having my toes trodden on.—"Mad Maria," Condamine, Qld.

Help!

BOYS! Should girls be helpless? If I was a boy I would not want a girl-friend who was helpless.—"Wondering," Redcliffe, Qld.

Now we're back at school...

● With the beginning of the school year we are getting many suggestions and comments about school life.

SCHOOL detention should be abolished, because it is a waste of time for student and teacher. The time wasted might mean the difference between passing and failing in an examination. The only suitable punishment is the cane.—Janison Lowe, Wahroonga, N.S.W.

A PROFESSOR has suggested that secondary-school children should spend eight hours a day at school. Students leaving at 15 are expected to work a 40-hour week, so those at the same age who are still at school should be capable of the same hours. The additional time could well be used as a supervised study period, in which students could catch up on homework, use the school library, or ask for extra help if needed. This would eliminate the need for so much homework, so giving the students more leisure at home.—Caroline Davy, Mosman, N.S.W.

I HAVE just commenced 4th year and find that I have to do music for one period a week. This is a complete waste of time, as I am only interested in rock-n-roll, and I should not be forced to do a subject which is not a Leaving Certificate exam. subject.—Bryan Rayne, Haberfeld, N.S.W.

SUE MANDERS (T.W., 20/1/60) claimed that music-appreciation classes will change the opinions of those who do not like good music, but I have found that people who do not like this kind of music will only dislike it more if forced to listen to it. After two years' music-appreciation classes fewer of my classmates enjoy it than when we started.—"Classical Square," Tamworth, N.S.W.

A SCHOOL uniform is not an added expense to education; it saves money in the long run. And if a school is to have spirit then a uniform is necessary, because of the different financial positions of parents. Those with money would dress their children in fine clothes, whereas poorer parents could only dress their children in poorer clothes.—Peter Jones, Pennant Hills, N.S.W.

WHY do the education authorities take such a dim view of Art? At my school only the C and D grades may study art, and if anyone in an A or B grade wishes to, they must give up Latin, German, or Science and transfer to a lower grade. Is it that Art is not considered a "brainy" enough subject for high grades.—Susan Onweys, Epping, N.S.W.

AT the educational institution which I attend, girls have to wear high heels. How we long for those comfortable old school shoes after a long day's work.—"Blisters," Mt. Waverley, Vic.

GONE are our hideous school tunics, and we now have smart shirt-maker frocks, but our shoes still remain the sturdy, army type. Wouldn't a neat low heel court shoe be better for girls?—"Schoolgirl," Ipswich, Qld.

IN high schools girls and boys should be allowed to combine in sport. If they could not combine they should be allowed to play each other's sports. I love cricket and Soccer, and while I was in primary school the girls played with the boys, but since I have been going to high school I have not had the chance of even bowling one ball.—"Tomboy," Ballandean, Qld.

THE big private schools have an excellent system of fully organised sporting competitions each Saturday. Team spirit, which is lacking nowadays, is developed, while an element of friendly competition is created. This system should be introduced to Government schools, too.—"G.P.S. Boy," Ryde, N.S.W.

Boy diver lives in really silent world

By Mary Coles

● Gliding into the water like a skilfully thrown knife, 15-year-old Barry Knapman, of Lakemba, N.S.W., dives from a height of 33 feet and scarcely disturbs the pool with ripples.

BARRY, despite his youth, holds the New South Wales State men's title for plain diving—against all-comers.

And in his first competitive effort at springboard diving last month he came second in the New South Wales men's junior championships.

Championship plain diving covers swallow diving from various heights. Springboard diving embraces a big range of difficult and spectacular feats.

Barry is a first class all-round young sportsman. He has won many school trophies for swimming and Soccer and plays a good game of tennis.

But his really great distinction has been his battle for normal speech against the odds of congenital deafness.

The hearing-aid he wears merely enables him to feel, rather than hear, the vibrations of the world around him.

He can "get" the zoom of a jet whizzing overhead and dance to the beat of a loudly amplified tune, stepping it out in time with the rhythm.

But he never has heard the melody of a song, or the sound of a human voice at conversational level.

His vocabulary has been built up solely by lip reading.

And his pronunciation of words hinges on the way he interprets the mouth movements of others.

"Chatterbox"

At times, particularly when he is dealing with people he knows only slightly, his speech is halting.

But at home and with members of his "gang" he is known as a terrible chatterbox.

"He just never stops talking," says his mother.

His parents, Nancy and Stafford Knapman, and his elder brother, Ronald, who is 17, have been putting words in Barry's mouth since he was three years old.

They knew that many deaf children grew up as mutes—unable to speak—but they were determined that Barry would not be one of them.

He was about two-and-a-half

when his parents realised that something was wrong.

"I felt worried about his eyes," Mrs. Knapman told me. "He stared at everything so intently. We took him to an eye specialist, who found his sight was perfect."

"Eventually a doctor advised us to take him to the Commonwealth Acoustic Laboratory for a hearing test."

Long practice

Shocked by confirmation of his deafness, the Knapmans at once set out to find a way for Barry to learn to speak.

"From then on, Barry and I attended the Acoustic Laboratory every week to learn lip reading," said Mrs. Knapman.

"We would study the picture of a tiger, and painstakingly shape the word 'TI-GER' with our lips, going through the same routine with other animals and objects."

"We also practised lip-reading exercises for at least an hour every day at home."

When he was five, Barry began wearing a hearing-aid.

"Suddenly becoming conscious of sound was a terrifying moment for him," said his mother, lapsing into the only note of sadness I heard her express about her son's disability.

No one can remember teaching him to swim. One day when he was four he was paddling at the shallow end of the garden pool at the Knapmans' holiday shack on the Hawkesbury River.

The next minute he had clambered over a safety pipe dividing the paddling area from the deep end and was unconcernedly swimming round.

Just as he had taught himself to swim by watching the actions of fully fledged swimmers, he also learned to dive.

At Enmore High School, where he studied in a special class for deaf children, he represented his school in diving contests without any coaching.

He built up his technique by haunting swimming-pools and watching the actions of top-flight divers.

"Barry's wonderful powers of concentration have enabled him to telescope three years of

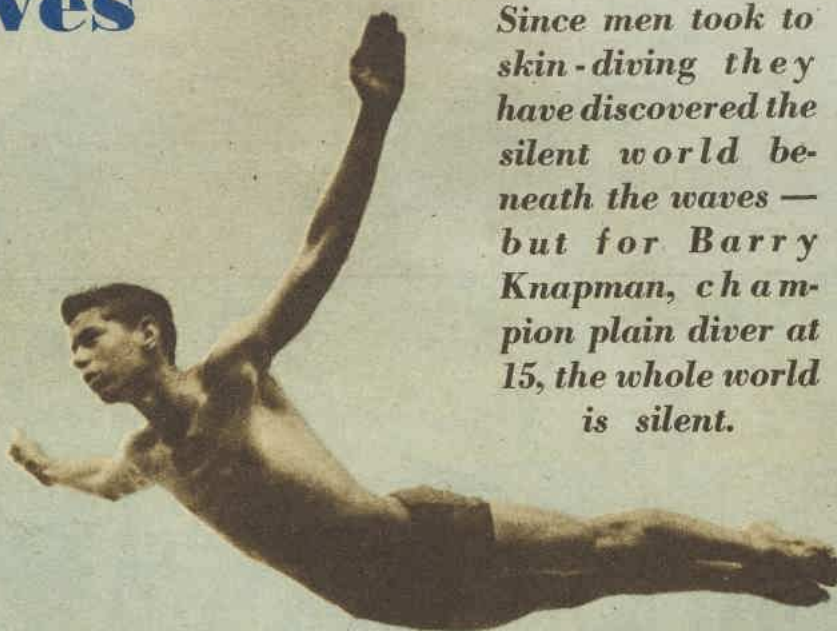
ing training into less than 12 months," said former Australian champion diver Jack Barnett, who has been his coach since last March.

"His co-ordination of mind and muscles is outstanding."

Barry, who joined a Kingsgrove shop-fitting firm as a carpentry apprentice when he left school last year, trains every afternoon at the Canterbury Olympic Pool after work.

And he takes to heart the pep talks which his father dashes off in the form of little type-written notes.

These father-to-son memos range from reminders to combat fear with memories of past achievements to peak training instructions such as "No 'pop' drinks."



Since men took to skin-diving they have discovered the silent world beneath the waves—but for Barry Knapman, champion plain diver at 15, the whole world is silent.



BARRY KNAPMAN proudly shows one of his trophies to his father and brother.



TEACHING his mother to dance "La Bomba," Barry turns up the radio and keeps in time to the vibrations.

FRIENDLY advice for Barry from Barry Holmes, holder of the N.S.W. title for springboard diving, which young Barry has just taken up.



Bush



SETTING OFF for a test walk from an instructional camp organised by the Sydney Bushwalkers' Club on the banks of the Colo River are, from left, Michael Peryman, Helen Barrett, Gwen Seach, Lyndsey Gray, Lola Wedlock, and Bill Ketas. Below is Helen Barrett in typical shorts and shirt, carrying a 23lb. rucksack.



● You haven't got to belong to the muscle-bound tribe of men or be a husky Amazon girl to go walking in the Australian bush.

IF you like healthy fun, young companionship, the outdoors, photography, swimming, wildflowers, sing-songs around campfires, chops sizzling on gridirons, you're almost certainly a candidate for a bushwalking club.

There are dozens from which to choose.

Take that first step towards your new interest by writing to one of these addresses:

Queensland: Brisbane Bushwalkers Club, Box 1949W, G.P.O., Brisbane.

N.S.W.: Federation of Bush Walking Clubs, Box 2090, G.P.O., Sydney.

Victoria: Federation of Victorian Walking Clubs, Box 815F, Elizabeth St. P.O., Melbourne.

Tasmania: Hobart Walking Club, Box 753H, G.P.O., Hobart; Launceston Walking Club, P.O. Box 273, Launceston.

South Australia: Adelaide Bush Walkers Club, Box 1273L, G.P.O., Adelaide.

Western Australia: Western Walking Club, 90 Basinghall St., East Victoria Park, W.A.

And don't forget to enclose that stamped, addressed envelope.

In your letter give your age and sex, your full name and address, and say what interests you most about the outdoors.

As Mr. Paddy Pallin, Sydney bushwalking expert, puts it: "Walking is a means to an end. Some people are keen on getting from A to B in a short time, but hundreds more are interested in what lies between A and B."

"You need reasonably good health to be a bushwalker, but you don't need superhuman agility. Most clubs accept teenagers from 16 onwards, but a few have special sections for the 12 to 16 group."

Weekend camp

Would-be members usually join the group for a couple of test walks before being admitted.

During test walks (which aren't long) club officials note how prospective members stand up to conditions, how they mix with the group as a whole.

Then comes a weekend instructional camp. To find out the drill we went along on one of these, organised by the Sydney Bushwalkers' Club.

It was on the banks of the Colo River, a small tributary of the Hawkesbury, 40-odd miles north-west of Sydney.

Our fellow members and prospective members of the club, who appear in the pictures on these pages, were all young people from Sydney suburbs.

At such a camp you'll discover that veteran bushwalkers believe in comfort.

"Why rough it when you don't have to?" they ask, digging into their well-packed rucksacks for everything they need.

Not for them cornflakes mixed up with socks or smashed eggs smearing the soap.

They stow food in plastic jars and bags, put heaviest gear in the bottom of the rucksack. (It's easier to carry that way, and doesn't crush the lighter stuff.)

At mealtimes they produce "flapjack" pancakes, wonderful when covered with butter and jam; they cook dampers bushman style.

They travel light—but not too light. All the essentials are there—concentrated foods, soup powders, dehydrated vegetables, and compact plate-knife-fork-spoon sets.

The average rucksack (for a weekend trip) weighs about 23lb. Carrying this load by hand would soon be tiring, but worn on the back, a well balanced, well-packed rucksack will not cause fatigue.

Best dress for bushwalking is loose shirt, shorts (slacks if the weather is cool), socks, and "sneakers"—leather-topped sandshoes. Over very rough country nailed or rubber-soled boots are worn.

Though most bushwalkers are in their teens and twenties, age is no bar. In Sydney several men and women in their 70s still go tramping and camping.

walking

Do you like stepping out?

Tottering in spike heels round a nightclub is one way, but there's a better. Bushwalking!



MAP-READING is an essential part of a bushwalker's skill, Michael Peryman tells his class of beginners.



TENT-PITCHING is another essential skill. On the bank of the Colo River, Jack Wren, left, Audrey Kenway, and Len Young are "abduelling" this tent—forming a verandah with the side nearest the river.



HEALTHY FUN is the aim of all bushwalkers. Audrey Kenway watches Jack Wren paddle his canoe while Len Young swims in the river.



COOKING has to be done the hard way—over an open fire. Len Young gives Audrey Kenway advice as she prepares to cook lunch for the campers.

FIRST-AID is taught to all beginners. At a demonstration class Bill Ketas bandages Helen Wedlock's ankle.



CROSSING RIVERS without a bridge is no trouble to bushwalkers. David ("Snow") Brown, who was in charge of the instruction camp, tows his gear, wrapped in a waterproof ground-sheet, across the Colo.



The busiest man in show biz...



DISC JOCKEY Rod McLennan at work.



TV ACTOR McLennan reads through a script.



SINGER McLennan recording a disc with Ron Tudor (left), Ron Gillespie.



DRUMMER-BOY McLennan at play.

...has fun at home



ROD belongs to a musical family who often gather round the piano. From left are Rod, Mrs. McLennan, 15-year-old brother Don, Mr. Hec McLennan, and, at the piano, 23-year-old sister Kay.



WASHING-UP at the McLennan home is not just a chore. While Rod tosses the dried dish to Don (left) to put away, and Kay has an anxious moment as it flies through the air, all three are singing.

● Melbourne's ruggedly handsome Rod McLennan — at 21 a disc jockey and radio announcer, TV compere and actor, singer and recording artist, stage actor and dancer, photographic model and amateur drummer — is a self-confessed "show business fiend."

"I'll try absolutely anything that's going," he says. And even though he's surprised at his lightning rise he's really only carrying on his family's show-business tradition.

His guitarist father, Hec McLennan, is well known on Australian stage, radio, and television, from which he retired recently to concentrate on his guitar manufacturing business.

His mother, former dancer and singer Margaret Nicholson, was performing at the St. Kilda Palais when she met Hec McLennan, just back from a world tour as one of "The Australian Boys," a string trio.

His namesake uncle, Rod McLennan, at present is playing Doolittle's cobbler in the Broadway production of "My Fair Lady."

Rod junior is a surefire charmer. His brown eyes, broad dimpled grin, and bursting vitality are irresistible.

He first sang for television audiences in 1957 in the "Oxford Show," in which his father was appearing.

After this he was chosen to compere a children's television show.

Just as the show finished 15 months later, radio station 3DB was looking for a disc jockey who could double as a feature singer.

When Rod was offered the position he decided to leave his job as assistant export manager in a canned-goods company and went into the entertainment business full time.

Now, in addition to his D.J. duties, he comperes and sings at the station's monthly lunchtime Pop Concerts in Melbourne Town Hall.

He is a regular performer in the TV

show "Sunny Side Up," and recently sang and danced in the stage production of "Once Upon a Mattress."

Following the immediate success of his first record—a 45 of "Always" and "We Got Love"—Rod recently signed a contract with W. and G. Recordings and will soon cut more discs.

But he's not satisfied with just pop songs. "I'm thinking of taking some singing lessons soon, because I'd like to try other types of songs, more lasting than pops," he said.

He is already taking lessons in modern stage dancing and tap dancing.

And to top his busy young life, his dark good looks are now in demand among leading photographers for modelling.

Rod finds that the busier he is in show business, the happier he is. He still manages to fit in a social life, but says he's so happy in his work he wouldn't worry if he couldn't.

But he does miss the sport he hasn't time for now. He used to be in the Melbourne High Old Boys' football team, played tennis frequently, and was a lifesaver with the Torquay and North Road Life Saving Clubs.

The McLennan home in Elwood, Victoria, vibrates continually to all kinds of music. When they're not singing, Rod, his brother Don, and Dad are strumming their guitars, or Rod is thumping the drums, or sister Kay is pounding the piano.

Rod plans to go abroad eventually. "But I would be cutting my own throat in the business if I tried to go too soon," he said.

"I'd like to reach the top at home first. Show business has got to be treated as a career like anything else, and planned as you would any profession."

By
Sheila McFarlane



VENTRILOQUIST Chris Covington, of Adelaide, with his dummy, Terry Trew. Terry's clothes are made by Chris' mother. In his spare time Chris swims and plays tennis. He dates several girls, but has no "steady."

18-year-old has own show on TV

• A small boy by the name of Terry Trew, who doesn't approve of slang, and who doesn't talk much himself except for about four minutes every Wednesday and Friday, is delighting young television audiences in Adelaide.

A CROSS between Ginger Meggs and Denis the Menace, Terry is the dummy used by 18-year-old ventriloquist Chris Covington in his twice-weekly appearances in "Funfair," the children's programme on ADS 7.

"We talk about something topical during our four minutes," said Chris. "I don't use much slang. I don't think children should use slang words when it's just as easy for them to speak good English. Of course, my scripts aren't always grammatically correct, but I avoid words like 'youse.' They sound so ugly."

Chris, who had just about decided to apply for a job as a

patrol officer in New Guinea before his successful TV audition, writes all his own scripts.

"That's the hardest part of my act," he said. "Sometimes the ideas come easily and I can finish the script in half an hour. Other weeks it takes me three days."

Chris practises ventriloquism for only about half an hour a day.

"You use your tongue as your bottom lip, the roof of your mouth as your top lip, and speak in the back of your throat about half way down."

"The letters B, P, and M are the hardest," Chris added, "so I slur quickly over them. Singing is also difficult. At the moment Terry and I are learning 'Living Doll.' How does he like it? He hasn't told me yet."

Worth Reading

THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS

SAMUEL PEPYS, an odd and restless public servant, lived in the days of King Charles the Second, the Merry Monarch, and he liked to be in any merriment that was going. His famous Diary is very long; I do not suggest that you read all of it—I haven't done so myself—but that you look into it and read as much as you find interesting. Pepys was a shrewd fellow, with plenty of intelligent things to say about the London of his day. He was also a comical character, fond of his wife, but unable to keep his eyes off a pretty maidservant. Quaint incidents often enlivened days which ended, in his Diary, with the phrase "And so to bed."

—Ross Campbell

LISTEN HERE

—with Ainslie Baker

Local talents: Twenty-four-year-old aboriginal **George Bracken** isn't only Australian lightweight boxing champion, he's also got a real talent for song-writing, too. George sings two of his own compositions, "Blue Jean Rock," a good, beaty one, and a slow ballad, "Why Don't You Write?" on a W. and G. 45.

MELBOURNE'S Frankie Davidson offers a worthwhile version of the romantic ballad hit "Why" on a W. and G. 45. A fast-talking, country-and-western-flavored Hank Snow composition, "The Golden Rocket," is the flip, and Frankie seems specially suited to this one. With Bruce Clarke and The Rockers.

Pops: The warm, throbbing voice of Della Reese can be heard on an R.C.A. 45 pairing the beautiful "Not One Minute More" with a second heart-wrencher, "You're My Love." There aren't too many singles of this quality.

FANS of the "Wyatt Earp" TV series are going to be very interested in a W. and G. 45 with **Hugh O'Brian** (the marshal himself) singing "Don't Move" (a love-song with a Western gimmick) and the jog-trotting "I'm Walkin' Away." Ken Darby directs orchestra and chorus.

I THINK you'll like **The McGuire Sisters'** "Have A Nice Weekend" (Coral 45). It's that rare thing, a pop ballad with a fresh idea. Flip is the old Sophie Tucker theme song "Some Of These Days."

Climbers: A double-sided teen-pleaser from **The Isley Brothers** on an R.C.A. 45, "Respectable," and the old "Without A Song," given such a doing that even its composers would have difficulty in recognising it.

GOOD news for those with an eye to a bargain. Two tracks from the album "The Dynamic **Stonewall Jackson**," the delightful "Mary, Don't You Weep" and "Run" are out as a Coronet 45.

Dancing music: Bland as cream and honey, "Sweet And Hefty" (Coral LP) gives you Hollywood's **Neil Hefti** and the band with the sweet beat in a selection of such danceable standards as "Home On The Range," "Chicago," and "When It's Springtime In The Rockies."

IF it's a livelier beat you and your crowd like, then there's "This Is Chico" (Pye LP) with **Chico Arnez** and his Latin-American orchestra putting the mambo, cha-cha, and beguine beat into both northern evergreens and south of the border naturals.

"BILLY VAUGHAN Plays" (London LP) gives you a batch of old favorites including "Harbor Lights," "Blue Moon," and "You Can't Be True, Dear." All highly acceptable for either dancing or as background music to coffee and conversation.

Novelty: There's a really intriguing beat about **Gene and Eunice's** native-chant-style "Poco-Loco" (London 45). Flip, "Go-On Kokomo," tries for the same thing, but doesn't quite get there.

Classical: A Mercury LP with **Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt** conducting The London Symphony Orchestra in **Mozart's** last and much-performed Symphony No. 41 in C Major (the "Jupiter") and **Mozart's** Symphony No. 39 in E-Flat Major, with its contrast in mood, is a recording you might very well want to own.

Romantic: "Twilight Concert No. 3" (Philips LP) offers a garland of the romantic composers in full, night-blooming flower. **Schubert's** "Rosamunde" overture, **Grieg's** "Elegiac Melodies," **Schumann's** "Traumerei," **Saint-Saen's** "Havanaise," **Weber's** "Invitation To The Dance," and **Liszt's** "Hungarian Fantasia." The Hague Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by **Willem van Otterloo**.

20th century: A step forward in time brings us to the French-Basque composer **Ravel** (1875-1937). Brilliant American composer-conductor **Leonard** ("West Side Story") **Bernstein** conducts The New York Philharmonic Orchestra in a vivid, temperamental performance of three Ravel works, "Bolero" (Coronet LP). I find the celebrated title-piece less interesting as time goes by, but "Rhapsodie Espagnole"—his first published work for orchestra—full of surprises. There is interest too in the disc's third offering, "La Valse," composed as a ballet-score for **Diaghilev's** never-performed tribute to **Johann Strauss**.

Jazz: Everyone who has listened to the **Goon Show** knows the exuberant and engaging **Ray Ellington Quartet**. A close-up of their jaunty talent is "That's Nice!" (Pye LP). Each member of the quartet gets his chance to shine in pianist **Dick Katz's** lively arrangements of a first-class selection of numbers that includes "The Three Bears," "Taint What You Do," some old **Fats Waller** favorites, and "I've Got A Girl In Kalamazoo."

Piano: The flashing fingers of **Winifred Atwell** bound over the keys with her usual vivacity on a Decca 45 that couples "Somebody" with the Italian "Amore Mio."

FOR those who like **Winnie** in cultured concert form, there's "Winnie Plays The Classics" (Decca LP). **Liszt's** "Liebestraume," **Chopin's** Nocturne in E Flat, **Beethoven's** "Moonlight Sonata," and nine others.

Latin-American: "You don't need to speak the language," as they say, to enjoy **Nat "King" Cole** singing in Spanish and Portuguese numbers recorded during his recent Latin-American tour. "A Mis Amigos" (To My Friends), Capitol LP. Exceptionally pleasant listening, and very OK for fancy footwork, too.



STONEWALL JACKSON



WINIFRED ATWELL



LEONARD BERNSTEIN

PLANNING A TEENAGE WAR

IN SIX EASY STEPS

By Betty Keep

● *Having a well-planned wardrobe is like learning to speak French, of making a grade tennis team. It just doesn't happen overnight. But planning can be a planned wardrobe is rewarding. The six following steps will tell you how.*

STEP ONE

Planning

PLANNING is the focal point of every well-balanced wardrobe. Clever planning also helps create that subtle quality called glamor. It's exciting, too, to plan to make the most of yourself, and, let's face it, boys particularly form first impressions from the way a girl dresses.

Make a habit of assuming when dressing in the morning that you are going to meet your boy-friend—whether you expect to or not.

One of the secrets of being well dressed is having a wardrobe of "wearable" clothes. For this, elimination is necessary, so discard garments you don't wear. Seasonable "don't-wear" garments are generally those that are unbecoming. After discarding, add up what is missing and replace with only those you really need.

Don't expect to replace everything at once; but facing what is needed will start the fashion ball rolling in the right direction.

STEP TWO

What to wear where

IF you learn to wear the correct clothes for the occasion and the most becoming to your needs and type, you are half-way to always looking "special." The following guide will help with this problem.

Parties: Wear your prettiest dresses. **Informal dance:** Short full-skirted dress.

LOOK starry and pretty at every party. These girls steal fashion honors in crisp mixed- and - matched separates. Note new look of gay plaids.

or dressy "separates." **Formal ball:** Short- or long-skirted evening dress (but, remember, nothing looks more graceful on a dance floor than a dress with a full-length skirt).

Debut: Wear white, and a floor-length skirt is customary. Gloves are correct; they can be long or short. A bouquet is optional.

Barbecues: Ankle-length pants, Bermuda shorts, skirts, blouses, shorts. When an adult is hostessing the party, inquire if she objects to pants or shorts, and dress accordingly.

Religious services (all types): Dress, suit, or blouse and skirt. The "must" is a hat and gloves.

Beach: Depends on your boy-friend, the beach inspector, and your own figure proportions. Plump girls look best in an unfussy one-piece. A two-piece in cotton spells sun-and-swim comfort. Bloomer pants and frills disguise a too-thin figure and are disastrous for the plump.

Tennis: Above-knee one-piece worn over matching briefs, or shorts and a

matching shirt. Tennis clothes should always be in white and the fabric easy to launder.

Town dressing: Classic designs, a shirt-frock and coat-frock are both perfect. For a formal town occasion, such as lunch in a city restaurant, add stockings and gloves. A hat is not necessary.

Career clothes: Depend on the career. Broadly speaking, classic designs are best. Taboo: rhinestone jewellery, spike heels, low-plunging necklines, and fussy accessories.

Sports events: Depending on the season, skirts, blouses, sweaters, blazers, topcoat, flat heels, and a headscarf.

STEP THREE

Style choice

TO win in fashion you have to know yourself and your type. Establish in your own mind whether your personality is feminine, tailored, or sophisticated. One of the simplest ways to

type yourself is to look at the dresses brought to school. Were they classic or modern fashion?

Decide on this accordingly.

Few girls, if any, have a perfect figure, but plan to make the most of such. Have the correct use of design to hide bad points and highlight good points.

Maybe you are a "tomboy" type; it is an easy one; it is a bold prints, wide belt, skirts, slim sheath, chunky jewellery. To minimise length.

Petite girls, beware of large accessories, such as jewellery. The dress jacket are both neat, uncluttered details.

The plump figure in one-color dresses or excessive fullness or trim to a plump girl: Do you the idea you look drab color. You don't pretty color, but strong designs—large or small.

Lastly, clothes are fit—this goes for all proportions. Try on different find the correct one vary, but the shop will advise. Pattern sizes ready-to-wear clothes.

STEP FOUR

C

THE simplest way to plan a wardrobe is to choose one or two basic colors and the colors best suited to your hair, taking note of

The correct color and hair more dramatic. Color details come



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IT'S TRUE — he'll love you in blue.
Choose a design from the ones above and
wait for his compliments. The fashions are
all American designed for casual day wear.

skinned girl looks best in white, creamy
beige, pinks, and red. Brown and black
can be added to the list if she is "vivid."

A blonde with fair skin will be flat-
tered by blue, lilac, rose-pink, and
Chinese-red with a brown cast.

The girl with mid-brown hair has a
problem, because unless she is careful
any bright color is apt to overwhelm
her own coloring. Soft blues and pinks
—in fact any soft pastel shade—are her
flatterers.

A redhead can achieve wonderful
effects with violet, tan, white, black,
and jade-green.

Interesting color note: Whatever your
coloring, your boy-friend will love you
in blue.

STEP FIVE

Fashions to fit your life

ONLY you can decide how many
different outfits are necessary to
carry you through your every-day

schedule. Teenagers have more places
to go and more things to do than any
other age group—so keep the number
to a minimum.

Below is what I consider a well-
balanced teenage wardrobe.

Two "special" dresses for social
events, an afternoon dress, and a real
party dress. Weekend clothes: one
swimsuit plus Bermuda shorts, slacks,
sweater, blouse, skirt, pullover accord-
ing to type and season.

One raincoat: in a pretty color it
can double as an after-dark coat.

Three simple cottons, one dark for
dull days. In winter the cottons can be
replaced with a suit or skirt and tops.

Three pairs of shoes—"flats" for day
and playtime, classic courts for formal
occasions.

Two bags—a "clutch" for formal
and a handle style in leather for day.
Bags should be matched to shoes.

Two pairs of white cotton shortie
gloves. Please see they are always white
—you can wear white gloves only once.
Wear and wash is the drill. Teenagers
can wear white cotton gloves in all
seasons.

STEP SIX

Wardrobe care

TO be well dressed, clothes (and you,
too) must be well groomed and
cared for. "Care" means daily routine.
Make it a rule to check the following
items well ahead of dressing time!

Stockings minus runs, no straps or
slip hem showing. Every wide-necked
dress needs keepers; no dust or bits on
collar; everything that should be white,
snowy.

Don't forget that stitch in time. Keep
a sewing kit handy for minor repairs
and cleaning fluid for emergencies.

Store out-of-season clothes in gar-
ment bags of unbleached calico and be
sure the garments are dry-cleaned or
laundered before storing.

Zips or other fastenings should be
closed before hanging.

Lastly, the best and cheapest valet
service I know is a few minutes with a
hot iron.

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Many differences

"I AM a girl of 21, engaged to a man of 28. We plan to get married this year. The family like him very much, but I realise that we have many differences. He is fairly conservative in manner, dress, etc., and I like this in a man, but I am fairly un-conservative in my dress. I like wearing slacks, sloppy tops, two-piece bathing costumes, etc. I have tried to please him by wearing the type of clothes he likes—dresses with waists and full skirts with dozens of pretty petticoats, swimming-costumes with skirts, frills, and flounces, and not too much make-up, but I have found it very difficult to change certain mannerisms, some of which make up my personality, and this is impossible to change. He says he loves me very much, and more since he has got to know me. This I can't understand when he does not like so many of the things I do. Don't think he has asked

me not to do this or that. I just don't do things he doesn't like because I love him so much and want him to be proud of me. We have talked this over together but we usually end up getting nowhere, only confirming the two facts—I love him and he loves me. But I am worried about it. It is not as if we come from different backgrounds. We both live in the same type of area and his sister was in a class below me at school. Do you think two people with different ideas such as ours can be happy being together for the rest of their lives?"

"Bride-to-be," S.A.

I think it all depends on the quality of your love, which sounds as if it might be Grade A. But I do think you are wise to discuss it fully together now, and get the whole thing sorted out before you marry.

Some men get more conservative after marriage, and what their wives wear becomes even more important than what their fiancées wore. You have to think all this out.

The whole thing comes down to the quality of your love, I think. Bikinis and slacks run a poor second to real love.

Casual outing

"I AM 18 years old and have just been out with my girl-friend's boy-friend. I confessed to her and now she has stopped going out with him. Even though I have made her realise that it was only a casual outing, she is determined not to see him, and her boy-friend is very worried as they have been friends for over 12 months and he doesn't want to break up the friendship. Should I stop going out with him, as I am a friend of both parties. Please advise me what to do, as I think he only took me out because he had an argument with my girl-friend."

"Third Party," Vic.

Try to put yourself in your girl-friend's place and imagine how hurt you would be. She is doubly wounded because her boy-friend has two-timed her with you, her best girl-friend. I don't think any girl with a heart would be in this. Do give up the boy, and give your girl-friend's love-life a chance to mend. The deep hurt in the unhappiness you are causing must surely cut down any enjoyment you may be having.

Mother's only child

"I AM nearly 18 years old, an only child, and have found myself very much attracted to a girl where I work. I know she feels the same, but I cannot ask her for a date as my mother, who was recently widowed, states that I have plenty of time in the future to think about girls, and that my job is more important. How can I convince her that I am no longer a juvenile without hurting her feelings,

for these conflicting emotions are driving me to "desperation?"

"Conflict," Tas.

Your mother is not unusual at all. She probably really believes that her true reason for suggesting you don't take girls out for a while is the importance of your job. I believe it is only partly true. Mothers, particularly mothers of only children, try unconsciously to keep their sons by their side, and your mother's new loneliness has probably intensified her feelings.

You must be kind and understanding towards her, but you must also be quite firm about having a social life of your own.

It all sounds difficult, but what makes it easy is that every mother really wants her child to be happy. Tell her you really want to take this girl out occasionally, and be gently insistent about it. You really will have to be, or you will find yourself a mature man still at home looking after Mum. I'm sure she will see your point of view, even if it takes a while.

Why not suggest for a start that you ask your friend home for a meal one weekend with a few other young friends? That will make your mother feel that you are not so much cutting her out as including her in your social life, and it may pave the way to proper dates for you.

Of course, if none of this works and she is adamant about no dates, I think you will have to tell her that at your age you must have some social freedom, whatever she thinks.

Blushing boy

"DO you think blushing stops as you get older? I blush a terrible lot, especially when around girls, and as I am a boy of 15 I find this very embarrassing. Also could you tell me what a boy can do to stop perspiration odors? Girls use deodorants, but my friends say that is 'girlstuff.' My daily wash doesn't prevent perspiration odor."

D.D., N.S.W.

I'm sure blushing stops as you get older—don't worry about it. As to deodorants, your friends might think that they are strictly for girls, but that is not right. Today a great number of men use them. They are simple to use, and if applied daily after your shower you'll be free of the perspiration problem, which will make you far more socially acceptable to the girls.

Lipstick denied

"I AM just turning 15, and I am allowed to wear lipstick. But if I misbehave or do anything I should not do, my mother says I am not allowed to wear lipstick for a week. Do you think that is a good idea, or do you think that she should give me another punishment instead?"

D.W., N.S.W.

A punishment is no punishment if it takes the form of something you don't mind.

Obviously you don't like not wearing lipstick now, so I imagine your mother thinks that if she punishes you by stopping you from wearing it, you are more likely to improve. But punishment is best avoided. Keep your lipstick on by being the sort of girl your mother wants you to be all the time.

Is she fickle?

"I AM 17 and have been going out with boys for the past two years. Several of the boys from the school dancing class have asked me out. Almost without exception I liked the boys

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

YOU in a dancing mood?

There is only one thing more divine than this year's dancing dresses with their puffy, ballooning skirts, and that is the garter that goes with them.

Just one garter, one beautiful, impractical feminine garter that you can catch a glimpse of occasionally. Cover it in chiffon gently ruched, and applique it with a satin initial.

It's exciting and it can be a romantic favor from a 1960 girl to her rock-'n'-rolling knight.

until they noticed me and took me out. After two or three outings I lost all interest in them and when they noticed it they stopped taking me out. Since I began work, I find that this is still so. Am I too fickle? All of the boys are nice lads and I don't like to hurt them as I apparently have been doing."

R.A.D., N.S.W.

I don't know whether it's fickleness, scalp collecting, or just that you've not yet found the right boy. I'm inclined to think it's a combination of the last two. Be as nice to them all as you can, and don't make protestations of undying love to them. Just be friendly and you shouldn't hurt too many feelings.

Marriage delayed

"PLEASE give me your advice. I am 18 years of age and I am very much in love with a boy of 22. We were to have been married over eight months ago but my married sister came between us. My family did not like this boy because he is a New Australian, but now that I have left him they all like him. I still love him very much and I cannot enjoy myself when I am out with someone else. I have no mother and have only the one married sister and another sister and one brother to look after. The boy I was to have married does not drink and he loves children and so do I. I do not know if he still feels the same about me now as he did before. Do you think it would be right for me to tell him I still feel the same? We went together for 12 months. I am sure I will never be happy away from him."

"No Mother," Vic.

I'd tell him exactly how you feel, that is if he is not married or engaged to someone else. You may be hurt further but you may win your wish and your man back again.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

A GOOD WASH is vital for nearly all types of skin. For a thorough job, use well-lathered fingers like the girl at right, or a soapy complexion brush, or even a baby's clean hair-brush.



BEAUTY for your skin

● *If your skin breaks out now and then, and you are careful with your diet, don't worry too much about it. Just be sure to go easy on make-up and keep your skin thoroughly clean.*

EVEN the best skins need lots of cleansing, and if you're a teen-year-old that goes double. Basic requirement for this task is ordinary soap and water and plenty of it.

Perhaps you think you already know all about this face-washing business, but do you really?

By all means use a bit of cleansing cream or complexion milk if you want to, but, for a nicer skin, every night at bedtime wash your face with mild soap and warm water.

Use your own clean hands for washing the face—it's difficult to keep a sponge or face-cloth really immaculate—and rub in the lather with light upward and outward circular movements.

Then rinse off the soap with two clear waters and pat the face dry with a soft towel. Place both hands under the towel, lift it to the face, and dry with both hands at once. The move-

ments for drying are similar to those for cleansing.

Stroke from chin out toward ears. Move up sides of mouth and again dry outward, then up to sides of nose and out. Slide the towel up between the eyebrows, out on the forehead, and pat gently around the eyes.

All this takes more time to describe than to do.

If your skin is on the dry side this is the moment to rub in a bit of skin cream. Remove any surplus cream, however, for, apart from looking and feeling unpleasantly gooey, going to bed with a face covered in cream is unnecessary.

In the morning splash your face with cold water, pat dry, smooth on a light base of complexion milk or foundation, and there you are.

If you have an oily skin, and lots of teenagers have, it is quite in order to wash it three or more times a day,

as often as needed to keep it in order.

A sulphur soap for washing is worth trying here, and you will need a soft brush like a shaving brush and quite warm water. Work the soap into a rich lather and rotate gently over your face with the brush for several minutes. Rinse well in warm, then cool, water and finish off with a splash of cold water.

While you can't, of course, change the oily character of your skin, it's a comforting thought that a girl can improve its appearance.

At work, or when a complete cleaning is impossible, blot off excess oil with tissues or cotton-wool soaked in a non-oily skin-cleanser. Vanishing cream, with its water base and mild stimulating action, is a good cream for oily skin.

Spots often blight the life of the young teenager while they last. In the case of persistent ones, it's always a good idea to seek medical advice be-

cause the skin is an accurate barometer of your state of health.

Otherwise, you can do a lot for yourself. First, make sure that you are not suffering from dandruff—the cause of many teenage spots—and keep the scalp and hair thoroughly clean with lots of shampooing.

A mild, liquid foam shampoo is a useful aid that WILL work if you do.

If the hair is very oily wash it every day or two, and dab the skin on your forehead with a little methylated spirit.

Look to your diet, too, avoiding fried foods whenever possible, by-passing sweets for the time being, and taking as much fresh fruit, green salad, and lightly cooked green vegetables as you can manage.

Enjoy sunshine, outdoor exercise, and hobbies. Above all, for the sake of your skin, get the large amount of rest and sleep which teenagers need. Nine hours of shut-eye are truly a beauty sleep.

By
Carolyn Earle

Autumn casuals

● These chunky casuals for autumn can be made in next to no time with large needles and thick wool. The cardigan can be knitted for him or her from the same instructions.

SWEATER

Materials: 20 (21, 23) balls Peacock Chunkyknit; 1 pair No. 3 needles and 1 set of 4 No. 6 needles.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 24 (24½, 24½) in.; chest, 38 (40, 42) in.; length of sleeve seam, 19 (20, 20) in.

Tension: 4 sts., 1 in.; 4 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 78 (82, 86) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 2 in. Change to No. 3 needles and cont. in rib until work measures 15 (15½, 15) in. Shape armholes by casting off 3 (4, 4) sts. at the beg. of next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 2 (3, 4) rows.

When armholes measure 9 (9½, 9½) in., shape neck and shoulders as follows:

Next Row: Rib 28 (28, 28) sts., leave on a spare needle, cast off loosely 12 (12, 14) sts., rib 28 (28, 28) sts.

Cont. on last 28 (28, 28) sts. and k 2 tog. at neck edge on the next 4 (4, 4) rows.

Next Row: Commencing at armhole edge, rib to last 4 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 8 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 12 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 16 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 20 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

FRONT

Work the same as for back to armholes.

Next Row: Cast off 3 (4, 4) sts. work 36 (37, 39) sts., leave rem. 39 (41, 43) sts. on a spare needle.

Cont. on last 36 (37, 39) sts.

ABBREVIATIONS

K—knit, P—purl, st.—stitch, tog.—together, t.b.s.—through back of stitch, cont.—continue, st-st.—stocking-stitch, beg.—beginning.

and k 2 tog. at neck edge every 3rd row, at the same time k 2 tog. at armhole edge on the next 2 (3, 4) rows.

Cont. to dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 3rd row until dec. to 24 (24, 24) sts. When armhole measures 8 (8½, 8½) in., shape shoulders as follows:

Next Row: Commencing at neck edge, rib to last 4 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 8 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 12 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 16 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Next Row: Rib to last 20 sts., turn, rib to end of row.

Cast off. Join wool at neck edge and work other side to correspond.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 40 (42, 44) sts. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 3 in. Change to No. 3 needles and cont. in rib, inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 60 (62, 67) sts. When sleeve seam measures 19 (20, 20) in. or required length, dec. 1 st. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 46 (46, 46) sts., then every row until dec. to 14 (14, 14) sts. Cast off.

NECKBAND

Join shoulder seams. With right side of work towards you, using 4 No. 6 needles, pick up and k about 116 (120, 124) sts. around neck.

Work in rounds in rib of k 1, p 1 for ½ in., dec. 1 st. each side of "V" every round. Cast off in ribbing.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams.

CARDIGAN

Materials: 17 (18-19-20) balls Peacock Chunkyknit; 2 pairs needles, Nos. 6 and 1; 7 buttons; plus 2 for pockets.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 23½ (23½-24-24½) in.; bust and chest, 36 (38-40-42) in.; length of sleeve seam, 18 (18-20-20) in.

Tension: 3½ sts., 1 in.; 4 rows, 1 in.

BACK

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 62 (64-68-70) sts. Work in twisted rib as follows:

Next Row: * K 1 t.b.s., p 1 t.b.s., rep. from * to end.

Repeat this row for 1 in. Change to No. 1 needles and work in st-st. When work measures 15 (15½-15) in., shape armholes by casting off 2 (2-3-3) sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 3 (3-3-3) rows. When armholes measure 8½ (8½-9-9½) in.,

shape shoulders by casting off 5 (6-6-7) sts. at beg. of next 2 (2-2-2) rows. Cast off 6 (6-6-6) sts. at beg. of next 4 (4-4-4) rows.

Cast off.

FRONT

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 38 (40-42-44) sts. Work in twisted rib for 1 in. Inc. 1 st. for first size only. Change to No. 1 needles, sl. last 8 sts. for women's cardigan or first 8 sts. for man's cardigan on to a spare needle and leave for border. This will be the left front for woman's cardigan and right front for man's cardigan.

Cont. in st-st. on 31 (32-34-36) sts., and when work measures 15 (15½-15) in., cast off 2 (2-3-3) sts. at armhole edge, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. to dec. 1 st. at centre front edge every 4th (4th-4th-3rd) row, and at the same time k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 3 (3-3-3) rows. **Cont.** to dec. 1 st. at centre front edge every 4th (4th-4th-3rd) row until dec. to 17 (18-18-19) sts.

When armhole measures 8½ (8½-9-9½) in., cast off 5 (6-6-7) sts. at armhole edge of the next row. Cast off 6 (6-6-6) sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row twice.

BORDER

Using No. 6 needles, work the 8 border sts. in twisted rib for about 25 (25½-25½-26) in., or until long enough to go up front and half-way across back of neck when slightly stretched. Cast off.

Work other front and border to correspond, making buttonholes in border as follows: First one being ½ in. from lower edge and six more evenly spaced about 2 in. apart.

BUTTONHOLES

1st Row: Rib 4 sts., cast off 2 sts., work to end.

2nd Row: Work to last 4 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 4 sts.

SLEEVES (Both Alike)

Using No. 6 needles, cast on 30 (34-36-38) sts. Work in twisted rib for 3 in. Change to No. 1 needles and work in st-st., inc. 1 st. each end of every 8th (8th-6th-6th) row until inc. to 44 (48-54-56) sts. When sleeve seam measures 18 (18-20-20) in., or required length, k 2 tog. each end of every 2nd row until dec. to 14 (14-16-16) sts. Cast off.

TWO POCKETS (Optional)

Using No. 1 needles, cast on 20 sts. Work in twisted rib for 4½ in. Make buttonholes as follows:

Next Row: Rib 9 sts., cast off 2 sts., rib 9 sts.

Next Row: Rib 9 sts., cast on 2 sts., rib 9 sts.

Cont. in twisted rib for 1 in. Make another buttonhole. Work 4 more rows, cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Join shoulder seams. Stitch sleeves around armholes. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Stitch borders to front edges and join at centre back of neck. Sew on pockets above rib border, turning top back and stitching around double buttonhole. Sew buttons on front and 1 behind each pocket to correspond with buttonholes.



*His or hers—
it's all
the
same*

FOR YOUNG SCIENTISTS

Generate 10,000 volts—safely

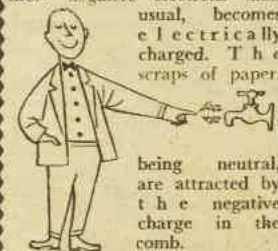
● Scientists have shown that all matter is made up of atoms, and that every atom consists of a nucleus in the centre (like the sun) surrounded by electrons (like the planets).

THE nucleus has a positive electrical charge and the electrons have negative charges.

Normally the positive and negative charges are equal so that the atoms are electrically neutral. But this balance can be disturbed by persuading some electrons to jump from one atom to another, creating what is known as a current of static electricity.

Most of you know the trick of rubbing your comb briskly against your woollen coat or sweater and then picking up small scraps of paper with it.

What happens is that in the rubbing, electrons in the wool atoms jump on to the comb atoms and the comb, with more negative electrons than usual, becomes electrically charged. The scraps of paper,



being neutral, are attracted by the negative charge in the comb.

When they

touch the comb, however, some of the comb's surplus electrons jump on to the bits of paper, the attraction ceases, and they fall off.

Now for the most spectacular experiment in static electricity — but pick a cool, dry day because charges of static electricity are quickly drained away by moisture in the air.

In this experiment you can give a person a tension of several thousand volts — without the slightest danger.

Get a rubber or cork mat, which must be absolutely dry, put it on the floor near the kitchen tap, and get someone to stand on it.

He must stand quite clear of everything around him and must not let his hands or arms touch the wall.

Stroke him repeatedly on the back with a piece of fur, then get him to put one finger near the tap and FLASH—a spark will jump from his finger to the metal.

Although your electrified friend will have a tension of up to 10,000 volts, there is no danger of hurting him because static electricity has almost no "power." All he will feel is a slight tingling sensation.

● From "The Book of Experiments," by Leonard de Vries, by arrangement with the publisher, John Murray.

I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4 10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hair do I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

FASHION TRICKS WITH

Fringe

by Dawn James

- Don't be on the "fringe" of fashion — join in!
Added carefully, a fringed trimming can
make something (almost) new out
of something old . . .



● On a jacket—a brief little Empire-line jacket—add some bobble fringe to color-match or contrast.

● On pants, the tapered variety: chop off the legs about 4in. above the ankle. Re-hem the edges and sew on 2in. tufted-type fringe.

● On a linen skirt, the fringe isn't added. It takes the place of a hem. Fringe the hem edge by pulling out, crossways, threads of material. Sew ½in. braid on top of fringe strands for the "finish."

● On a dress, tufted fringe is joined on with a scalloped effect. Measure the scallops first (with a saucer or plate so they're all the same size), then add the trimming.

● On a shawl, for an accent that's slightly dramatic, add a long silken fringe. They wore it in the "old days"—when men had to help the girls disentangle fringe from furniture!

● On a sash, tied under the bustline of a strapless party-dress, the ends of the material itself are fringed.

● On a shortie glove (white or pastel-colored) the added bobble fringe should match a feminine, full-skirted dress.



A GUY walks the plank with some

HIGH-HEELLED FREEBOOTERS!

● Anyone who thinks that the golden age of piracy died with Henry Morgan and those other Dead-end Kidds is barking up the wrong cross-tree.

ACTUALLY, buccaneering is booming today.

The game's a bit different now, of course. The present-day pirates still wear earrings, but they don't sail boats; they cover their peepers with eyeshadow instead of patches, and beards are definitely out.

Which all points to the (Spanish) Main difference between privateers old and new—now they are girls!

You think I've flipped my Kidd? Well, I'll give you some instances of girls having really taking ways...

One of the most feared cut-lasses is Polly Rogers (she's Jolly's sister). Polly is not interested in pieces of eight—she's after some other piece's DATE!

Yes, Polly pirates her mates' boy-friends. Her tactics would get a nod of approval from an old buccaneer like Jack Rackham (that is, if they hadn't lopped off Jack's noggin)!

Polly has the boarding technique, for instance, down to a fine art. She

approaches her prey innocently disguised as a friend.

At a party she might masquerade as a merchantman carrying a cargo of cocktail frankfurts and drinks. Once alongside, however, she throws out the grappling hooks.

She whizzes off her friend's feller for a dance and softens him up by firing a battery of flattery across his bows.

Life is real, but why be earnest?

ALTHOUGH I am one of Robin's fans, I disagree with his criticism (27/1/60) of girls for liking unrealistic books, radio serials, films, and plays. We read and listen and look to be entertained. Life is realistic enough—so why shouldn't we like fantasy for entertainment? —Ann McLaren, Dandenong, Vic.

When she eventually returns him she delivers a crippling broadside at her friend. "Darling, I thought you'd be here with John," she coos, naming another bloke. Then she adds slyly: "And I thought you and he would have been engaged by now. You're so close..."

After a bit more hand-to-hand combat which places doubts in the mind of the boy, Polly usually sails off with her prize in tow.

Fellow-girls, of course, aren't the only vassals on which the fair-sex freebooters prey. Males can get a sinking feeling, too, when the grasping girls hove into sight.

One of the biggest hauls taken recently has been a priceless cargo of men's clothes. Sailing boldly into Bermuda a motley crew of misses pinched all the men's shorts.

The Navy would have given chase but chickened out. The tars remembered what had happened the last time they clashed with the pretty pirates. Girls took over sailor suits!

At the same time another pirate ship shot up a bull ring in Madrid and debagged every matador in sight.

Men in the Sahara fled in terror as a group of girls took all their desert boots.

Another item of proof of girls' buc-

caneering bents must be that famous facet of femininity, the diary. What a similarity there is between a diary entry and an old pirate's treasure map.

Each records conquests and is guarded with its owner's life.

And where are both documents kept? The diary is often kept under lock and key in a girl's hope chest and the map in a sea chest.

I'd offer more proof only I can't any more—I daren't. A pirate crew around the office is on to me and intends to rub me out for squealing.

Why, only the other day I walked into my room and found a plank sitting on two ladders. The Editor gave me her smelling-salts and an assurance that it was only a painter's scaffold, but you can't fool me. That plank is for me to walk!

And today the girl who brought in my tea sang a song that shivered my timbers.

It was that rollicking girl pirate number, "Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of Chanel No. 5."

I can smell real trouble!

—Robin Adair



other people's jobs...

"spin disc... cue Bob...fade out... relax with the Telegraph"

When you're listening to 2UE's Bob Rogers spinning the Top Forty, do you ever wonder how he manages to combine that split-second timing with his relaxed manner? The explanation — on most of Bob's programmes — is the efficiency of one of 2UE's youngest panel operators: Johnny Noach.

What's a Panel Operator? He's the man who controls the balance and level of sound being broadcast... uses as many as six turntables to ensure that every record track starts precisely on time... gives and takes cues... and, among other things, never gets confused.

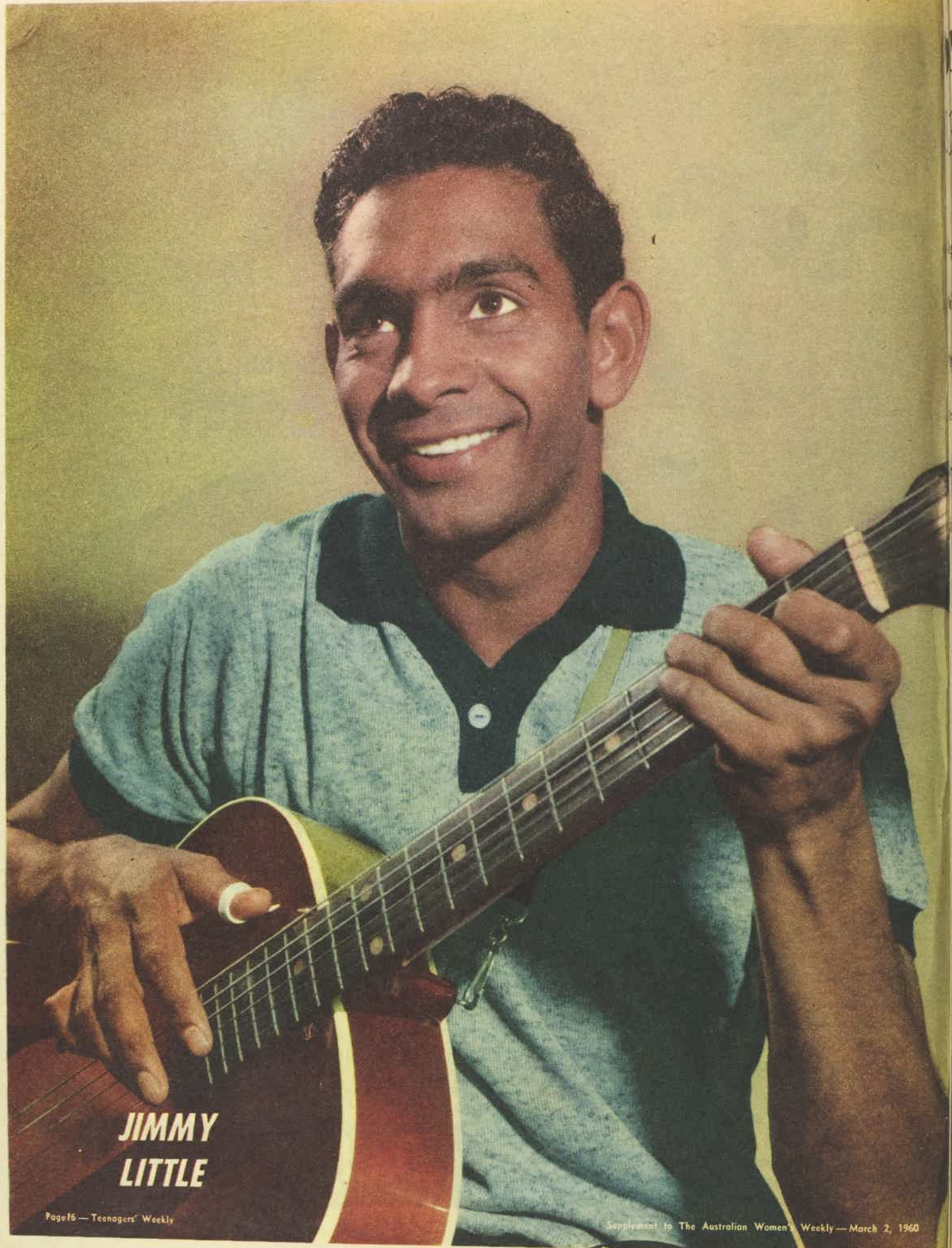
You might think that working with music, as much as John Noach does, would turn you a little sour on the stuff. But not John! His hobby is **composing** music. And with one success behind him already (remember his "Deck of Cards," with Graham Webb?) it looks like being a hobby with a big future.

Johnny is a confirmed Daily Telegraph fan. When we asked him "why?" he explained it this way: "When your job and your hobby are as closely related as mine are, you have to beware of becoming a bit too single-minded. The Telegraph keeps me up-to-date on so many subjects — to me it's more than a great newspaper, it's great entertainment!"

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW

READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY

Daily Telegraph



**JIMMY
LITTLE**

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

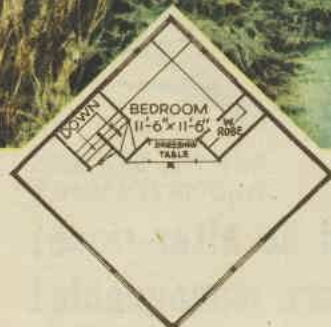
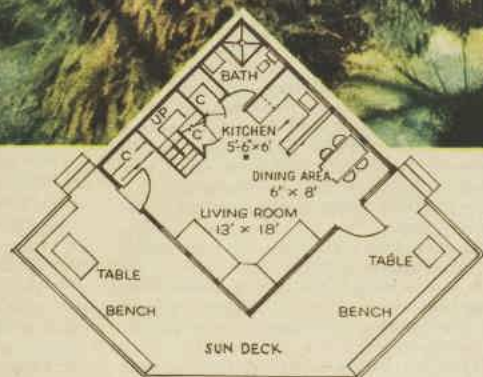
Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — March 2, 1960

the true

HOME GET

ing the
ed strictly for
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e, the shell is
ralian.
opliances can

SOARING GABLE
roof (right) and
glass walls bring
the outdoors into
this holiday house.
The sundeck sur-
rounds the front
on two sides.



PLANS show ground floor (far left) and upper storey. Living-room opens on to sundeck. There is cupboard space on both floors. Bedroom is on a balcony above kitchen and bath area.

DEBBIE REYNOLDS

co-starring with Glenn Ford in M.G.M.'s

"IT STARTED WITH A KISS"

(CinemaScope and Metrocolor)



DEBBIE REYNOLDS LOVES LUSTRE-CREME SHAMPOO

never dries
it beautifies

thick and creamy...
blessed with lanolin! needs no after-rinse!
of course, it leaves hair more manageable!



BUY THE BIG SIZES
AND SAVE MONEY

NO WONDER IT'S THE FAVOURITE SHAMPOO OF 4 OUT OF 5 TOP HOLLYWOOD MOVIE STARS

V229

Six ways to

● The author, Howard Whitman, travelled thousands of miles to conduct interviews, and studied piles of case histories and professional reports, before summarising the experts' opinions on how to build a successful marriage. His six-point article is below.

1 Communicate

TALKING is a healing balm. A doctor who directs a marriage counselling training programme told me: "Lack of communication is the big problem in marriages today. Too many couples have lost the art of talking it over."

"I'd rather see a husband and wife argue, even heatedly, than see one of them go silent and walk out of the room."

The implication is clear. When a man and wife stand their ground and talk, there's an underlying wish to work a problem out. When they cease to "have the matter out," they have lost interest in one another.

A philosopher once observed, "Animals do not talk because they have nothing to say."

But people have a lot to say. Emotional tensions build up a need to talk, as reflected in the human being's frequent desire for "someone to talk to" or his need to "get something off his chest."

It's as though man with his thoughts and emotions and the ability to express them is incomplete unless he has someone to listen—a transmitter without a receiver.

He seeks out cronies, best friends, confidants, Dutch uncles, and even occasionally pays fees to those professional listeners, psychiatrists.

Married couples need to be able to talk to each other—communicate. The Bible says marriage makes man and woman "one flesh." It also makes them one circuit; it completes a communication system. When the circuit goes dead, marriage dies.

A judge whose court dealt with domestic relations told me of a couple who had not spoken to each other for seven months.

This marriage ended in divorce. Haven't you ever felt all cluttered up emotionally and then sat down and talked it all out and felt better?

Mutual isolation

Married couples have at their command probably the very best medicine for mental health. They can talk to each other—take in one another's washing.

Talk brings delightful discoveries. A professional marriage expert told of a couple who were slowly drifting into mutual isolation. They talked very little, and their marriage was becoming flavorless and dull.

Then their 14-year-old boy got involved in some police trouble. The parents had to appear in court and there were some very practical problems they had to solve.

"And so they began to communicate," the expert reported.

"As they began to listen to each other, they liked what they heard."

"It was as though this man and wife were really beginning to know one another because they were sharing their deepest interests with one another."

"They felt for the first time the completeness of marriage."

2 Grow Up

IF you're so crazy about your mother, why didn't you marry her?" This battle cry has been heard in many a marriage ruckus.

When the husband was a teenager his mother probably didn't make quite such an impression on him, but now that he's grown up and married, his mother is suddenly the paragon of all feminine virtues and his wife is constantly judged by how she measures up in comparison.

(Or, it may be the wife who holds up her father as the constant standard for her husband, who inevitably falls woefully short.)

Marriage counsellors do a great deal of business with wedded couples who are still, emotionally, children looking for that wonderfully warm, protective wing of Mum or Dad.

He wants Mum

A professor of clinical psychiatry warns: Don't parentify!

He told me: "Immature husbands and wives tend to 'parentify' each other. Each seeks the love and protection of a parent in the marital partner."

It isn't that the husband really wants his wife to be like Mum; he just wants Mum.

Similarly, the wife who holds up the image of Dad is trying to go backwards in emotional time; she wants to be a big girl and a little girl at once.

Strange, isn't it, that married people who so greatly criticised their parents during their adolescent years suddenly become such ardent devotees later on?

Psychologically, they want the independence of maturity and the dependence of adolescence simultaneously.

Those trying to solve marriage problems try to get such individuals to do a little self-searching and soul-searching and ask themselves some questions:

Am I being fair to my mate?

Am I giving my mate the right to be an individual (a right which I certainly demand for myself)?

Am I realistic in my appraisal of my own father? Was he the epitome of all perfection, or just another fallible (but wonderful) human being—like my husband?

How am I looking at my husband now—through grown-up or child's eyes?

Criticism, even faultfinding, is certainly a part of marriage. But if a man is criticised it ought to be on his own shortcomings as the person he is, not because he isn't a cast model of somebody else.

And a wife, who probably appealed to her man in the first place because she was "different" and his "one and only," should not be lampooned now because she isn't a carbon copy of another woman.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1960

strengthen your marriage

Wedded life can be more
successful,

rewarding,
beautiful

5 Love

IT has often been said that love is a tonic.

Some doctors say that the core of mental illness is lovelessness, and a marriage expert found that love is not only good medicine for sick people but also an amazing, health-giving vitamin for all of us.

Love is supposed to be the cornerstone of marriage. Even in popular ditties the words love and marriage are twinned like June and moon; love is supposed to be what marriage is all about.

Yet the experts have often found that the married ones don't know what love is.

A doctor told me: "I believe the lack of the capacity to love, as well as our misconception of what love from a psychological point of view really means, is the basis of many of our problems in family life."

What does love really mean?

Another doctor, expert on marriage problems, said: "So many husbands are like the man who says he 'loves oranges.' If an orange could answer back it would say, 'What do you mean, you love me? All you really want to do is take the best out of me—and throw me away!'"

Love is "giving"

Frequently we use the word "love" to indicate something that we get rather than something that we give.

We say: "I love surfing," or "I love baked chicken," or "I love big cars."

In each case, those things do something for us; we get something out of them.

Love, in the true sense, is the opposite. It is a giving process. It radiates upon the one who is loved a warmth of affection and care. The joy of loving is the joy of giving.

In his "Maximes," the Duc de la Rochefoucauld wrote, "The pleasure of love is in loving, and one is happier in the passion one feels than in the passion one arouses in the other."

In the English language there is but one word for love, and we use it to cover everything from surfing to spouses.

The Greeks had three words: eros, the love between male and female; philos, the mutual affection of friends or the love for abstractions such as wisdom and beauty; and agape, the outgoing charity of love.

From experience with thousands of sagging marriages, the last doctor I referred to believes that we ought to get a little more of the agape in our modern concept of love.

If more married men and women could see love as essentially a process of giving, not taking (he said), they would be less inclined to complain about the lack of love in their lives.

An ancient philosopher said to his followers, "I will show you a love potion without drug or herb or any witch's spell: If you wish to be loved, love."

4 Tell the Truth

HUSBANDS and wives often keep things from each other.

Marriage is the most intimate relationship of which two human beings are capable. It is closer than the relationship of parent and child, closer than sisters and brothers.

The essence of it is the complete revelation of one individual to another.

In courtship, the young man says to his girl, "I want to get to know you better." In marriage, if successful, he will know her virtually completely, and she him.

The very depth of love can be gauged by the willingness of the partners to reveal themselves fully to each other as though they were, literally, one flesh.

This mutual revelation in marriage is obvious in the physical aspect of the relationship, which becomes one of the strengths of marriage.

A psychiatrist said: "In the sex relationship of marriage people express full, mutual trust in each other. They reveal not only their bodies but their personalities completely and intimately. Such trust is possible only in marriage and develops with the growth of love."

If it is possible to achieve honesty in this respect, why do we have so much trouble with honesty in everyday matters?

A wife finds her husband getting negligent about his appearance and hasn't the honesty to tell him. A husband stops for a drink with the boys on the way home from work and hasn't the honesty to tell his wife.

A wife is annoyed by her husband's hypnotic devotion to TV—she doesn't tell him. A husband feels his wife is becoming cold and undemonstrative—he says nothing.

"Little white lies"

It is not out-and-out lying that's the problem: It is failure to reveal, failure to bring truth out into the open.

Some couples think they are strengthening their marriages by hiding little things, by telling little white lies, by masquerading to each other.

They miss the main point: that truth is the essence of marriage.

As lies and dodges drive wedges between a man and his wife, so truth binds them closer together.

3 Be Your Sex

ASKED recently what he considered the acme of sex appeal, playwright Arthur Miller, Marilyn Monroe's husband, replied: "The acme for the woman is being female; for the man, male."

We have in recent years, with our swiftly changing modes of life, lost the clear sight of this basic fact.

When the wife's female role becomes diluted and the husband's male role is no longer clearcut and vigorous, the two begin to live together as friends instead of loved ones.

The masculinised female gradually becomes not so much a wife to her husband as a business partner, or, worse, a rival.

By the same token, a husband who lets go the reins of the family, who seeks to be protected, and who shrinks from leadership is no longer a man.

A marriage expert told me of a middle-aged wife who had forgotten all of the feminine charms with which she first attracted her man.

After receiving advice, she began to see that to keep a man really interested a woman must first of all be feminine. She changed her hair-do, began to dress more attractively, and recultivated feminine arts.

"A remarkable change occurred," the expert reported. "The woman was not only much more attractive to her husband, but other men paid more attention to her."

This completed the cure for that marriage. Her husband, seeing other men attentive, became a swain all over again.

6 Appreciate

FROM a casebook on breaking marriages: "Mr. A. had a violent argument with his wife and slapped her. He hated himself for it, but had done the same thing before. 'I could tear her to pieces,' he stated."

Experts gradually found out Mr. A.'s story. Several months before, his wife had asked him for a new bed for their growing children. Mr. A, an engineer and a do-it-yourself man, set out to draw plans and then to make the needed bed in his workshop.

He slaved at it, using all his spare time, and finally the job was done—a surprise for his wife.

But she looked at it with little interest. "Anyhow," she remarked, "it's not at all the kind of bed I had in mind."

You could have hit Mr. A over the head with a cudgel and not hurt him any more than his wife's remarks did. But for patient guidance the marriage might have died.

Every human being has a tremendous need to be appreciated. If the office hasn't promoted George, it's the office that is stupid! Don't worry; some day they'll wake up!

A wife also has her troubles. Typically, a husband comes home at the end of a day and if his wife is the least bit jittery, he reacts, "What's she so upset about? I'm the one who goes out and works all day. All she does is stay home."







Is staying home so easy? Even Mrs. Freud would find the exaltation dimming after she had swept the same floors, washed the same dishes, and dusted the same furniture 5000 times.

Appreciation of a wife should imply that she is something more than a home foreman.

Perhaps she would like to know more about her husband's business. Perhaps she would just like to walk out with him at night and count the stars.

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famous Simpson Agitator briskly brings out even ingrained dirt... still with the safest washing action there is (a four-way surge of livelier water cleans right through!). Simpson two-speed takes the whole wash off your hands! Two speed wringing lightens work, too, handling heavy wash so easily, you can fold as you go.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1960

SIMPSON TWO-SPEED SELF-HEAT WASHER
Boils its own water, washes at any temperature you prefer from warm up to boiling. Livelier water action. 125 gns.*

* Prices slightly higher in some country areas.

PLAN FOR ANY SITE

● This week's Home Plan, No. 803 in our new series, is an adaptable family house which can be turned to suit a site of any size or shape.

It has been designed by prizewinning architects Mr. Kevin Borland and Mr. Geoff Trewenack. Plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres whose addresses are listed in the panel below right.

These Centres offer a large service to the intending home-builder, for they will advise on any aspect of home-planning and building.

They are staffed by experienced personnel who will, if you wish, inspect your land and advise you as to the type of design which is most suited to the site, your budget, and your family's specific requirements.

Plan No. 803, shown on this page, can be adapted to suit everyone's requirements. The kitchen, dining, and living-rooms can be varied. The kitchen and dining could be separate rooms or one area as shown on plan at right). The dining and living could be combined, with the kitchen

separate, or all three could be incorporated in one large area.

There are three bedrooms, all in one wing which is completely separate from the rest of the house.

Bathroom includes a shower, bath, and has a vanity-basin. The toilet can also be approached from the laundry.

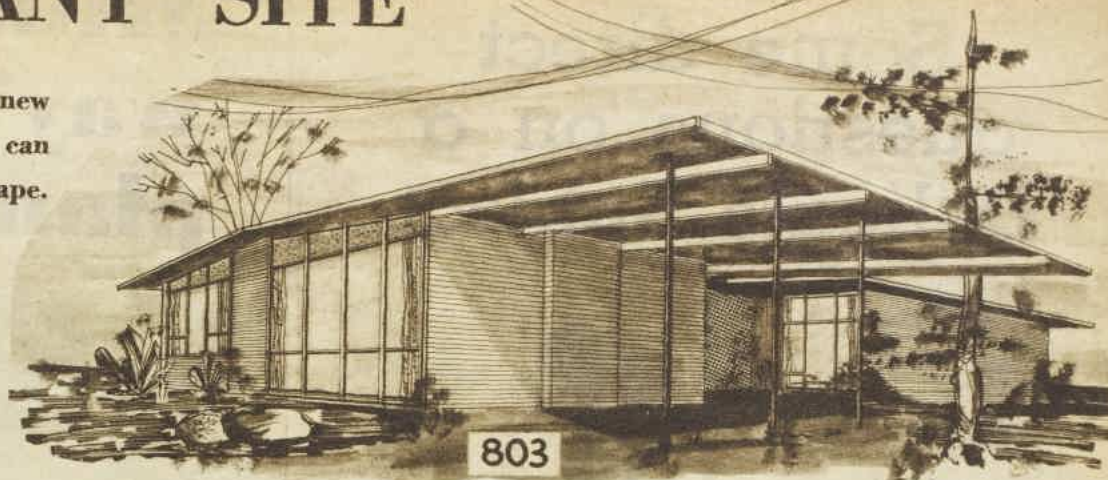
The service area is completely out of view from the entrance.

The master bedroom could be screened off so it has its own outdoor living area.

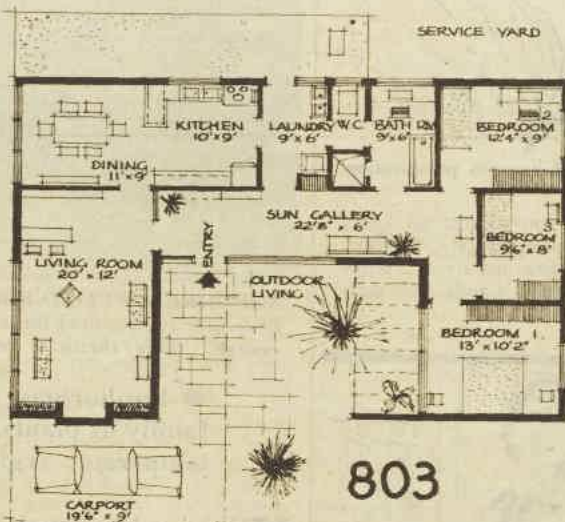
This house would look attractive in any material and can have a flat or pitched roof.

It covers an area of 12.5 squares. The price excluding carport and with minimum finish is approximately £3750. With maximum finish it would cost approximately £4500 to build. The carport would cost £125 extra. For more accurate costings on your own site please write to or call at your local Home Planning Centre.

FLOOR PLAN of No. 803 (right). Front entrance leads to a wide sun gallery which is 22ft. long.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of design No. 803 shows carport leading to front entrance. Living-room on left of sketch has full-length windows.



OUR CENTRES

THE plan on this page and other standard Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- from any of our Home Planning Centres, which are situated in the following stores:

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium (by appointment).

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'. Mail to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns' (by appointment).

And I Skimped On Lunches All Year-For This!



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

WHILE YOU

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and

tooth decay. Protect your teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep your teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate. Children love its extra minty flavour! You will love it too!

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- ✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2

Some direct questions on a Delicate Subject



Is your feminine daintiness well-protected at all times?

Roll on Arrid — and you roll perspiration and odour out. When the lotion vanishes you know you're safe. And approachable any hour of the day or night. Tropical heat-wave weather included!



Can the rush of nervous perspiration be controlled?

Arrid protects you against all kinds of unexpected perspiration. It keeps you dry even when anxiety or excitement cause your glands to gush perspiration.



Is one bath a day really enough for an active girl like you?

Arrid's rolled-on protection starts on contact — keeps you shower-bath fragrant for 24 hours! Remember — nothing protects you like a lotion. And no lotion protects you like Arrid. No wonder Arrid is America's number one deodorant!



Is there a sure way to put an end to ugly perspiration stains?

Arrid, used daily, keeps your clothes safe from ugly stains. It keeps your underarms so dry, soft and sweet there's never a hint that the situation's getting warm. Not even on hot, sticky days.

Girls who know the answers use ARRID to be sure.

There's an ARRID deodorant made personally for you. For roll-on protection choose gentle Arrid Roll-on Lotion containing soothing lanolin. Rolls protection into all the pores . . . rolls away perspiration odours, and if you prefer a cream deodorant, there's fluffy white ARRID CREAM.

P.S. Arrid is also available in handy Arrid Super-Spray — in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle.



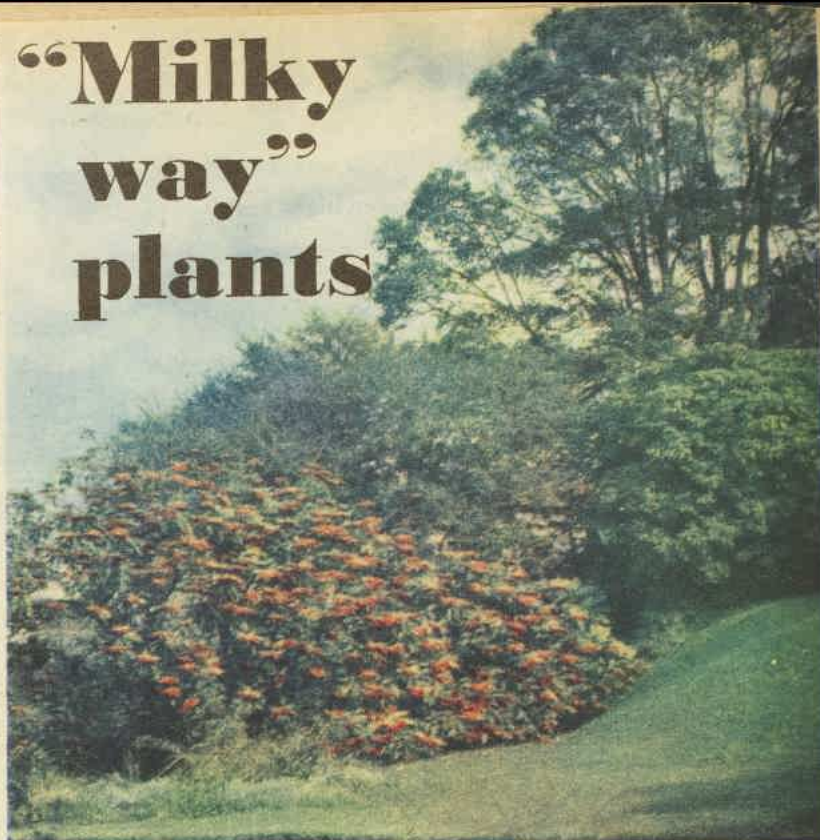
ROLLS ON

Pearly white Arrid Roll-on Lotion comes in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. No messy dripping . . . no leaking . . . rolls-on just the right amount for day-long protection. 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.

Gentle Arrid Cream keeps underarms soft and fresh all day long. In jars — medium, 3/9; and large, 5/10.

Be sure of your freshness . . . sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.

"Milky way" plants



EUPHORBIA PULCHERRIMA, or poinsettia, is a showy deciduous shrub. In winter it produces large red bracts with tiny, insignificant flowers in the centre. This shrub is tender, but grows quite well if it is protected.

● Euphorbias, or spurges, are a large and diverse family of plants, widely distributed in tropical and temperate regions. Some are desert plants.

MOST of them contain latex — a milky substance like the juice of the commercial rubber plant — and so could be called "milky way" plants.

This juice is sometimes poisonous.

The fleshy types are grown under conditions similar to those required by cacti, and add interest to a collection of succulents. They thrive in a porous, not very rich soil.

Most are propagated from cuttings. These should be allowed to dry for several hours or days — according to the hardness of the plant — before being struck in a mixture of sandy loam and charcoal dust.

In addition to those illustrated on this page, there are Euphorbias lactea, much used for hedges in hot countries; E. grandicornis, a most striking variety with winged, angled stems and large spines; E. canariensis (grows to 20ft.); E. tirucalli (milk bush), a poisonous variety; E. meloformis (melon spurge), a curious melon-shaped plant; and about a dozen herbaceous species.

Best known of the herbaceous species are E. marginata (snow-on-the-mountain), E. heterophylla (Mexican fire-plant), and

E. myrsinites, a fleshy, prostrate grower useful for covering stony places.

The most widely known shrubby species are the common Euphorbia pulcherrima, which is obtainable in single and double reds and a creamy type, and E. fulgens or scarlet plume.

The latter is a small shrub with slender, drooping branches covered with orange-scarlet bracts. These are very decorative and long-lasting as cut sprays. The plant is best grown from cuttings taken annually, and must be kept under warm conditions.



GARDENING

EUPHORBIA POLYCHROMA, a hardy species with yellow flowers, grows to about 18in. It thrives in pots with sandy loam.



EUPHORBIA SPLENDENS (Crown of Thorns), said to be the plant from which the crown was made at Christ's Crucifixion.

DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● Puffed fullness above a short hobble hemline is one of the most striking silhouettes in autumn fashions. I suggest this line, illustrated at right, for a late-day dress.

THE design answers a reader's fashion problem. She wrote:

"Would you draft me a paper pattern in size 32in. bust for a cocktail frock to be made in black, brown, and beige silk, printed with wavy lines? I love anything new and striking in fashion, and remembered you published some Dior autumn designs last year. The styles were made with very unusual skirt effects. I am 20 years old and live in Brisbane, and work in a modelling job. I mainly wear feminine clothes."

The dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is Dior-inspired. The puffed fullness above the short hobble hemline was a silhouette success in the Dior autumn collection. The bodice is soft and feminine.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in your size. Beside the illustration are details and how to order.

"I WOULD very much like advice on color, style, and fabric for a casual coat for a cruise. I also want the coat

to be suitable after the cruise is over. I know a white coat is not the most practical, but if it's fashionable I'd love one. The cruise is to be my honeymoon."

My advice is to settle for a white wool coat. There's nothing prettier or newer. I have two design suggestions. One, an easy-fitting coat with tailored revers and collar, has a bathrobe self-material tie-belt.

The second design is a slim, unbelted, tailored coat with a notch collar. It has raglan sleeves, and two large patch pockets finished with slit-through tabs in self material. The white coat, incidentally, is a fashion that promises to have success right through 1960.

"I INTEND making myself an afternoon frock in fine corded silk to wear to a late-day reception. My problem is to find out if collars are being worn on semi-formal dresses."

Collars, large collars, are very much in the autumn-fashion picture. The capelette-type collar and a collar that

enfolds the shoulders and stands high in back like a giant fichu are both conspicuously present. None is flat or classic.

"WILL you please tell me the correct skirt length for autumn?"

You can take your choice. Skirts (by day) end at every conceivable level between the Dior knee-length skirt and Lanvin's almost hidden calf-length. As always the wise choice is the one best suited to the individual dress and the wearer's own figure proportions. You'll find your answer to this question by studying yourself in a full-length mirror.

"PLEASE assist me by answering several fashion queries. I am a middle-aged woman. My children are grown up and married, and I don't go out very much. However, when I go visiting I like to look nice. I have white hair and have always worn very dark colors, such as grey, brown, and black. Now I feel perhaps I would look nicer in a pretty color. Also, I always wear a rather plain style made with a neat bodice and gored

skirt. I have stuck to this style because it seems to suit my figure."

I consider too many dark colors in a wardrobe (for any age-group) can be depressing. The correct color to flatter your eyes and hair is the best fashion morale booster I know. Soft pinky-red and royal-blue would look wonderful with white hair. So, incidentally, would white. Repeating a design if it suits your figure is a good idea. Rely on color and material to give the design a new look.

"WOULD you please tell me what style of hat will be worn for autumn and winter?"

The cloche with a peaked crown, the high pillbox, the large beret, and the turban are the newest hat shapes for autumn. A hat regardless of shape looks very 1960 made in the same fabric as the garment with which it is worn. Fur hats, often high and peaked, or high and rounded, are another popular millinery trend.

"WHAT style of separate jacket will I choose to take on my holidays? The jacket is to wear with skirts, slacks, etc. I am 16, with a fairly thin figure."

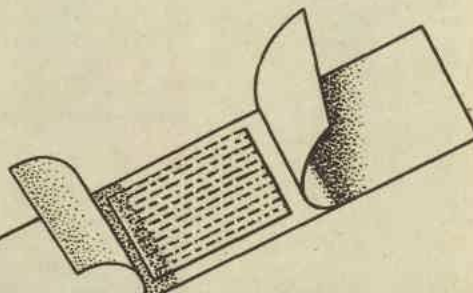
A classic striped or plain collarless blazer bound with a matching or contrasting edge.



DS395. — One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4 3/4 yds. 36 in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4083, G.P.O., Sydney.

New Handyplast[®] strip

a dressy wound dressing



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PLASTIC
DAL IMPERMEABLE BACTERICIDE WATERPROOF

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AVAILABLE IN EITHER PLASTIC, WATERPROOF OR ELASTIC.

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST . . . HE KNOWS
Another member of the big Beiersdorf plaster family

if you can knit a single stitch

you can knit a classic

Hand Knits

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Villawool

Australia's most fabulous knit book proves just how exciting knitting can be . . . in breathtaking colour from cover to cover . . . authentic high fashions on every page . . . heavenly colours, luxurious textures combined with flair and authority . . . the genius touch that makes patterns so simple you can knit them in the dark by the TV set . . . elegant stars of stage, screen, TV to model the world's most enchanting styles . . .

It's utterly new for 1960 . . . the one book you just can't afford to miss . . . the knit book that marks you at a glance as a woman with real fashion sense.

It's now on sale at all leading stores and newsagents—3/9 a copy.

If unobtainable locally, send 3/9 plus postage to—**Villawool Textile Co., 17 Grosvenor Street, Sydney.**

Beautiful stage star Bettina Welch—one of Australia's "best dressed" women—wears this superbly luxurious coat of Villawool Mohair . . . a Hand Knits exclusive you can knit for yourself.



FISH FOR LENTEN MEALS



● During Lent housewives

can select from a wide variety of seafoods with

which to make delicious and nourishing dishes on meatless days.

TO SERVE during Lent, lobster en bellevue will make a colorful and attractive centrepiece on any table. See recipe below.

FISH dishes fill an important part in the planning of family meals at this time of the year. The delicate flavors of most seafoods combine well with many flavoring ingredients to make interesting and wholesome dishes.

On this page is a selection of seafood recipes which will be suitable to serve on any occasion during Lent.

All spoon measurements are level.

LOBSTER EN BELLEVUE

One large cooked lobster, aspic jelly, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups mayonnaise, 1 loaf bread, truffles or black olives, hard-boiled eggs, tomatoes, shredded lettuce, mashed potato, and prawns to garnish.

Make small slit in underside of lobster, carefully remove tail meat in one piece, making sure not to break shell. Cut tail meat into $\frac{1}{2}$ in.-thick slices; set aside.

Remove crusts from bread, cut in halves diagonally so one end is higher than the other. Place one half of the bread on large platter and coat with thin layer of mayonnaise which has had a little melted aspic added to it.

When coating is set, arrange lobster shell on bread "cushion" with the head resting on the higher section. Arrange prepared lobster slices alternately with slices of jellied aspic and sliced truffle on top of shell. Trickle a little melted aspic over lobster slices, allow to set. Decorate platter with shredded lettuce, chopped aspic, hard-boiled egg cups topped with slice of black olive, tomato cups, mashed-potato rosettes, and whole prawns.

Aspic Jelly: Two tablespoons gelatine, 1 cup water, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups consommé or clear stock, 2 tablespoons sherry, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice.

Soften gelatine in water. Heat consommé, add softened gelatine, sherry, and lemon juice, stir until gelatine is completely dissolved. Use as required.

BAKED STUFFED FISH

One large snapper or bream, 1 lemon, salt, pepper, grilled tomato halves topped with cheese, peas, and sautéed mushrooms to garnish.

Leave head on fish, clean, scale, remove eyes and fins, trim tail. Wash fish in salt water. Dry lightly, rub inside and out with cut lemon. Season with salt and pepper. Fill inside of fish with stuffing, wrap in greased aluminium foil and place in baking dish. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until flesh is white and flaky. Carefully place fish on heated platter and arrange cheese tomatoes, mushrooms, and peas around dish. Garnish with parsley and serve.



BREAM, baked whole and served with an unusual rice and mushroom stuffing, as at left, will prove popular.



Various stuffings for this baked fish are:

Rice and Mushroom Stuffing: Boil $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rice in salted water until tender; drain. Sauté 1 cup chopped mushrooms in 1 tablespoon butter, add to rice. In same pan melt a little extra butter, sauté $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped onion lightly, add 1 cup chopped tomatoes, and simmer until liquid is reduced. Add to rice and season with salt and pepper.

Celery Stuffing: Sauté 1 cup chopped celery in 2 tablespoons butter or substitute; drain. Mix into 2 cups of bread cubes. Add 2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mixed herbs, salt and pepper to taste. Add 1 beaten egg and mix well.

Pepper Stuffing: Combine 2 cups of soft breadcrumbs with 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup each of red and green pepper (both parboiled), pinch herbs, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 2 tablespoons melted butter or substitute, and salt and pepper to taste. Add sufficient milk to moisten; mix well.

GOLDEN SEAFOOD PIE

Potato Case: Two and a half cups mashed potato, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon milk.

Filling: One pound cooked flaked fish (fresh or smoked), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. chopped shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, 1 cup milk, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon diced parboiled green pepper, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced cooked celery, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup breadcrumbs, 1 extra teaspoon butter, lemon wedges, parsley.

While potato is still hot, beat in butter or substitute, milk, and egg-yolk. Beat egg-white until stiff, fold into potato. Line bottom and sides of greased pie dish evenly with potato mixture.

Prepare filling: Melt butter or substitute in saucepan, add flour and salt, cook 2 minutes. Stir in milk, continue stirring until mixture boils and thickens. Fold in onion, green pepper, celery, lemon juice, prawns, and flaked fish. Turn into potato-lined pie dish, top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Bake in moderate oven until mixture is reheated and crumbs lightly browned. Serve hot garnished with lemon wedges and parsley.

Continued overleaf

By Leila C. Howard Our Food and Cookery Expert

SHALLOW SHAMPOOING IS NOT ENOUGH



MEDICATED

LOXENE

GETS RIGHT DOWN TO DANDRUFF

It's no use expecting dandruff and other worrying hair and scalp disorders to respond to the kind of shampooing that skims over the surface of the problem. You have to get right down to the root of the trouble... with Loxene medicated shampoo. Loxene removes the greasy scalp and hair deposits of dust and dirt that dim the hair's natural healthy liveness. It gets your hair clinically clean—clears away dandruff and leaves the hair manageable, fresh and soft. Loxene gets results—just put it to the test!

Don't let fun in the sun cause dandruff!
Hair and scalp have a particularly hard time in our Australian summer. But Loxene counters the dandruff-forming effects of sand and salt-water—keeps your scalp clean, your hair attractive all summer long!

Economical hair health for all the family!
Loxene is amazingly economical... just one lathering gets your hair scrupulously clean. And every 4/6 bottle contains eight cleansing, medicated shampoos. Buy a bottle today—get the whole family started on the road to healthy, attractive hair!



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SHAMPOO and SCALP TREATMENT
clears dandruff, dry scalp and hair dullness.

8 SHAMPOOS IN EVERY BOTTLE 4/6
SINGLE TREATMENT BUBBLE 1/3
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Wonderful for mother & child

—a revolutionary new product that keeps baby's skin dry even when nappies are soaking wet!

Place a beautifully soft Bubs orlon napkin liner inside the regular napkin and baby just won't experience the discomforts of a soaking nappy; skin will remain cool, dry and free from burning irritation. How does it work? Bubs is a specially treated soft orlon fabric which allows moisture to pass through to the nappy but will not allow the moisture to flow back onto baby's skin. Thousands of happy mothers have tried and proved Bubs—why don't you? It's a certain way to ensure protection for baby and uninterrupted rest for everyone the whole night long. Bubs is quickly washed and dried and outlasts all nappies. Available at chemists, leading stores and baby shops—just 17/9d. each.

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OUR MUSTARD CONTEST



● Three more progress prizes of £5 each in our Mustard Contest are below. A total of £1235 will be awarded in this contest for the best recipes containing mustard.

THE final three £5 progress prize winners will be published in next week's issue (March 9) and the contest will close at noon on the same date. All the major prizewinners will be announced in our March 30 issue.

The main prizewinning recipes will appear in color in a later issue.

You can enter this contest now by sending in a recipe or recipes in which a standard household mustard is a featured ingredient. The mustard can be used dry or mixed according to the contestant's own method.

To enter the contest, write your recipe or recipes clearly, using a separate sheet of paper for each one, attach your name and address (including State) to each sheet, mark the recipe with the number of the section in which it is entered, and send it to:

MUSTARD CONTEST
Box 5252
G.P.O.
Sydney

SECTION 1

Meat and other main dishes (hot or cold), soups.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. Day, 27 Buckley Street, Noble Park, Vic., for:

CASSEROLE DIANA

One and a half cups boiled rice, 2 bottles oysters, 1 tablespoon fat, 1 chopped onion, 1 lb. minced steak, 1 cup tomato juice, salt, pepper, 2

teaspoons mustard, 1 dessert-spoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 clove crushed garlic, 1 par-boiled green pepper (cut into slices), 3 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 tablespoon horseradish, juice 2 lemons, 1 red and 1 green pepper (chopped), 2 bacon rashers.

Mix rice with half the oysters. Line a greased oven-proof casserole with this rice mixture, reserving 1 cup to spread on top. Heat fat in a pan, add onion and fry gently, add steak and stir over heat until evenly browned. Add tomato juice, salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon mustard, Worcestershire sauce, and garlic; cover and simmer 20 minutes or until steak is tender. Pour steak into casserole, cover with remaining rice, then top with parboiled green pepper slices. Arrange remaining oysters on top. Blend mayonnaise with horseradish, remaining mustard, lemon juice, salt, and oyster liquor; add chopped red and green peppers. Drizzle this sauce over the oysters and arrange bacon strips across the top. Sprinkle with salt and pepper to taste and bake in a moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes.

SECTION 2

Spreads, savories, and canapes.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Pollard, 13 Galway Grove, Tranmere, S.A., for:

FESTIVAL MUSTARD DRESSING

One tin evaporated milk (large), 2 tablespoons mustard, 1-3rd cup tomato paste, 1 small tin tuna, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped celery, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley.

Scald milk in a double boiler and thoroughly blend in tomato paste and mustard. Add drained tuna, chopped chives, grated cheese, chopped celery and parsley; mix well. Serve hot on slices of toasted bread or in individual ramekin dishes with toast fingers.

SECTION 3

Pickles, relishes, sauces, dressings, mixed mustard.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Cox, 30 Anne Street, Launceston, Tas., for:

MUSTARD SAUCE

One cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 tablespoons dry mustard, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg-yolk, 1 cup vinegar.

Scald 1/2 cup of the cream in top of double boiler. Sift together into a small saucepan the sugar, dry mustard, cornflour, and salt. Blend in the remaining 1/2 cup cream or evaporated milk. Gradually

add the prepared scalded cream, stirring constantly. Bring to the boil over low heat, stirring all the while; simmer 3 minutes. Pour mixture into top half of the double boiler and place over simmering water. Cover and cook 12 minutes, stirring occasionally. Remove cover and vigorously stir about 3 tablespoons of hot mixture into slightly beaten egg-yolk. Immediately blend into remaining hot mixture and simmer further 5 minutes, stirring to keep mixture cooking evenly. Remove from heat and gradually stir in vinegar. Serve hot with vegetables, ham or meat.

HOME HINT

THIS week a prize of £1/1/- is awarded to Mrs. M. M. Kenny, Murton Avenue, Holland Park, Brisbane, for the following hint:

To keep the tops of metal salt-shakers from rusting, paint them inside two or three times with colorless nail lacquer before they are used or after the tops have been washed. When lacquer is dry, use a darning needle to pierce open the holes again from the inside.

If you have a household hint to pass on to other housewives, send it to us, addressed to Home Hints, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

We will pay £1/1/- for every hint used.

FISH FOR LENTEN MEALS (Continued from previous page)

CURRIED FISH PATTIES

One cup cooked flaked fish, 2 cups freshly cooked mashed potato, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 1 teaspoon grated onion, squeeze lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 egg, salt, pepper, flour, egg-glazing, breadcrumbs.

Mix fish with mashed potato, add curry powder, grated onion, lemon juice, beaten egg, parsley, salt and pepper; mix well. Shape into patties, coat with flour, dip in glazing, toss in breadcrumbs. Fry in hot fat, drain.

SPICED BREAM

Two or three medium-sized bream, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1/2 cup water, 2 cloves, 4 peppercorns, blade of mace, 2 sprigs parsley, 2 sprigs mint, 2 thin slices onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons chopped celery leaves.

Wash fish well in salted water, trim fins and tail. Place in greased ovenware dish. Place vinegar, water, cloves, peppercorns, mace, parsley, mint, onion, celery leaves, and salt into a saucepan. Bring to boil; cool slightly, then pour over fish. Cover casserole and bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a moderate oven until flesh is white and flaky. Cool, basting occasionally with the liquid. When cold, lift on to dish, garnish with salad.

FISH-LOAF TARTARE

One and a half pounds flaked cooked fish, 1 1/2 cups medium thickness white sauce, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup diced cooked celery, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper (optional), 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, hard-boiled eggs (2, 3, or 4 as desired), 1 cup mayonnaise, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 2 or 3 gherkins, 12

capers, 1 1/2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in little hot water.

Combine fish, sauce, breadcrumbs, celery, salt, cayenne pepper, diced red pepper, lemon juice, and parsley. Fill half into greased loaf-tin. Arrange hard-boiled eggs along centre. If only 2 eggs are used, chop them and mix with the fish mixture. Add balance of fish mixture. Cover with greased paper, stand loaf-tin in warm water, and bake in moderate oven 1/2 to 1 hour.

When half cold, turn carefully on to serving platter, allow to become quite cold. Mix mayonnaise, onion, chopped gherkin and capers, and dissolved gelatine. When beginning to thicken, spoon slowly over loaf. Chill.

FISH ROUENNAISE

Five or six fillets bream or flathead, 1/2 cup thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, pinch cayenne pepper, salt to taste, 1/2 cup chopped shelled prawns, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 1/2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons cream (or use 1 1/2 cups milk), lemon, and parsley.

Wash and dry fillets, rub with a cut lemon. Place flat on greased oven-tray. Combine thick white sauce, lemon juice, and prawns, season with cayenne pepper and salt. Place a spoonful on one half of each fillet, fold over, and cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven 12 to 15 minutes according to size of fillets. Meanwhile melt butter or substitute, add flour. Cook 2 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and cayenne pepper, add cream. Lift cooked fish on to serving-dish, mask with sauce, garnish with lemon and parsley.

WATERMELON JAM

● A recipe for an unusual three-fruit-flavored jam wins the £5 prize in our regular cookery contest.

Six pounds watermelon rind, 2 pineapples, 6 passionfruit, 6lb. sugar, 2 level teaspoons tartaric acid.

Remove green skin from watermelon rind, leaving white section with a little pink for color. Chop white section into small cubes, place in large preserving pan with 1lb. sugar. Mix well, cover, and allow to stand overnight. Next day cut pineapples in half lengthwise and scrape out pulp with spoon. Add to watermelon rind in pan with passionfruit pulp. Cook over heat until melon is soft (about 1/2 hour). Stir in tartaric acid which has been dissolved in a little water. Add balance of sugar, and when the sugar has dissolved boil rapidly until jam jellies when tested.

Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. Bottrell, 21 Simpson Street, Ryde, N.S.W.

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Hand embroidery trims two-year-old's dress

● This charming little frock for a two-year-old has five front panels worked in simple embroidery stitches. Colors used are geranium, chestnut, almond-green, and three shades of kingfisher-blue.

GAY embroidered panels give a typically French touch to this miniature model dress for a little girl.

The design looks best worked on a white fabric. Dress linen would be ideal for a summer frock, and the work could be your winter needlework project for sewing before the fire. If a warmer dress is desired, choose a woollen material.

Materials required: Four skeins each 482 (kingfisher), 635 (chestnut), 3 skeins each 382 (geranium), 621 (kingfisher); 2 skeins each 483 (kingfisher) and 957 (almond-green); Clark's Anchor stranded cotton. Use 3 strands throughout.

One yard dress linen (white) or other fabric as desired, 36in. wide.

One reel Coat's Super-sheen (white), size 30.
Two buttons.
One Milward's Gold Seal crewel needle No. 6.

TO CUT OUT

Cut front and back skirts, each 28in. wide and 18in. long. Cut front yoke, 11in. wide and 2in. deep; back yoke (2 pieces) 6in. wide and 2in. deep.

On skirt front and back, taper 1in. from lower edge of each side to top, to make top edge 26in. Mark 1in. in from each side at top and 2in. down sides. Cut out, curving slightly for armhole shaping.

On front skirt, trace the panel design (shown at right below) sufficient times to cover the length, commencing 1/2in. from top edge and continuing to hem turning. Trace the first design 1 1/2in. from armhole at top edge, leaving 1 1/2in. space between each panel down front of skirt.

Work the embroidered panels down the front of the skirt.

Note: The panel design given at right below is traced up-right on the skirt front, but the embroidery is worked sideways.

Follow the second diagram at right below, which shows the stitches and the key for the embroidery. All parts similar to numbered parts are worked in the same color and stitch.

Descriptions of the stitches and details of how to work them are given in the panel at the bottom of this page.

When all the panels are embroidered, press them on the wrong side.

TO MAKE UP

Pleat the front skirt so the panels of embroidery are on top, making one box pleat in the centre and 2 knife pleats at each side.

Overlap the edge of pleats at top to cover the cross-stitch, and stitch 4in. down from the top. Pleat back in the same way, then join the side seams of back and front skirts, making 1/2in. seams.

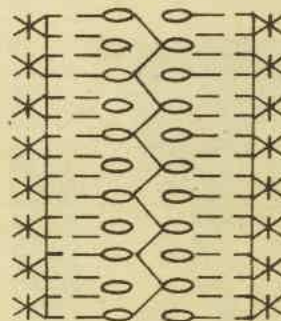
On front yoke, shape the neck edge, making a curve 4in. wide and 1/2in. deep at centre; on back yoke sections, shape opposite edges 2 1/2in. wide and 1/2in. deep. Turn in 1/2in. hem round all neck edges and down short end of back yoke pieces. Join shoulders, making 1/2in. seams.

Make a 4in. slit at top of centre panel of back skirt and turn back 1/2in. hem. Join skirt at top edges to yoke, then turn back 1/2in. hem round armholes.

Sew on buttons and make buttonhole-stitch loops to fasten back opening.

Turn up hem round lower edge to end of panels and slip-stitch.

LAVISHLY embroidered front gives a French touch to this little girl's simple but pretty summer or winter dress.



DESIGN (left) for tracing on to the front of the dress. Use sufficient to cover distance from the yoke to the turning of the hem.

HOW TO WORK THE STITCHES

● Here are the directions for working the various stitches in the panels of embroidery on the little girl's dress shown in picture above.

1. **Cross-stitch:** Make a line of slanting stitches, working from left to right. Then turn and work another line of stitches crossing them.

2. **Running-stitch:** Make a small stitch over the centre of each cross-stitch.

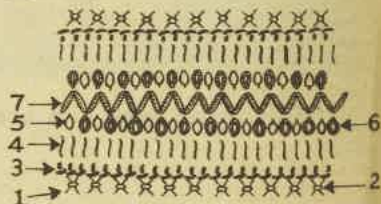
3. **Buttonhole-stitch:** Work from left to right. Bring needle through on lower line. Put it in a little above to the right (at top line) and bring it out just beside where the thread came through, holding the thread down with the left thumb to keep it under the needle point. Make another stitch immediately beside the last one, keeping the thread under the needle as you pull it through the material.

4. **Straight-stitch:** Work a line of stitches to required length, bringing thread out on one line and inserting it above.

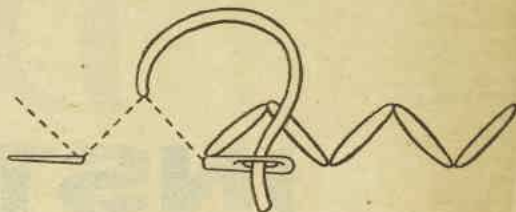
5 and 6. **Daisy-stitch:** Bring up needle. Hold thread under thumb. Put needle back close to original spot. Take needle out at top and go over thread. Insert needle and bring up in next position.

7. **Arrowhead-stitch:** Bring needle up at top right. Insert a little lower down to the left and bring it out again still farther to the left but up again on a level with the spot where the thread first emerged. Insert needle again in the centre where it entered previously. Bring out needle in line with last point it entered but to the left. Insert again, taking it up and to the right. Bring up to left of this point and insert again below right.

DIAGRAM at right shows the stitches used in the panels. See key below.



KEY (above): 1, cross-stitch; 2, running-stitch; 3, buttonhole-stitch; 4, straight-stitch; 5 and 6, daisy-stitch; 7 (centre pattern), arrowhead-stitch.



ARROWHEAD-STITCH, which forms the centre of the pattern. It is worked in kingfisher-blue. Method of working given in the panel at left.

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from page 17

leant back in a thoughtful silence. "What's it like, old lad?" he asked suddenly.

"What's what like?" "Well — marriage, and so on. Being a householder with life insurance and a lawnmower. Doesn't the feeling — if you'll forgive my asking — of being rooted to one spot sometimes induce a mild attack of claustrophobia?"

I considered this. I was in practice with a Dr. Farquarson, a tall, lean Scot whom I had met through his being Grimsdyke's uncle. In days when applications for assistantships in general practice pour in as profusely as applications for Wimbledon tickets, I felt lucky to have ended in such a pleasant spot as Hampden Court.

It was near enough to London for an occasional night in town, yet far enough away for an occasional day in the country, and though it lay huddled in dark conspiracy with fogs most of the winter even these could be an advantage if the right sort of people contracted leucitis.

The letters "Dr. Simon Sparrow, M.B., B.S." were already weathering on the nameplate outside our surgery in a pleasant Georgian terrace facing the Abbey, and after several years roistering with Grimsdyke and the pubs of London — an exhaustive knowledge of which earned the most substantial emolument of his professional education — I surprisingly found myself content to spend the evenings sitting beside the fire trying to finish the crossword.

Grimsdyke's question stimulated me to imagine anything that I particularly wanted, but I could think only of a sports car. A doctor spends almost as much time in his car as he does in his bed, and I was saving up to drive one of these precarious models along the good old rambling roads of England.

Dr. Farquarson was probably right in declaring this a symptom of persistent immaturity, but he was a man who held austere that all was the same as long as they kept the seat of your trousers off the road.

"Claustrophobia?" I replied. "No more than lying in a nice warm bath on a cold and frosty morning."

"So after a year's sentence you're still a firm supporter of the wedded state?"

"I certainly am!"

"I suppose there must be something in it," Grimsdyke admitted. "The past few years all my old chums from St. Swithin's have been mating like mayflies on a hot afternoon. It's probably one of those things that look more formidable to the onlooker, like eating oysters and ski-ing."

"Then why don't you try it yourself and find out?"

He looked shocked. "Don't be silly, old lad. I'm one of Nature's bachelors."

"Don't let that put you off. The marriage registers are full of them."

Grimsdyke thoughtfully blew a chain of smoke rings.

"It's an anti-social attitude, I agree. But all sorts of famous chaps have really preferred womanless surroundings — Beethoven, Bluebeard, and so on. Not that I'm anything but an enthusiastic supporter of the fair sex, of course. But in its proper place. Now you've shot into post-graduate status," he added, giving me an interested look. "I suppose you must know a heck of a lot about women?"

"Well, I know quite a lot about one."

"Good heavens, is that the time?" he exclaimed, getting up suddenly. "I must go and trim the old uncle. It's a bit of a bore, but I simply have to warm the poor old boy's heart by letting him have a look at me from time to time."

Grimsdyke suffered from the chronic delusion of being Dr.

Farquarson's favorite relative, though his uncle referred to him at his kindest as "that unfortunate mutation in the family breeding pattern."

"Besides, I want to borrow that big brass telescope he keeps hanging over the fireplace," he explained. "Jolly useful for spotting passing ships, seagulls, and so on. That is, if I can convince him first I'm not simply going to pawn it."

"You can't imagine the delights of a home-made meal to someone who exists largely on a diet of pub sandwiches," he said a little later, as Nikki and I bade him good-bye at the garden gate.

GRIMSDYKE had announced that he must be off to catch his uncle before the dear old fellow started out for his golf.

"It's always nice to see any of Simon's old friends, Gaston," said my wife.

He bowed low and kissed her hand.

"And if I may say so, Nikki, you're looking better than ever. Come to that, so does your old man. It must be all that gardening. Personally, it gives me a frightful backache just to look at a garden."

He started up his 1930 Bentley.

"And now it's Ho! For the open wave," he called. "Don't worry, I'll send you a postcard. In a bottle."

As he roared away to his carefree bachelor life, with nothing more complicated to bother him than where to take his next pint, I realised how much our ways had come to diverge. I felt an involuntary twinge of envy. But it lasted only as long as the creak of his exhaust hung in the mild afternoon air.

"Simon," said Nikki as we went inside. "Do you want to go off on a cruise, too?"

"Well, you know the old sailor's tale," I told her gaily. "Once a man's sailed in a ship's crew, he can't hear a steam whistle again for the rest of his life without thinking longingly of his suitcase."

Then to my surprise she burst into tears.

"Nikki, darling!" I exclaimed. I put my arms round her. "But what on earth's the matter? I was only making a joke."

"It was — Oh, I don't know," she dried her eyes briefly with the dishcloth. "It was the way you watched Grimsdyke drive away. I suppose."

"Honestly, dearest — it never entered my head. I've swallowed the anchor, as they say. And it's a terribly difficult instrument to disgorge."

"Simon, dear . . ."

She looked up at me seriously.

"You don't really want to run away and leave me?"

"Leave you? But of course not! What in heaven gave you the idea? Not yet, anyway," I said, as she gave a faint smile.

"Give me a year or two more. Besides, at sea you generally have to wash your own socks."

"I'm sorry, Simon," she said, starting to stack away the plates. "I'm being rather foolish."

"Now let's not even talk about it any more. Blow your nose and we'll finish the washing-up. Do you know how Grimsdyke does his? He sticks the dishes in the bath and turns on the taps before he goes to bed."

This incident surprised me. It was so untypical of Nikki, who was a level-headed young woman. She was the product of a medical school not far from St. Swithin's, whom I had first met professionally when she came to Hampden Cross to work for me, our roles

being rapidly and permanently reversed.

The next few days offered some of the bleak weather which often comes at the end of April to nip an Englishman's sprouting thoughts of deck chairs and cricket fields, and I could prevent myself envying Grimsdyke playing deck-tennis in the Mediterranean sunshine only by imagining him being violently seasick in the Bay of Biscay getting there.

He telephoned before he sailed to say that he'd fitted himself out with a naval uniform at a theatrical costumier's, and to ask which was port and which was starboard, explaining that he was sailing the following afternoon from Southampton.

I didn't expect to hear more of him for two or three weeks, but as I snatched my breakfast the morning afterwards I picked up the paper and exclaimed to Nikki in alarm.

"Good heavens, look at this!"



Grimsdyke's in trouble already."

There was a small headline on the front page saying Doctor Taken Off Cruise Ship.

"It isn't him at all," I added, with some relief.

I read on: "The luxury liner Lady Anne interrupted the start of her annual Mediterranean cruise last night to call at Falmouth and put ashore a sick man. The patient was the ship's own doctor, Sir Hamilton Harberry, former Harley-street surgeon. Sir Hamilton told reporters on landing he was not seriously ill. He has a recurrence of an old illness which he cannot risk having treated at sea. The ship sailed later in charge of his assistant, Dr. G. Grimsdyke, a London doctor."

"That's the end of his days in the sunshine," I said, as Nikki took the paper.

"And his nights on the boat-deck," she laughed.

"Poor old Grimsdyke! For the first time in his life he won't be able to shift any patient requiring prolonged mental effort on to the staff of the local hospital."

My friend's professional predicament was emphasised later that morning by a cable from the Lady Anne demanding HOW DO YOU TREAT SPRAINED ANKLE MUMPS LUMBAGO, to which I replied IMMOBILISATION ISOLATION EMBROCATION, and felt rather pleased with myself.

In the next few days I received several more cables from Grimsdyke asking my advice on

ALL characters in the A serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

conditions varying from schizophrenia to scabies, and a scribbled airmail letter from Gibraltar describing his activities in terms which made Florence Nightingale's accounts of the Crimea read like the latest report from the Medical Research Council.

"As long as the lad doesn't kill anyone — and I think he's just about got enough common sense to avoid it — the experience will do him the power of good," said Dr. Farquarson gruffly.

"For once he can't run away from work, short of turning himself adrift in an open boat."

"And he was looking on it all as a wonderful cheap holiday," I said more sympathetically. "As it is, he'd be far better off if he'd gone to a holiday camp."

I heard nothing more from my friend for a fortnight, when the surgery telephone rang one afternoon and he was speaking himself from the Southampton docks.

"Hello, old lad." He sounded

as though he were glancing nervously over his shoulder.

"I'm back on terra firma."

"It's good to hear from you."

"Can you possibly give me a shakedown for a few days? It's absolutely essential I lose myself in the country for a bit."

"Of course," I told him. "Have a nice trip?"

"Don't be so silly, I've been through something that makes that Kon-Tiki business look like a picnic on the river."

"Tell me all about it this evening. We'll expect you for dinner."

"That's very civil of you," he said gratefully.

"Not a bit. I'm always glad to entertain Jolly Jack ashore. Be sure to bring along your parrot."

BUT Grimsdyke only made a rude reply and rang off.

"I don't suppose he'll mind your camp-bed in the sitting-room," Nikki decided. "And I'll make a nice curry. I've been meaning to experiment on the recipe for weeks."

"From his voice on the phone," I said, "it might be a good idea to mash in a few tranquillisers."

I was startled at Grimsdyke's appearance. He had lost weight, and wore a pale haunted look I had seen before only after his student's viva voce examinations with the St. Swithin's senior surgeon, Sir Lancelot Spratt.

"Has a ghastly female called Zoe been ringing you up, or prowling round the vicinity?" he asked, almost before we had greeted each other.

"Zoe? Not that I know of."

"Thank goodness for that!"

He fell into a chair. "She doesn't know your address, of

course, but the beastly woman's got a mind like Sherlock Holmes. Same sort of jaw, too. My flat in town's completely out of the question, of course. A drink, my dear chap, a drink! I can't possibly tell you more till I've had one."

"Now you just relax by the fire," ordered Nikki, as I fetched the brandy bottle from the cupboard it shared with her dust-pans and brushes. "We mustn't encourage an anxiety neurosis."

"But what on earth have you done to make this girl pursue you?" I asked, pouring him a stiff dose.

"You might as well ask the same question of some poor innocent lamb being pursued by a tigress."

"Tell us about it when you've had some food," said Nikki. "The curry will be ready in a minute."

"Curry!" exclaimed Grimsdyke, so violently that I thought he was going to be sick on our hearthrug.

"But don't you like curry?" I asked. "When we shared digs you used to be rather fond of it."

"And so I was. But many things in my life have changed these last two weeks. Curry, let me tell you, was served for every meal on board the Lady Anne, including breakfast. By now I feel like a fire-eater in need of a holiday."

"Of course, she usually sails to the Far East," I recalled.

"Yes, the beastly ship's still all pukka sahib and punka wallah, and you half expect General Gordon to come strolling out of the Veranda Cafe. The whole crew looked on cruising as terribly infra dig, like having to open up the old stately home to the public."

Calming down a little and remembering his usual good manners, Grimsdyke then assured Nikki that he would enjoy his curry to the last mouthful.

"By now, of course," he said, as we sat round the table, "I never want to see a ship again, even the Woolwich Ferry. But I don't mind telling you that when I stepped aboard the Lady Anne at Southampton docks I was as blithe as young Jim Hawkins. The thing seemed as high as the white cliffs of Dover, and looked very comfy. I was shown to a cabin somewhere below the engine-room, but that didn't worry me. And I then reported smartly to Sir Hamilton Harberry."

"I'd somehow imagined Sir Hamilton to be a jovial Captain Cuttle sort of chap. But he's a tall pale fellow with a wing collar who looks as though he's been brought up on a diet of birdseed. Also, he has no sense of humor. I tried a little light conversation, but he just said something about having one of his attacks of indigestion and packed me off to see the Captain."

"The Captain, at least, I expected to be a merry old seadog — look at the pictures you see in the advertisements, with children crawling all over them on the bridge. But this one was a haggard fellow with bushy side-whiskers who reminded you of those portraits of the Duke of Wellington. And he didn't have any sense of humor, either. To break the ice, I made a few light-hearted remarks about it being very jolly for him having a wife in every port, but he didn't seem to catch on. He just said, 'Doctor, have you been in ships before?'"

"And I said, 'Of course.'"

"And he said, 'Which ones?'"

"And I said, 'The ones that go from Dover to Calais and back.'"

"There was a bit of a silence then. He just shook his head rather slowly and handed me a copy of Regulations for Ship

To page 55

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Surgeons, a thing about the size of the family Bible.

"You will particularly remember, Doctor," the Captain went on, "that your bar account is strictly limited to fifteen shillings weekly, and that you are not allowed to cultivate the friendship of any particular passenger. Also that you may converse with female passengers on deck after nightfall only when it is essential for the safety of the ship. Good afternoon."

Grimsdyke took another gulp of brandy.

"So for a start it didn't look as if I'd be able to get some nice girl alone between the lifeboats unless the darn thing was actually sinking. However, I didn't have much time to brood about this, because the passengers were now coming aboard. So I went on deck and hung over the rail to see what my future shipmates would look like."

"All the nice girls, you mean?" asked Nikki.

Grimsdyke snorted.

"Nice girls! You might as well have looked for nice girls coming up the gangway of the Ark. Of course," he added bitterly, "If I'd any sense I'd have realised before I let myself in for the trip that—despite all those fraudulent pictures in the travel agents'—no one under sixty could possibly afford a ticket on a tub like that."

"The entire passenger list now came tottering up looking as if they'd been advised by their doctors to take a long sea voyage for their health. That's rubbish to start with," he added warmly. "Believe me, you've got to be absolutely fighting fit to face a Mediterranean cruise."

"I think the advice to take a voyage is generally given to old chronics, to get a holiday for the doctor who's fed-up with the sight of their faces," I suggested.

"Damn'd unprofessional conduct, if you ask me," muttered Grimsdyke.

He hesitated, then pushed his plate aside.

"Do you think I could just have a little cheese?" he said weakly.

"Perhaps you're right," said Nikki. "I rather suspected one of the eggs was a bit off, but it was masked by the Bombay Duck."

"It seems very tasty to me," I told her dutifully. Nikki was as anxious as any other new wife to woo her husband's stomach, but our menus sometimes suffered from her insistence that cooking was only a branch of biochemistry. "And, anyway, today I didn't get any lunch. Go on, Grim."

"There was a great deal of bustle and several old boys called out to me, 'Steward! Fetch me a large whisky-and-soda!'" Grimsdyke continued. "But at last we made for the open sea. Then we'd hardly got past the Isle of Wight when old Harberty summoned me. At first I thought he'd relented and asked me down to his cabin for a gin. But instead he gave me a sort of clinical questionnaire."

"How would you treat single-handed a well-preserved elderly gentleman who'd perforated his duodenal ulcer?" he asked me.

"I thought for a moment and said, 'Open him up and sew up the hole!'"

"You have, young man, a considerable experience of this operation?" he went on.

"I hedged a bit, and then I said there had to be a first time for everything."

"Explain to me, then, precisely how you would set about it?"

"So I told him—to the best of my knowledge. Then he gave a groan and disappeared into his bathroom. The next thing I knew he was going over the side with his suitcase and leaving the lot to me."

"A bit of a blow," I agreed.

"A blow, but not a knock-out. The Grimsdykes, old lad,

Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 53

have their faults, but they always rise to the occasion when they're absolutely forced to. Refusing to be daunted, I found a very useful little book tucked away called the 'Ship Captain's Medical Guide,' which explains how to tackle pretty well everything from broken legs to bed-bugs in hearty language that sailors can understand. And with the aid of your invaluable cables I settled down to cope."

"But surely there must have been someone on board to help you?" asked Nikki.

"Oh, yes. Two nursing sisters who seemed to have been recruited from the sick bays of military prisons, and a hospital orderly who drank all the surgical spirit."

"So you didn't have much time for the social life?" I remarked.

"My professional trials," Grimsdyke went on sombrely, "were nothing—absolutely

surgeons from all over London to see taken out, and Major Dampier followed up smartly with his prostate and the Reverend Peckhorn with his jejunal diverticulum. I didn't mind giving these organs my best and keenest attention at the right place and time," Grimsdyke concluded warmly. "But it was about the end having them served with all my meals."

I felt this was the moment to pour him another brandy.

He sat for some moments staring into the fire in silence until Nikki asked gently, "How about Zoe?"

He gave a brief sigh.

"I told you there were a few girls on board, didn't I? Well, Zoe was one of them."

"Was she nice?" I asked.

"She was about six feet tall," he said, "and she shook hands like a pair of nut-crackers. She was also a born organiser. At home I bet she captains the tennis club and runs all the fetes."

"On board she organised the sports committee, of which I found myself an ex officio member. There were about six of us, who met every morning in the verandah cafe to arrange all those silly games people wouldn't dare to be seen playing on dry land. That was fair enough. But pretty soon she was organising me."

"The main trouble with a ship," he went on, taking another drink, "is that you can't get away from people, except by chucking yourself over the rail—which I considered more than once. Every where I went Zoe was sure to go. I've never met a woman with such a capacity for being round the next corner."

"And every time she greeted me with something like, 'Haven't you played your shuffleboard heat with Mr. Garter-Berrison yet, you naughty boy? He's been waiting half an hour and getting ever so shirty.' Nauseating, you'll agree? Worse than that, she entered me for every darn contest going, from chess to high-diving. That was a terrible shock to a man whose daily exercise has for years been confined to winding up his wristwatch before going to bed."

"But worse disaster was in store. For some reason she took a tremendous fancy to me. Goodness knows why. But you know how girls think doctors are wonderful? Particularly when they're all decorated with gold braid and brass buttons. Rumors got round the ship. People began to giggle and give us significant glances over their morning cups of beef tea."

GGRIMSDYKE went on. "One afternoon when we were all alone in the games room and had just finished our ping-pong heat, she kissed me. I shall never forget it. It was like being run over by a tractor. After that I had to slink about the ship like a blinking stow-away. Then the horrible woman wormed my address out of the purser, and is probably at this very moment squatting on my doormat with an invitation for mixed hockey next Sunday."

"A soul-testing experience," I observed feelingly.

"But a mere nothing," he continued with masochistic pride. "To my real trouble aboard."

"Surely there couldn't be anything worse than Zoe?" I asked Nikki.

"There was. In the person of her ladyship, my prime patient."

"The only reason you were there at all," I reminded him.

"Knowing her psychological history, I suppose I should have been prepared for the worst when she came up the gangway with her new husband and enough luggage for a touring pantomime. It soon turned out that she was one of those unfortunate people who vomit almost as soon as they see a sign with the words 'Boat Train.'"

"What a bit of bad luck, Grim," I sympathised. "They couldn't even cure Lord Nelson of that."

HOWEVER, sympathy was a wasted force. "Lady Corrington started being seasick as soon as we got into the Channel," Grimsdyke went on. "I treated her with antihistamines and hyoscine and so on, of course. But I might just as well have given her aniseed balls. Therapy was further complicated by Lord Corrington, who not only regarded her as a piece of Dresden china, but was a pretty nasty piece of work himself into the bargain."

"Can't you cure a simple case of seasickness, doctor?" he used to bark at me every time I appeared in their cabin. "I should have thought the merest medical student would have known the remedy for that. Thank heaven I go to an osteopath!"

"Did you try all the traditional cures?" I asked.

"Oh, the lot—a raw egg in stout, bandaging one eye, cold compresses on the umbilicus. Eventually, I decided that only psychiatric treatment would do. But like a chump I told his lordship first that his wife was inclined to be somewhat hysterical and that did it. He took this as a tremendous insult, not only to his family but to the entire British aristocracy."

"There was quite a scene. He said something pompous about breeding, though everyone knows his old man only got a peerage by swindling the Government all the way through the last war. He stopped short of actually challenging me to pistols at dawn on the boat-deck, but he made nasty remarks to the captain, who henceforward looked at me like the Duke of Wellington with his mind on Napoleon. It hurt my professional pride, old lad, apart from everything else. I redoubled my therapeutic efforts. I tried hypnosis. I told her to think about the Sahara Desert. But to no avail."

"Did you consider half a bottle of dry champagne?" I suggested.

"Of course I did. Just a terrible waste of good champagne. Every morning, regular as clockwork, the damn woman would be seasick. Why, even as we were sailing up Southampton Water today she lost her breakfast. It was just—what's the matter, old lad?"

I burst into a roar of laughter.

"Personally, I can't see anything funny in it," he said, as Nikki joined in.

"My dear chap! You really are an idiot. Why didn't you think of asking her—"

"I don't find anything hilarious about the case at all." He sat looking like a man whose friends have just sportively set alight his newspaper. "She was an extremely trying clinical problem—"

"But surely you remember what the rude obstetricians taught us at St. Swithin's? Always suspect the condition first in any woman outside a nursery or a nunnery."

"I don't follow you," he told me haughtily. "If you imagine you know the cause of seasickness—"

"I certainly know the cause of this seasickness. In a few

months' time it'll be pushed along in a pram."

"But that's impossible!" Grimsdyke exploded. "They'd only been married a couple of days."

"Grim, old man, really! After all these years of professionally studying human nature—"

"Good grief!" He stared wildly into the fire. "Now you come to think of it— But darn it! I must say, it was most unreasonable of the blasted woman."

"Any female between the age of nine and ninety—" I quoted as Nikki and I continued to laugh at his expense.

"Well, I bet you wouldn't have spotted it yourself in the circumstances," he muttered crossly. "But I'd like to have a look at his lordship's face when he finds out," he added, cheering up a little.

The conversation flagged after that, and shortly Grimsdyke abruptly announced that he was tired and wanted to go to bed.

"Poor old Grim," I said to Nikki when we left him on my ramshackle camp-bed in the sitting-room. "I only hope the story never gets to the ears of Sir Lancelot Spratt."

"These things could happen to anyone," observed Nikki charitably.

"Oh, I agree. But they only do seem to happen to Grimsdyke."

It may have been Nikki's curvy, or it may have been punishment from my subconscious for mocking my friend, but that night I dreamt that I was a doctor on a vessel

the cross between the "Flying Dutchman" and the "Queen Elizabeth," with everyone aboard being sick in the teeth of a violent gale. And when I was woken by Nikki stirring beside me at daybreak I felt definitely queasy myself.

"I've just been sick," Nikki announced.

"It must have been that curry," I said sleepily. "I'll go and get you some bicarb."

I had to disturb Grimsdyke as I picked my way to our domestic drug cupboard in the corner of the sitting-room, but he only grunted and went to sleep again. When I got back to the bedroom I was surprised to find the light on and Nikki sitting up in bed looking pleased with herself.

"Here's your soda bic," I said, stirring the mixture. "I've made it strong enough to neutralise even Bombay duck."

"Darling," said Nikki. "Kiss me."

"Kiss you?" I looked surprised. "But a moment ago I thought you were at death's door?"

"You know, you wouldn't have been any cleverer than Grimsdyke," she said, holding out her arms.

"Good grief!" I dropped the glass. "Do you mean you're—"

"Of course I am, my sweet. That's why I became so weepy and emotional the other day when I thought you wanted to run away from me and go off to sea. Pure female hormones."

"Nikki darling!" I cried,

To page 58

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Page 55

A brand new

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Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 55

hugging her. "This is absolutely wonderful! It's terrific!"

"It's only natural." "But for Pete's sake," I added quickly. "Not a word to Grimsdyke."

"Of course not," she said. "And do you know, it's a funny thing but there's nothing I want more in the world at the moment than avocado pears stuffed with tinned sardines."

I had already had forty-two babies, all fathered on me by the Medical Acts and dedicating their first few minutes of life to teaching me the elements of practical midwifery. They had been born either in the highly organised atmosphere of the St. Swithin's Maternity Department or in the highly unorganised one of the dwellings huddled round the hospital walls and known for this purpose as "The District."

But wherever the event took place it always scared me greatly. Fumbling my way with sheets of newspaper and saucepans of boiling water in small insanitary bedrooms, my professional attention often distracted through the seat of my trousers being roasted by the traditional roaring fire, I could only repeatedly congratulate Nature on evolving a practically foolproof process.

But having a baby myself came as something of a shock. I suppose it does to any young man, despite the strong words of the marriage service, which he is probably at the time too distraught to hear. I also felt tremendously proud of myself.

On reflection, this seemed remarkably stupid for achieving something within the reach of every zoological organism more advanced than the protozoal pond-dwellers, who reproduce themselves simply by splitting in two down the middle.

I was wholly unable to keep the good news to myself, and the following morning when Nikki rose from the breakfast table and made for the bathroom with the businesslike step of all such cases, I explained rather coyly to Grimsdyke that she was "suffering from a touch of the pregnancy."

"Good grief, old lad!" He stared at me as if I had just announced my intention of taking Holy Orders. "What, you mean—? How long has this been going on?"

"So shortly it's almost indecent to mention it."

"Old Simon Sparrow to be a daddy," he murmured unbelievably. "It shatters me a bit. Particularly when I recall our jolly days as students at St. Swithin's. It's quite a strain seeing you patting the young chap on the head and handing him half a crown with a stern warning not to spend it on drink."

"That scene's a long way ahead yet, anyway. And don't forget it's an even chance it'll turn out female."

"And ninety to one it's twins," said Grimsdyke, who had a head for such things. "I suppose I shouldn't really be surprised. Look at old Tony Benskin — he was one of the lads in our youth and no mistake, and now he's got hundreds of them."

"Anyway, hearty congratulations to you both, and I hope I'll be invited to take a glass of champagne at the christening. I must say, after my experiences in the beastly boat, there does seem to be a lot of that complaint about at this time of the year."

Dr. Farquarson, my partner, was unimpressed—but after a lifetime of practice all over the world he would have been unimpressed even by witnessing the birth of Aphrodite.

"I suppose your good lady's perfectly certain of her diagnosis?" he asked. He never smiled, but his eyebrows quivered when anything struck him as particularly amusing. "I've always held that lady doctors were never much good at that particular subject."

I looked alarmed. "Good heavens, I hadn't thought of that."

"Now, that half-witted nephew of mine would improve immeasurably if he'd only settle down and found a family," he went on, scraping out his pipe with an old scalpel lying on his consulting desk.

"Preferably under the thumb of some strong-minded woman. He looked in while you were out on your rounds, by the by, with some ingenious story of dropping my telescope overboard. I rather expected I'd see the last of it when I lent it to him. He also tried to give the impression that he'd suffered the worst nautical hardships since Captain Bligh was set adrift from the Bounty."

"He really did have a bad time of it," I told him, in defence of my friend. "Anyway, before he can have a family he'll have to have a job. And believe me, Farquy, he's been seriously discussing plans with me for several jobs the last couple of days."

"He has with me, too. He's heard somewhere the World Health Organisation are looking for a doctor to prepare a report on the loose women of South America, and he seems to think he's their man. I hope

he finds employment of some sort soon, if only for your sake. Otherwise he'll be battenning on you until it's time for your child to go to school."

The same day I proudly telephoned the news to my father, a busy G.P. on the south coast. But the announcement was complicated through his taking the call in the middle of his evening surgery.

"Boil up plenty of water and keep your wife warm and I'll be round in a couple of shakes," he said at once. "Is she having nice pains? One moment—no, no, Mrs. Hartridge. It's the smelly stuff in the big bottle you rub on your leg, and the

"What, old Nikki with a baby? You don't really mean it, do you? I've never thought of her doing anything like that at all. Mind you," he went on, recovering himself, "if you'd waited a bit and had it just before the fifth of April you'd have got a whole year's income tax rebate. All the smart chaps I know in the city do. Congratulations, of course."

But I got the impression that he took it all as a personal insult.

"It seems silly that I can't make any further contribution to the process, except holding the wool for the booties," I remarked to Nikki as we drove home.

"You'll have quite enough to do later on, dear," she said. After a pause she added, "This

them genuinely incomprehensible.

As Dr. Farquarson really enjoyed delivering babies only by the light of guttering candles in a crofter's cottage during a Highland blizzard, Nikki herself performed most of the midwifery in our own practice (an arrangement which would have to be modified when she started to frighten all her new patients). But she had known the obstetrician since Dr. Partridge was a student senior to her in medical school, and she decided to place her own pregnancy in her hands.

"Of course, it's the best idea of the lot staying at home," declared Dr. Partridge, sitting in our cottage on a social rather than professional visit. "It pleases the pundits in the Ministry of Health, who don't have to pay for your board and lodging and clean sheets," she went on. "It's a jolly sight more convenient and you can order your own grub. For the mother's psychology you can't beat it. You get an extra four pounds out of the Government, too."

"I'd rather like to have it at home," agreed Nikki. "Hospitals these days seem to be getting as impersonal as department stores."

"And the father's always handy," Ann continued warmly.

I never felt wholly at ease with Ann Partridge. One of the brightest splashes on the modern academic scene is the discovery of professional women that asserting their equality with men doesn't necessitate stripping themselves of their feminine characteristics. Lady doctors, like lady politicians and lady Wimbledon champions, now appear in public looking presciently feminine instead of going about as if they had all been drawn by Mr. James Thurbur. But some girls seem perpetually confused by the essentially male world of medicine, and looking at Dr. Ann Partridge, a cigarette dangling from her lips, I felt that she was one of them.

"Come along to the surgery and I'll do your haemoglobin and blood pressure and albumen," she went on, slapping Nikki on the knee. "And I must remember to give you a certificate. In the eyes of the Welfare State you're not officially pregnant without one. You can make up your mind if you want to have it at home, or in the local Memorial Hospital or what have you, a bit later on."

She got up. "I must be nipping along to my other mothers. Give me a ring, old thing, and relax. Relaxation—that's the secret of modern childbirth. And do your exercises and watch your weight. Cheery-bye and don't worry."

"Dr. Partridge certainly brings a refreshingly basic approach to the miracle of childbirth," I observed as she rattled away in her old car, which seemed to be held together largely with lengths of surgical wire.

"She's very sweet really, dear," said Nikki.

I said nothing. A wife's friends are a mystery to any man.

"Particularly as I don't suppose there's much chance of her ever having a baby of her own," Nikki added.

"Anyway, where would you really like to have the baby? I suppose you're still not keen on St. Swithin's?" I asked hopefully, for I had at first wanted the child to be born in the place which had provided me with my means of livelihood and most of my friends.

There is a robust family spirit about all big British hospitals, where many of the staff take a wife from the nurses' home and a family from the

To page 62



"Now remember—don't drink, dance with all the women, or tell any of your stories. Just relax and have a good time."

white mixture in the little one you swallow. No wonder your arthritis hasn't been getting any better. Hello? Hello? Don't worry, my dear fellow, everything's going to be absolutely all right. Perfectly natural process, remember. Just get the cot and all the etceteras ready and tell her I'll be there soon."

The revelation to my wife's parents was less clinical, Nikki dropping the information in a well engineered casual remark over tea the next weekend. This immediately swept the conversation with a flurry of technicalities about the coming baby's equipment, which seemed to me more complicated than a jet pilot's.

"And when are you going to have him, my darling?" asked her mother, making a sweeping embryological assumption.

NIKKI laughed. "Oh, not for ages and ages. According to the book, next New Year's Day at the earliest. And at the moment I can hardly believe I'm going to have one at all."

"It goes like a flash," said her mother, though sounding disappointed that we couldn't produce the following week.

"What's all the fuss about?" asked my brother-in-law, a pink-faced young man in twill trousers.

"It's just that about next Christmas your sister will be retiring from the world," I told him, feeling a little shy about it.

"Retiring? But whatever for?"

"She's breeding."

He seemed puzzled. "Breeding? Breeding what?"

"Well, not Sealys. We're having a baby."

baby's going to make quite a lot of difference to our lives."

"A pretty understatement."

"And it's going to make quite a lot of difference to me." She looked fondly at her feet. "I can hardly imagine myself as one of those captive balloons we see sailing round the antenatal clinic." Nikki hesitated. "You won't hate me then, Simon, will you?"

"Hate you?" I said in surprise. "But whatever for?"

"It's a form of the subconscious guilt-complex. Didn't you know? It's what the psychiatrists say."

"If we believed all the psychiatrists say we'd never get around to having any children at all," I told her. "I promise I'll be the model expectant father—always at your side, giving moral support and helping with the washing-up to the end."

Such resolutions were easier because Grimsdyke, perhaps deciding that he would be in the way at such a delicate time or perhaps preferring to face Zoe than another night on my camp-bed, had returned to the small flat he rented in Chelsea.

About this time our unborn child introduced me to Dr. Ann Partridge, M.R.C.O.G.

Dr. Partridge was in practice on the other side of Hampden Cross, and being a member of the Royal College of Obstetricians and Gynaecologists she attended most of the local confinements. I myself avoided maternity patients as shamelessly as smallpox cases, and now knew as little obstetrics as a retired surgeon-admiral—midwifery, like golf, divides men into one half who find it genuinely irresistible, and the other half who find

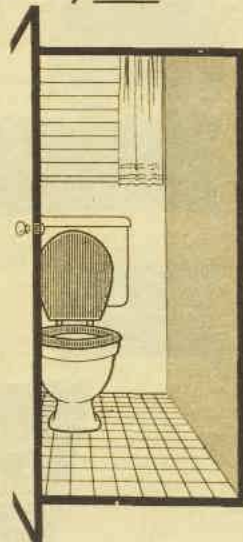
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — March 2, 1960

Page 59

Fading beauty of Hayworth

● Rita Hayworth, once one of the screen's most alluring women, today seems determined to appear middle-aged and plain.

IN a Hollywood where remaining young and beautiful is a dedicated career, and where every second person likes to be considered an amateur psychiatrist, there has been endless speculation and "explanation."

Favorite theory as to why Rita not only lets herself look every one of her hard-living 40 years but positively drab into the bargain is this:

A once-celebrated beauty is so unnerved by the quick fading of her looks that she goes to the other extreme and pretends she doesn't care. Inwardly she feels that trying

to preserve her looks would be a losing battle.

Certainly few in Hollywood are convinced that Rita's expressed reason is the true one: "I want to be known as an actress, not a glamor-girl. I want to act my age and not spend hours worrying in front of the mirror."

They point out that other ageing actresses combine a high degree of professional achievement and still look delightful.

Susan Hayward, also 40, looks years younger than Rita. Susan has managed to remain beautiful without trying to look like a teenager.

England's Ann Todd is a few years Rita's senior, but she still looks young and attractive.

France's Danielle Darrieux, who is considerably older than Rita, looks like her younger sister. Danielle manages to look pretty without hiding the fact that she is a mature woman.

On the "They Came to Cordura" set there were daily battles between Rita and the make-up man, who considered she was over-doing her drab appearance. He wanted to hide some of the lines and tell-tale puffiness about her eyes.

Rita vetoed all his suggestions to help her look younger. In her latest picture, "The Story On Page One," she plays an apron-wearing, vacuum-cleaning housewife.



NO ATTEMPT to look younger than her 40 years is made by Rita Hayworth, seen here in a courtroom scene from "The Story On Page One."

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and so
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Rosella

TOMATO SAUCE

Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 58

obstetrical wards before ending up themselves on one of the porcelain tables in the post-mortem department.

The Maternity Department at St. Swithin's seemed to be maintained exclusively for the convenience of its former pupils, and I knew that Sir Jeffrey Dove, the senior gynaecologist, would treat my application for a bed with the geniality shown by Harley Street consultants to all their old students, who might now be in a position to send them private patients.

But I knew that Turtle Dove, though a man who almost weekly presented Debrett with another entry, always seemed to be attending either a confinement in the country or Ascot races whenever he was wanted in a hurry. We decided that Nikki might end up, anyway, in the hands of Sister Studholm, the senior midwife, who was widely held to be a contemporary of Sarah Gamp and once reported me to the Dean for changing the "e" on the Ante-Natal Clinic door to an "i."

"No, Simon," Nikki now declared. "Not St. Swithin's. I suppose I can expect about twelve hours' warning, but, if anything went wrong, it would be highly undignified to be born somewhere along the North Circular Road. Let's have it at home. After all, a newborn baby hardly takes up more room than a puppy."

"At this home?" I asked, looking round. I was fond of our cottage, but it was as draughty as Stonehenge. "Besides, we can't have the poor little thing sharing the camp-bed at weekends with Grimsdyke."

"Perhaps," said Nikki doubtfully, "the time has come for us to launch into something grander."

"There goes the sports car," I sighed. "But I suppose a family man has to face a few necessary expenses."

Meanwhile Grimsdyke had sublet his Chelsea flat to a visiting Australian neurologist, and at St. Swithin's — which he regarded primarily as his London club, dropping in to read the common-room papers and chat to his old friends — no one had heard of him for several weeks.

As the weeks went by I began to feel genuinely anxious about him. Grimsdyke was such a social being that he would have found himself unable to keep away from his old friends and old haunts even if he had just committed a murder. I

wondered seriously if he had emigrated to start practice in New Zealand or was perhaps officiating somewhere more inaccessible as an original type of medical missionary.

It was then the middle of July and when I took a day off to watch the Gentlemen versus Players match at Lord's I looked for him in the Tavern, which is one of those places like the Royal Academy and

Do you wish to find out a person's weak points? Note the failings he has the quickest eye for in others. They may not be the very failings he is himself conscious of; but they will be their next-door neighbors.

—J. C. and A. W. Hare

Piccadilly Circus Tube Station where you often run into people you want to see—as well as many that you don't.

I didn't find Grimsdyke, but I found news of him, from another former classmate at St. Swithin's, Tony Benskin.

"Grimsdyke?" he said. "Yes. I ran into him a week or so back, when I was in Simpson's buying some socks."

We were standing on the Tavern steps with pints of beer in the mild afternoon sunshine, watching the English captain score an elegant century.

TONY'S news was a little surprising. "He was fitting himself out with tropical kit. You know, Boy Scout shorts and mosquito nets and so forth. I asked where he was off to, but he seemed pretty cagey about it all. Only said something about having to be out of the country for a bit. A woman as usual, I suppose?"

"Could be."

"I envy the chap, in a way. With his ideas of practice he may not see medicine, but he certainly sees plenty of life. Oh, good shot, sir!" he said, as the ball rattled against the boundary board. "Anything exciting happening to you?"

"Yes, we're having a baby," I said proudly.

"Oh, really? We're having our fourth?"

"Your fourth?"

"You must come back and meet the family at the close

of play," he invited. "I might be able to give you a few tips on practical fatherhood."

The Benskins lived in Hampstead, and were one of those disorganised households who always seem to have twice as many children as they really possess. When I arrived it was bedtime, and they appeared to have a small school on their hands.

"I suppose you've read von Schaeffer's book on 'The Importance of Antenatal Influences on the Developing Subconscious'?" Tony Benskin asked, pouring me a drink over the heads of his two oldest, who were sitting in front of the fireplace while the third screamed offstage being put to bed.

"I don't think I've even heard of it, I'm afraid."

"My dear chap" he insisted. "Every father in the country should be made to read it from cover to cover. To my mind, bringing up children is a highly scientific process, right from the moment of conception. Molly disagreed with me at first, but I've talked her round to my way of thinking. Our children have everything from a metabolically adjusted diet to psychologically adjusted colors in their bedroom. Absolutely essential to remember details like that. Otherwise they might easily get stuck in the stage of oral eroticism for ever."

"Perhaps for the first one we'll keep to the old blue-for-a-boy and pink-for-a-girl stuff," I told him doubtfully.

"Do you realise every male child wants to hurt its father for being in love with its mother?" Tony demanded.

I looked alarmed. "But they don't, very often, surely?"

"A subconscious thought, of course," he explained. "Then there's the interesting condition of the couvade—"

Unable to help laughing any longer, I exclaimed, "Surely, Tony! Even you must admit that the husband sharing the wife's symptoms is all a bit of an old wives' tale?"

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in Eden and Holland's 'Manual of Obstetrics,'" he told me darkly.

"Whenever Molly's time is near I get the most shocking stomachache."

"As a matter of fact, I did feel a bit sick in the mornings myself earlier on," I admitted.

"But I put that down to Grimsdyke's bottle of duty-free rum."

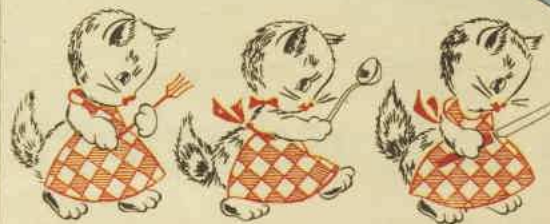
"It's all very well for him to

To page 63

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Continuing . . .

DOCTOR AND SON

from page 62

talk," said Molly Benskin, when a few minutes later I congratulated her on such enlightened parenthood, while Tony took his turn putting the other two psychological problems to bed.

"He hasn't got to wash the nappies," she went on, pouting. "Or do the ironing and wipe their beastly little faces every couple of minutes from morning to night. The amount of money Tony wastes on books about child psychology would buy me a washing-machine, which would be a hundred times as useful. There's only one thing I know for certain about child psychology," she ended despondently, "that whatever you do, it's bound to be wrong."

"If I can speak from purely theoretical experience, I'm inclined to agree with you."

"There's only one way to prepare a child for life," Molly Benskin said firmly. "Stand him on a high shelf, open your arms, and say 'Jump.' Then walk away. I wish to heaven Tony would mess about with the car instead, like any normal man."

If a man can have only one kind of sense, let him have common-sense. If he has that and uncommonsense, too, he is not far from genius.

—H. W. Beecher

But my visit to the Benskins was useful, because it left me with feelings that I was perhaps not taking my coming responsibilities seriously enough. And my concern was less with the psychological sufferings of our unborn infant than finding somewhere for the poor thing eventually to live.

"Either everyone's become so attached to Hampden Cross they don't want to leave the darn place," I told Nikki, "or someone's discovered uranium in the garden and is secretly buying up the whole district."

I had been window-shopping at estate agents', as I had done before we were married, though aware that I was now tied to an even more inflexible timetable.

"There just doesn't seem to be anything suitable at all," I complained. "Can't you go into a few agents' offices yourself, now you're looking so earnestly pregnant?"

My wife had passed the depressing point when further struggle with ordinary clothes becomes hopeless, and had assumed the expectant mother's robes of office.

"I did, dear, this afternoon. But there were two others there already, both much further gone than me."

"Then there'll be furniture, too," I said sombrely. Although bank managers, building societies, and even bookies have a touching faith in the solvency of junior members of the medical profession, this was an item to be faced with respect. "We've got the essentials, I suppose, what with wedding presents and so on, and we can always scrounge from our families. But we'll soon have to choose between next year's holiday and a contemporary sofa, even if we did find somewhere to put it."

"Do you suppose one of the patients might be of help?"

"Old Mrs. Mackinnon is looking a bit dicky. With a change in the weather there might be a vacancy there."

"No," said Nikki, with a shudder.

Shortly afterwards our problem was in fact solved by the misfortune of one of my patients, though luckily a less drastic one than Mrs. Mackinnon's. I was still wondering if we might find a place going cheap with some fairly tolerable inconvenience like bad drains or poltergeists, when Major Marston appeared in the surgery complaining of giddy turns and hot feelings in the back of his head.

Major Marston was a man with pale blue eyes, a crumb-brush moustache, and a fondness for club cuff-links and suede boots, whom Nikki and I knew socially as well as professionally. He had a seat on the Town Council and was a prosperous Hampden Cross builder, which was widely held to be a matter of cause and effect.

He lived with his pretty red-headed wife in a modern house on the far edge of the town, with two poodles and two television sets, all four of which they seemed extremely fond of. We had been to several of their cocktail parties—they were the leaders of the Hampden Cross set of bright, middle-aged things—and I was now surprised when he confessed in response to a little elementary psychoanalysis that his wife had packed up and left him.

"One's simply got to face it, Doc," he said. He squared the shoulders of his blazer. "Diane prefers the other chap—no names, if you'll excuse me—and there it is. It's only life. We're being utterly sensible about the whole thing, of course. What else can one do? I'm going away for a bit of a holiday. To forget, if I can."

"It'll certainly do the headaches good, at any rate."

"Afterwards I'll move into one of the new flats we're putting up, I suppose. I can't go on living where I am. Not among all the things I've provided her with, all reminding me so much—"

He expressed emotion by briskly wiping invisible froth from his moustache.

"Look here," I said quickly, "I don't want to interfere in your affairs, and certainly I don't want to cash in on your unhappiness, and this is probably highly unprofessional anyway, but . . . well, if you'd like to let the house furnished for a bit, we'd be very glad to take it."

"That's very decent of you," he said, after the natural hesitation of a man passing objects of sentimental value into the hands of comparative strangers. "As a matter of fact, I did hear a rumor you were looking for a place."

To my delight he quickly agreed.

"You'll be quite discreet about it, Doc?" he asked as we settled terms. "I don't want anything like this buzzed about too much. Bad for business."

"I won't say a word more than necessary, I assure you. And here's a prescription for some phenobarbitone—it might ease the strain a bit."

"But it's absolutely marvelous!" said Nikki, when I told her. "At least it'll give us comfortable breathing space."

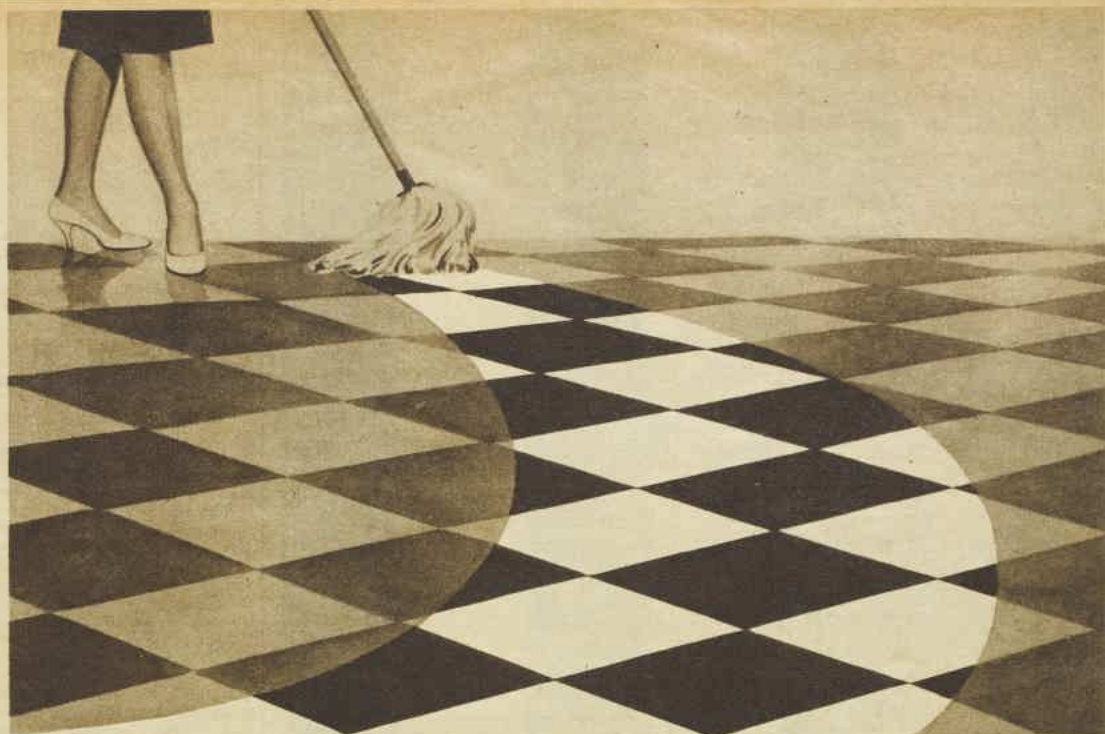
"And now we can perfectly well have the baby at home. Even if the home isn't our own."

Nikki hesitated. "I suppose it's all—well, all right?"

"All right? But why on earth shouldn't it be all right?"

"I mean, it all seemed to be

To page 64



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Continuing . . . DOCTOR AND SON

from page 63

done so casually. Didn't he want an inventory or anything?"

"Oh, the poor chap was far too upset to go through all their belongings. And he said agreements and so on only made money for the lawyers—after all, he's a builder, and he ought to know."

"We just shook hands like gentlemen, and I gave him a cheque for the first quarter's rent."

"It's all just a little odd to my female intuition," said Nikki, frowning slightly.

"It isn't to mine. Not after the way we've seen that woman carry on at their parties. She really was a terrible flirt, you know. Remember that embarrassing business with the hardware dealer chap? And she is very attractive."

"She's certainly very slim," said Nikki, looking longingly in the direction of her own waist.

"Anyway," I concluded, "Let's be selfish and hope they don't have a reconciliation."

I didn't see Major Marston again. He sent the keys to me that evening by post. A few days later we moved in, losing our own few pieces of furniture among our landlord's.

"I'm afraid I can't manage to carry you over the threshold," I apologised to Nikki. "But at least you've got nothing more to worry about except sitting patiently and knitting little things."

But we had hardly arrived in our new home when our coming baby attracted attention from a wholly unexpected direction.

I recognised at once the bold sweep of the black ink on the envelope automatically re-directed by the Post Office.

"It's from my godfather," I exclaimed over the breakfast table. "And the old boy hasn't so much as sent us a Christmas card since we were married."

With interest sufficiently strong to be confessed as excitement, I opened the letter from Sir Lancelot Spratt, K.B.E., M.C., D.Sc. M.S., F.R.C.S.

Evan's Farm,
Much Chilvers,
Herefordshire.

Dear Sparrow (Sir Lancelot regarded Christian names as suitable only for addressing children and dogs.)

Your father spent a few days with me recently. I learn that your wife is shortly expecting a child. I am disappointed that you did not inform me of this, though not pained—after all, I am now an old man of little use to the world, finishing my days as untroubled as possible in the country.

But I have something of importance in mind concerning your future infant, or infants. You will kindly meet me at the Parthenon at four o'clock next Monday afternoon.

My regards, L. S.

"He's actually coming to London," I announced in surprise. "After he swore he'd never set foot in the place again as long as he lived."

Nikki looked alarmed. "Oh, dear! I'll have to meet him." "He's not really so bad as everyone makes out," I reassured her. "All these old hospital figures are half-myth and half-monster."

"So's the Abominable Snowman, but I wouldn't like to meet him either."

"It's a pity you got him in your surgery finals, dear. Though he was probably only putting on a fierce face to convince himself that he wouldn't be influenced by a pretty one."

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He's really only a paper dragon."

"Perhaps so, Simon. But at the time the smoke and flames seemed realistic enough. And it's going to be very awkward for you to go to London on Monday."

"It would be very much more awkward for me if I didn't," I told her.

I had not seen my godfather since he retired from the surgical staff of St. Swithin's two years before, an event which had the same impact on the hospital as the Duke of Wellington's funeral on Victorian London.

On his last operating afternoon I had joined his fellow surgeons and physicians gathered in the draughty Founders' Hall to present him with his portrait—a representation in scarlet robes, holding a skull, and wearing an expression of serenity observable in life only while sleeping through his colleagues' ceremonial lectures.

It was an occasion of genuine sadness both for his friends who referred to him as "A Rembrandt of the Scalpel," and for his enemies, who referred to him as "Old Blood and Thunder."

For thirty years Sir Lancelot

stained in life and free from guilt."

He dropped his voice. For once he made the translation sound an afterthought instead of a condemnation of the appalling lack of classical knowledge among modern doctors.

"As for my own plans," he concluded, "I intend to pass such days as the Lord may be pleased to spare me, living quietly on my estate in Herefordshire. In the country with my library, my casebooks, and above all my memories, I shall at last have an opportunity to contemplate—an exercise impossible ladies and gentlemen, when you exhaust the days and energies of a lifetime chasing pathology all round the abdomen."

"And guineas all over London," muttered someone at the back.

So Sir Lancelot disappeared from St. Swithin's, to expend his undiminished vigor on growing fruit and treating Lady Spratt's lumbago.

As his Rolls drove for the last time from the hospital courtyard, with its few plane trees blackened by the London fogs and its pair of statues whitened by the London pigeons, and carried him through gates where he could remember patients being borne

LIVINGSTONE DAISIES

AN annual type of mesembryanthemum, Livingstone daisies are fairly hardy and stand up well to light frosts. Sow seed in autumn in boxes of good light loam and transplant when big enough to handle. Set seedlings out nine inches apart, as the rosette-style plants sprawl. The colorful flowers, which open only in sunshine, are magnificent in massed beds or as edging plants.



COLORFUL Livingstone daisies, pictured at the Yates trial grounds, Dundas, N.S.W.

lot had a say in everything at St. Swithin's, from the choice of a new consultant to the choice of a new floor polish, until he thought getting his own way there as natural as the law of gravity and just as convenient for the orderly planning of human affairs; but he was the last of the surgical generation which once strode so largely down the stony Edwardian corridors, whose love of his hospital was less only than his love of his country and his family (indeed, it often exceeded the last when Lady Spratt was having one of her difficult turns). He was a man too big for the age when British consultants resemble the Civil Servants they so often fear they are becoming.

"It is almost fifty years since I first came here," Sir Lancelot ended a dignified speech that afternoon describing the changes he had seen in St. Swithin's, in tones only faintly suggesting that most of them were for the worse.

"I was a frightened student with a second-hand anatomy book under my arm, and my only luggage was a dissecting set and a blue serge suit—both, I confess, the property of my father. After so long it is hard to believe that the time has really come for us to part. But it has, and let us have no sentimentality about it."

"I have now only one wish—to be remembered among you in the words of the immortal Horace, 'Integer vitae scelerisque purus'—He that is un-

on window-shutters and consultants clattering up in a coach-and-pair, everyone felt that he was vanishing into the mists of medical mythology.

And with any luck they wouldn't hear of him again till his memorial service.

Sir Lancelot's evacuation of the surgical battlefields on which he had won and lost so many spectacular actions still caused arguments at St. Swithin's, being variously put down to the threat of bronchitis or to the threat of blackmail. As an emeritus surgeon he could have commanded many privileges, from offering his opinions on baffling cases to enjoying his lunch in the hospital refectory, and many of our old consultants continued to haunt the wards until they slipped almost unnoticeably under one of the bed-covers themselves.

"I refuse to play Ancient Mariner of the surgical sea," was all he replied when questioned. "Besides, it's tediously simple being an emeritus consultant—there are sufficient people underneath to make all the mistakes first."

It was therefore with much curiosity the following Monday that I put on my best suit and a stiff white collar and drove down to London to meet him, with feelings in my stomach that I remembered from the mornings before my examinations as a student.

The Parthenon was Sir Lancelot's club in St. James'.

To page 72

IN ROMANTIC MOOD



Entertainment

★ **Two charming
informal studies
of young couples
in Hollywood**



ENGAGED
couple Barry
Coe and Jorunn
Kristiansen. Coe
will be seen next
in Fox's comedy
"High Time."

DELIGHTFUL
Gia Scala, with
her husband,
Don Burnett.
Gia's next film
will be "I Aim
At The Stars."

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depends how well you clean your face tonight
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cleanses and cools your skin—relaxes you.



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New Films

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ **LIBEL**

Drama, with Dirk Bogarde, Olivia de Havilland. Liberty, Sydney.

FROM an English stately home, a prison camp, and a series of courtroom scenes emerges this most unlikely but gripping tale of a libel suit.

The film grips solely from the sheer intensity Dirk Bogarde puts into his dual role—that of a luxury-living war veteran, Sir Mark Loddon, and the snaky, ambitious small-time actor Frank Welney, whose resemblance to the nobleman is remarkable.

Welney and Sir Mark were prisoners of war together. They shared a hut with Jeff Buckingham (Paul Massie).

Buckingham and Sir Mark meet after the war, and Buckingham suspects that he is, in fact, talking to Welney. He believes that this unpleasant character has carried out his wartime threat to kill the peer and take his place.

Sir Mark institutes the libel suit to prove that he is the peer he claims to be, and not an imposter usurping the nobleman's home and over-doting wife (Olivia de Havilland).

Courtroom banter from Robert Morley and Wilfrid Hyde White, counsels for the defence and prosecution, provide the only light relief in this otherwise sombre film.

In a word . . . INTENSE.

★★ **BELOVED INFIDEL**

Drama, with Gregory Peck, Deborah Kerr. Century, Sydney.

THE haste with which this best-selling book, Hollywood columnist Sheila Graham's autobiography, was rushed into production is apparent from the untidy result.

A heart-warming personality, Deborah Kerr fails to catch the feeling of the orphanage-bred go-getter who raised herself in social status with the help of a fictitious family.

And Gregory Peck, as best-seller writer Scott Fitzgerald, with only two drunken bouts, appears too temperate for an author who went downhill through drink.

His effect on Sheila is shattering. She sheds the veneer of pretence and becomes her true up-from-the-orphanage self, filling his last years with happiness.

The film ignores the first half of the book, which explains Miss Graham's driving will to succeed in England. It takes up the story in Hollywood when she meets Fitzgerald working as a small-time scriptwriter.

In a word . . . DISAPPOINTING.

★★ **THE WRECK OF THE MARY DEARE**

Drama, with Gary Cooper, Charlton Heston. St. James, Sydney.

WHEN Charlton Heston's salvage boat is involved in a near collision with what seems to be an abandoned freighter, he swings perilously on board to investigate.

He believes the ship is deserted until he is grabbed by Gary Cooper, captain of the doomed Mary Deare, the only man on board, and apparently crazy.

This story of sabotage, mutiny, murder, and subsequent inquiry taxes the credibility.

And while the screen's inky darkness during most of this film makes for tenseness, it is a strain on the audience.

In a word . . . IMPROBABLE.

★★ **TEMPEST**

Extravaganza, with Van Heflin, Geoffrey Horne, Silvana Mangano, Viveca Lindfors. In color. Prince Edward, Sydney.

HERE is a sizzling two hours of Cossack uprisings against Catherine of Russia.

Geoffrey Horne, an Imperial cadet, is banished to a remote outpost for having displeased the arrogant Catherine (Viveca Lindfors).

On his weary journey, he saves a peasant (brilliantly played by Van Heflin) from death. Heflin, a forceful visionary, makes Horne question the virtues of Catherine's regime. But though Horne sympathises with the peasants, he considers Heflin ruthless.

Once at the outpost, Horne's love for the commanding officer's daughter (Silvana Mangano) and the jealousy of a fellow officer isolate him between two tides — the Imperialists and the rapidly swelling peasant army.

There is a cast of thousands in many lengthy battles.

In a word . . . GIGANTIC.

★ **FLOODS OF FEAR**

Drama, with Howard Keel, Anne Heywood, Cyril Cusack. Capitol, Sydney.

SWIRLING floodwaters and violent human emotions set a tense mood for this realistic film.

Four people seek refuge in a half-submerged house. They are a pretty girl (Anne Heywood), two convicts, and their guard, Sharkey (Harry H. Corbett).

The convicts are Peebles (Cyril Cusack), who is vicious and dangerous, and Donovan (Howard Keel), who is determined to escape and kill the man who framed him.

This is a sordid, harrowing film in which every situation is played to the full.—P.F.

In a word . . . GRIM.

Continued on page 71

"Sunset Strip's" debonair eye



EFREM ZIMBALIST, Jr., of TV's "77 Sunset Strip," has a dignity and poise rare in a celluloid private eye. As Stuart Bailey, the head man of the popular team, he joins Kookie and Geoff Spencer and stamps out crime, quite unruffled by any situation, debonair to the end. Hollywood says Efrem has "built-in dignity and class" inherited from his famous parents, Efrem Zimbalist, Sr., the great violinist, and his mother (now dead), Alma Gluck, the opera singer. Efrem, photographed above with his wife, Stephanie, has had his big success as Stuart Bailey. Until now his show business successes have been more artistic than financial.

He was co-producer of the two operas "The Telephone" and "The Medium," written by family friend Giancarlo Menotti. Although both operas have become part of the modern music scene, Efrem lost

money on the production, gave up show business and went into the Army. He returned with a small part in a Spencer Tracy film.

He gave away show business altogether in 1950 when his first wife died tragically, leaving him with their two children, Efrem III and Nancy, and worked for four years with his father at the Institute of Music in Philadelphia.

He went back to Hollywood in 1954, where he met and married Stephanie Spaulding. In the Hollywood social set, "Effie and Steffie," as they are known, are sought after. Effie, 35, finds "77 Sunset Strip" satisfying, but he wants to be a big-time movie star.

"Maybe I can get to be like Gable," he said recently. He should be able to. He is much better looking, and the ladies, from teenagers on, just love him.

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SOCIAL ROUNABOUT

THE Horn household at Edgecliff is really buzzing this week. Penny arrives home from overseas on Saturday, just in time to be bridesmaid at Diana's wedding the following Saturday. Diana's marrying Simon Heath, and Commander and Mrs. Horn will give the reception at home afterwards.

The wedding will be mid-afternoon at St. Mark's, Darling Point. Besides Penny (who has got dress fittings sandwiched in all next week), Di will be attended by Rosemary Ashton, Mrs. Pat Saunders, Mrs. Dale Turnbull, and young Edwina La Farge as flower-girl.

Fortunately Di and Simon, who announced their engagement just a couple of weeks ago, haven't had to worry about house-hunting, as Simon has a flat at Point Piper.

When they're installed there after the wedding, Di hopes to keep on with her TV and radio work. Penny, who has been studying at the University of Florence during her two years abroad, will go back to University here and finish her Arts course.

LOVED, just loved the white "formal" Sue Taylor wore for that super party at Elanora. And it was so nice to see her mother, Mrs. Oliver Iselin, jun. (remember, she was Elizabeth Downes, of Camden), in Sydney again. The Iselins are now on their way home to New York, but Sue's staying on to do an Arts course at Sydney University.

I'M all for anything in aid of our Opera House, so the concert in the University's Great Hall on March 8 is a must. It'll be all-Danish music, conducted by Charles Mackerras, with Danish supper served afterwards in the Union Refectory. See you there.

LETTER from London from former Sydney journalist Audrey Budd, now Mrs. Roy Chapman, telling me they have a baby girl, Rebecca. "She's a gorgeous chubby girl," Audrey writes, "and at the moment looks like Winston Churchill!"

And, of course, Audrey's parents, the Aubrey Budds, of Murwillumbah, were thrilled to hear of their granddaughter's arrival.

DIDN'T Neva Little make a beautiful bride in her bustled dress of white silk shantung? Neva married Douglas Lucas, of Thornbury, Victoria, and they'll live in Victoria after their honeymoon in Perth.

HOLIDAY in the East for the Norman Readings, of "Wambidgee," Cootamundra, who were in Singapore for daughter Sarah's wedding to Lieutenant David Aylmer, R.N., and then travelled on to Hongkong. David and Sarah and her young daughter, Jane Bateson, will be living in Singapore for another 12 months or so, as David's stationed there with H.M.S. Ambush.

PUT through a call to Boggabri last week when I heard of Elizabeth Vickery's engagement to Fred Widdis. Elizabeth had only just arrived back home at "Nandewar" after spending a few days with the Widdis family at "Boondari," Willow Tree, and told me they're saving their celebrations till both families are down in Sydney for the Easter Show.

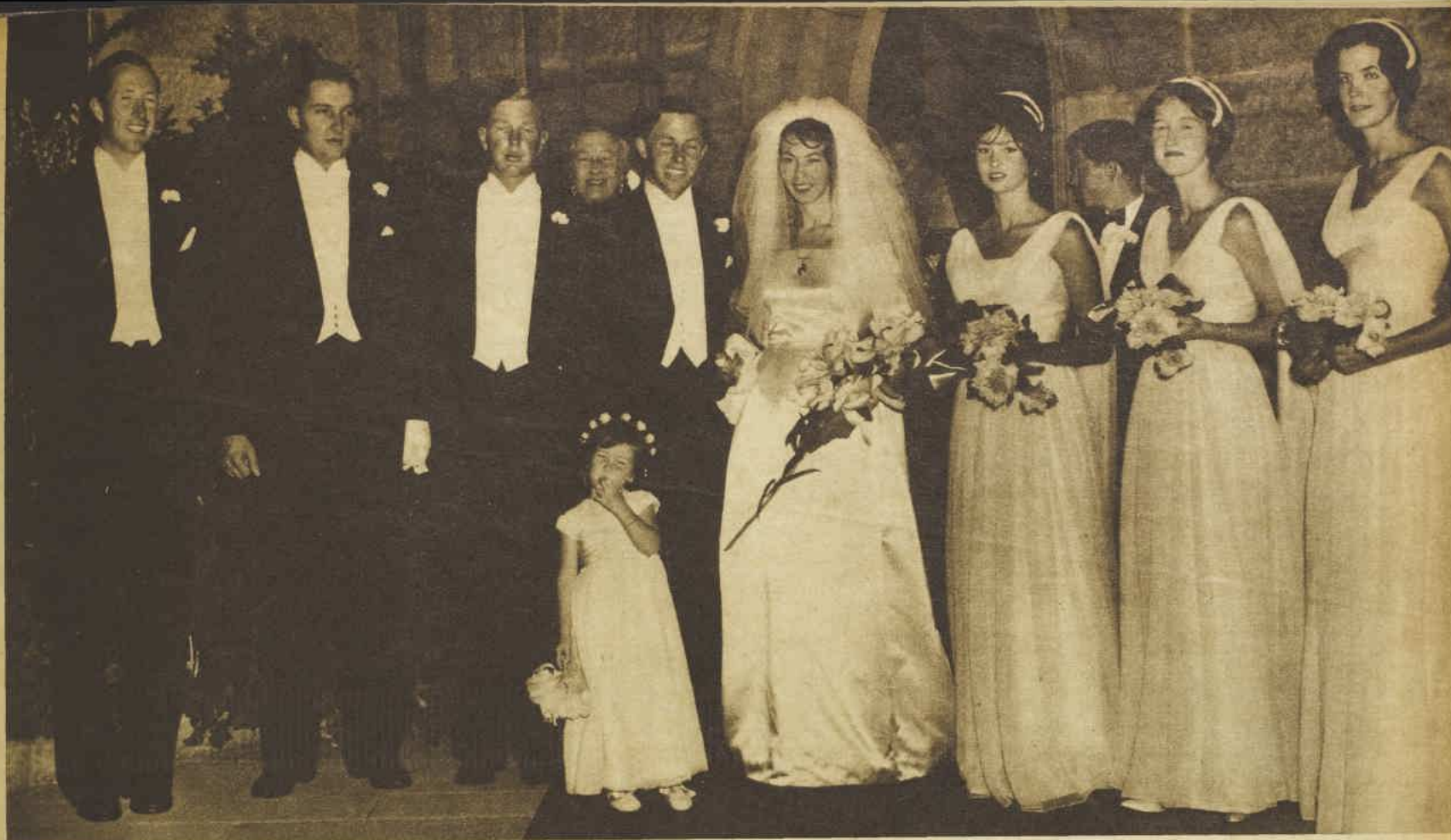
CAUGHT a glimpse of pretty Gay Scott whizzing round town last week doing some last-minute trousseau-shopping before her wedding to Ian Rabone on February 27. The ceremony will be in the garden of the Scotts' home, "Wonga," Mendooran, and I hear that Gay will be wearing an heirloom family veil which is about 200 years old. Afterwards Gay and Ian will live on the Rabones' property, "Weetabalah," Coolah.

DARK-EYED Elena Garay, daughter of the new Consul-General for Spain, was the prettiest spot of color at Charles Mackerras' concerts in the Town Hall. Her vivid tangerine dress and jacket looked dreamy against her suntan and black hair.

THE great-great-granddaughter of the late Sir John Lackey, K.C.M.G., who was a member of Henry Parkes' Ministry, will be married in Adelong on February 24. She is Geraldine Roche, elder daughter of Mrs. D. Roche, of "Coolleen," Adelong, and the late Mr. Frank Roche. Geraldine will marry Peter Ryan, youngest son of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Ryan, of "Munro," Cootamundra, at St. James' Church, Adelong.

THEY were married . . . Margaret Pike, of South Coogee, to Sydney Dyer, of Kingsford, at St. Jude's Church, Randwick . . . Patricia Swales, of Kensington, to Terrence Bancroft, of Petersham, at St. Martin's, Kensington.

Anne



WEDDING GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Dick Macarthur-Onslow after their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point, with (from left) Tony Wilkinson, John Dunlop, John Holman, Vivien McWilliam, Georgiana Morris, Jenny Meares, and flowergirl Katy Penman. The bride was formerly Christina McWilliam, the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McWilliam, of Vacluse, and Dick is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Macarthur-Onslow, of Orange and "Loongana," Canowindra. Christina and Dick will leave on board Oronsay on March 5 for an eight months' honeymoon trip to England, Europe, and America.

PEOPLE AND PARTIES

YOUNG HOSTESSES Sue Taylor (second from left) and her cousin Philippa Murray at Elanora with two of their guests, Mark Rayner (left) and John Thomas. The party was given for Sue and Philippa by Sue's mother, Mrs. Oliver Iselin, jun., and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. D. R. A. Murray entertained in honor of the Iselins, who flew off home to New York a few days later.



CANBERRA WEDDING. Mr. and Mrs. John Rumble, who were married in St. Christopher's Pro-Cathedral. The bride was formerly Carol Wilson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Wilson, of White Bay, and John is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Rumble, of Canberra.

ART SHOW. Valerie Froggatt (left), Susan Wright, and Lionel Long at the opening of Peter Laverty's one-man show at David Jones' art gallery. Susan won this year's Sulman Prize and plans a painting trip round Australia later on this year.



HIGH COMMISSIONER FOR MALAYA, Dato Gunn Lay Teik, and his wife, the Datin, pictured in Sydney with their daughter Gunn Chit Ghee, who is studying accountancy. The day after the Datin arrived from Malaya, where she had been visiting her family and five grandchildren, she left with her husband for a visit to Hobart, Tasmania.



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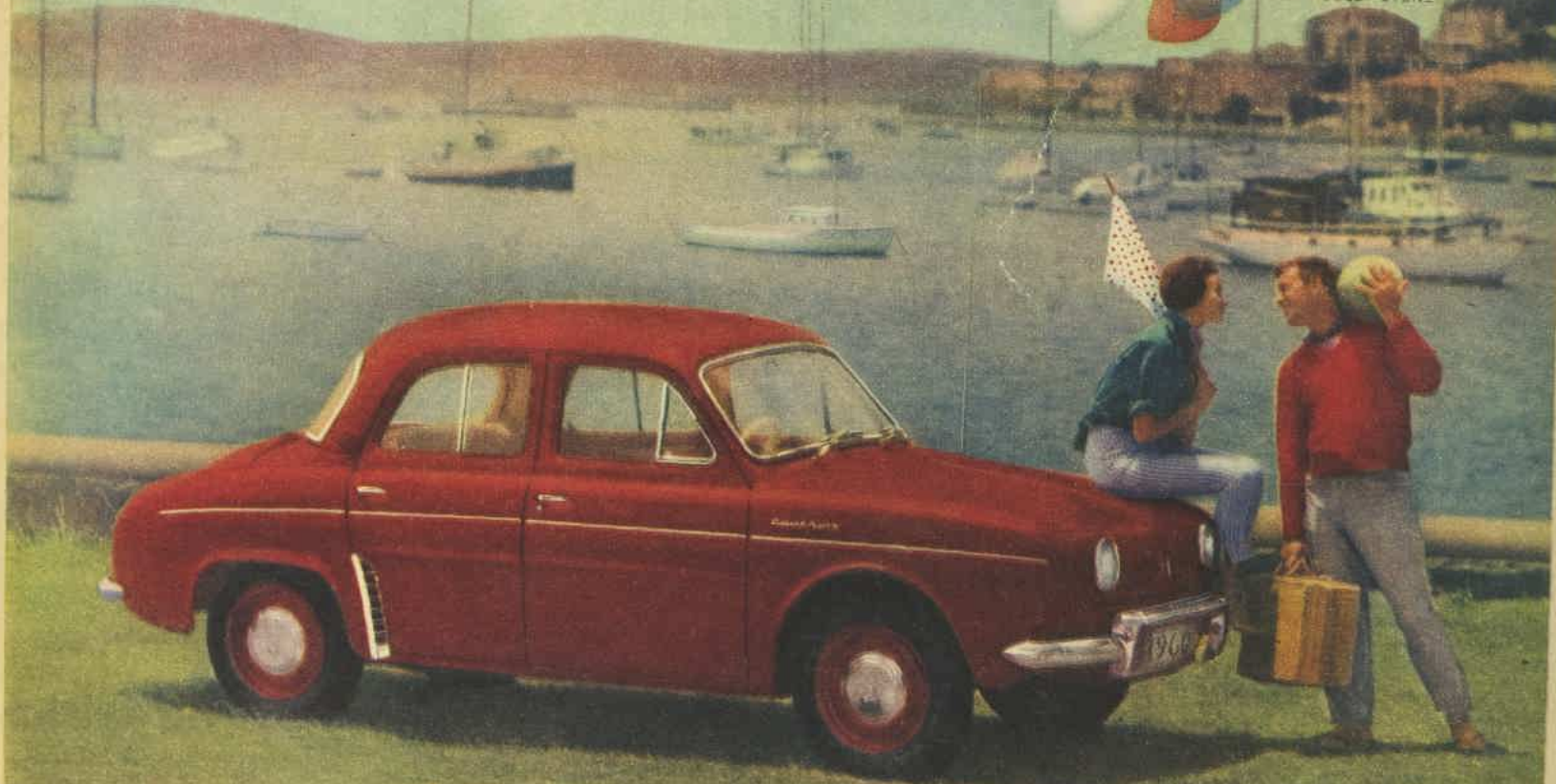
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New TV show tests Australian taste

By NAN MUSGROVE

● The Graham Kennedy Show, a new hour variety programme which originates live from Melbourne's Channel 9, hit TV screens in New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, and South Australia last week.

It was an event that should prove whether or not Australians from all States enjoy the same entertainment or have differing tastes.

I think entertainment taste differs widely from State to State.

Sydney viewers, I'm sure, enjoy a more sophisticated type of humor than that presented in the first edition of the Graham Kennedy Show, and demand something more in professional presentation than they got.

Certainly the hour was packed with first-class acts, comedy, and the good old song-and-dance routines, but it dragged, defying all young Mr. Kennedy's attempts to make it the slickest, swiftest hour on TV.

He worked hard and heroically, but I'd still grade the show for Sydney as falling midway between Keith Walshe's defunct "Sydney Tonight" and the Bobby Limb Late Show.

It wasn't as dreary as "Sydney Tonight" nor as good as the Late Show.

But my view is the Sydney view, and it's too early yet to know what was the reaction of viewers in Adelaide and Brisbane. There's no doubt about Melbourne. They love Kennedy.

And such is the depth of their affection that if you said "Kennedy" in Melbourne, they'd say "You mean Gray?"

Gray really is something in Melbourne, something with a very large capital "S."

There this fair, frail-looking young man of undoubted talents is everybody's sweetheart, everyone's favorite son, everyone's envied success story.

I don't think he will ever be the same in Sydney, where viewers have shown they don't go in for such hero-worship. They seem to have more adult tastes.

But Melbourne's Gray is better than most of the compere viewers are often forced to watch in Sydney.

One thing that did surprise me about the show was the number of commercials done by stars.

Evie Hayes, looking remarkably young and attractive, was the star of one lot; Gray did a number himself, and Panda Lisner, who has become famous as a dumb and dizzy blonde in the Kennedy show "In Melbourne Tonight," also appeared briefly doing a commercial.

In Sydney TV in the last



MELBOURNE phenomenon Graham Kennedy with Panda Lisner, who also appeared in his new national TV show that is seen in four States of the Commonwealth.

show interesting and worth watching, at least until the producers and stars get the show to the pitch they want. This generally takes about a month.

Maybe by then Melbourne humor will have become more Sydneian, or vice-versa, and I will have analysed the strange Melbourne charm Mr. Kennedy exerts.

Desmond — an old traupeur

The visit of famous French boulevardier Maurice Chevalier to Australia is of special interest to Desmond Tester,

the famous French star whom he has never seen since.

He's hoping very much to meet him when he is in Australia, but, always a realist, doesn't even count on it.

"I'd love to meet him and talk about 'The Beloved Vagabond' with him," Desmond told me.

"And of course I'd love to do something about it on the Ninepins. But with such a big star, perhaps it would be impossible.

"TV appearances would probably be right out. Even a short little film in his dressing-room might be hard to manage."

Desmond remembers how Chevalier helped him in the film, but his most vivid memory of the film is a rather painful one.

"One of the things I had to do was to stoke the stage fire in the barn in which we were sleeping," he said. "It was stoked with kerosene, and I was so enthusiastic that one side of my face got badly burned.

"For a whole week I had to play my role profile. I had to keep the burned side of my face turned well away from the cameras."

"The Beloved Vagabond" tells the story of the "Orchestre Paragot," made up in the film of Chevalier, Desmond Tester, and none other than British film star Margaret Lockwood.

Desmond is trying to get a copy of it to show to Chevalier if he gets a chance.

Film "past"

Since he came to Australia with his family, his film "past" has been responsible for many interesting meetings for Desmond.

In Sydney he met Roger Livesey again after appearing with him in "Midshipman Easy," which has been shown on TV here twice. Later he renewed acquaintance with John Mills, John Laurie, and Dame Sybil Thorndike, with whom he appeared in "Tudor Rose."

ABOVE: Margaret Lockwood, Maurice Chevalier, and Desmond Tester, of Sydney's Channel Ninepins, as they appeared in a prewar version of the W. J. Locke novel "The Beloved Vagabond." At left: Maurice and Desmond in another scene from the same film.

FILM REVIEWS continued

★ UP PERISCOPE

War drama, with James Garner, Edmond O'Brien, and Edd Byrnes. In color. Esquire, Sydney.

THIS American film is exciting, tense, and dramatic — but unfortunately none of it is original or new.

Hero James Garner ("Maverick," to TV fans) does a competent job in a commonplace role as an American Navy lieutenant.

He is assigned to photograph the Japanese code on a Japanese island, and conflicts continually with the over-cautious sub skipper (Edmond O'Brien), who gives the most convincing performance in the film.

Pretty Andra Martin has her first romantic lead as a Wave in Intelligence, who falls in love with Garner.

Teenage idol Edd Byrnes (Kookie, of "77 Sunset Strip") plays a small part as pharmacist's mate.

Photography is excellent in spots.—P.F.

In a word . . . ORDINARY.

★★ LEFT, RIGHT AND CENTRE

Comedy, with Ian Carmichael, Alastair Sim, Patricia Bredin. Embassy, Sydney.

A LIVELY farce of a county by-election, this British film hits hard at party campaigns.

Ian Carmichael, the vain Tory candidate, chosen because of his popular TV appearances, launches into an "I'll win - them - with - my - smile" attack, backed by the ultra-conservative Richard Wattis.

Chief campaigner (with an ulterior motive) is his uncle, the local peer, Alastair Sim.

The usual high pitch of this comedy team is marred by the colorless performance of rival candidate Patricia Bredin.

In a word . . . MISSES.

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from page 64

and like everything else about him the grandest and most distinguished available. I knew nothing about London clubs, except the ones Grimdyke took me to where blondes played pianos in the basement, but the Parthenon struck me as a series of long gloomy rooms filled with long gloomy armchairs in which long gloomy gentlemen sat asleep.

"Sir?" asked the porter. I gave Sir Lancelot's name, feeling like Hamlet asking if his father's ghost were in.

"Sir Lancelot is expecting you in the morning-room, sir." I had a moment of panic wondering how warmly I should greet my godfather. He was a man who became as uncomfortable in the presence of emotions as Napoleon was said to be in the presence of cats. But Sir Lancelot solved the problem by merely glancing up and saying, "Have some tea, Sparrow," as though I had shipped outside for a few minutes.

I had found him in morning clothes and cravat, eating hot buttered crumpets from a dish warmed with a small tank of hot water, spreading them alternately with strawberry jam and relish. I obediently took a large black leather arm-chair opposite.

"You're looking very well, sir," I began politely.

"I am very well. I can walk three miles before breakfast and finish 'The Times' crossword while I'm eating it. Can you? William, another tea, if you please."

There was a short silence. "Don't sit on the edge of your chair, boy. You're not a schoolgirl with an adolescent lordosis."

"It's a pity you had to retire, sir," I said, rearranging myself.

"It's a pity any of us have to retire. Why a man should be considered capable of performing major abdominal surgery the day before his sixty-fifth birthday, and incapable of anything except a little gentle gardening the day after, is totally beyond my comprehension."

I agreed with him. "And as usual, Sparrow, the medical profession's handed the dirty end of the stick. Look at the judges, sitting up there mumbling into their wigs till they're ninety. I'll wager half the bishops in the Establishment are too arthritic to get up the pulpit steps."

"And if you want a perfect study in senility take the House of Lords—which I ought to know, I've seen inside a good many of 'em. But with us it's all out at sixty-five, whatever the state of your brains or your blood pressure. That's the trouble with the modern world, there's no scope for individuality. Heaven knows what would have happened to Leonardo da Vinci today. Got run in for breaking the Anatomy Acts for a start, I suppose."

I could see that my godfather hadn't changed.

"Are you enjoying life in the country, sir?" I asked timidly, as the club butler shuffled up with my tea.

"I don't believe you can enjoy life anywhere these days, when it's easier to live like a saint than live like a gentleman. You mustn't smoke because it gives you cancer of the lungs, you mustn't eat because it gives you obesity and heart attacks, and you mustn't drink because it's too damn expensive. And the only time I hear of my friends is when I read their obituaries in the 'B.M.J.'"

He wiped his fingers on a yellow silk handkerchief.

"What's going on in town?" he asked abruptly.

After chatting for a while about such things as the prom-

enade concerts and Test matches, I asked guardedly how long he intended to stay. I felt it would be a matter of interest to anyone I met in St. Swithin's.

"I've a few errands to do," he said, seeming disinclined to answer. "The missus wants some more dried ginger and belladonna plasters, and so on. But I didn't ask you here for social gossip. I wish to have a serious and confidential talk with you, Sparrow. Don't worry about the feller in gaiters," he added, noticing my glance towards a nearby chair. "Deaf as a post for years."

Sir Lancelot sat for some moments stroking his beard.

"I have never been a particularly conscientious godfather to you," he declared to my surprise. "I don't mind telling you I only took on the job because your father was my house-surgeon. I didn't have time to do much about it. I didn't have time to do much about anything, it's beginning to strike me," he went on reflectively.

"As a busy surgeon you have to hurry through life with one

Make use of life while you have it. Whether you have lived enough depends upon yourself, not on the number of your years.

—Michael De Montaigne.

eye on your watch, like the White Rabbit. Also I thought you were a bit of a fool," he added amiably. "But I suppose you got in with the wrong set—that Grimdyke, and suchlike. Which is why I'm particularly gratified that at last you've settled down like a responsible member of society and started a family."

"Very kind of you to say so, sir," I murmured.

"As you know," he continued, taking no notice of my remark. "I have neither children, nephews, nieces, cousins, pet dogs parrots, nor leanings towards the Medical Benevolent Fund."

"Whatever you hear at the hospital I've never been a particularly rich man. But I was brought up in the house of a mine-worker's G.P. on Tyne-side, where to avoid suffering from mass nutritional deficiency we had to keep a watch on every ha'penny, and the habit stuck. So a few years ago I found that I could endow a few scholarships at St. Swithin's."

We were interrupted by an elderly member who murmured as he passed, "Afternoon, Spratt. Been away?"

"Did his right inguinal hernia five years ago," explained Sir Lancelot, glancing after him keenly. "Now it looks as if the other side's coming down. Do you know, I've spotted two emphysemas and a spondylitis since lunch? Veritable mines of pathology, these old London clubs. But I digress."

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He lay back and placed together the thin finger-tips that had explored ten thousand abidomans.

"Do you know why I left London?" he demanded.

"To follow the example of Candide, sir?" I suggested.

"I assure you I should much rather have followed the example of a brewer's drayhorse and died in harness. In short, I was disgusted at the way St. Swithin's treated me."

As I looked surprised, he explained, "I had been promised—or almost promised—an official letter inviting me to stay on the staff till the hospital bicentenary next year. All I got was a chit from the administrative officer—that beastly little man I hadn't spoken to for years—reminding me to leave the keys of my locker before departing. After half a century I was kicked out like one of the surgery porters. There's socialised medicine for you."

He paused to blow his nose wrathfully.

"You'll keep quiet about all this?" he asked with a sharp glance.

"I should certainly be most discreet about your affairs, sir."

"I'm glad to hear it, because otherwise I'd break your neck. You know me Sparrow, I never do things by halves, I'm either in or out. And I was out. So I wrote to my patients to close down my practice in London, and to my agent to open up my place in Hereford. And here we are."

I said nothing, knowing what a painful self-amputation it must have been. But like all good surgeons, Sir Lancelot was an incorrigible exhibitionist.

After searching for some consoling remark I told him, "Everyone at St. Swithin's has missed you very much."

Sir Lancelot seemed amused. "My dear feller, one half of the staff could hardly wait to get rid of me, and the other half has been expecting me to drop dead for years. You can't imagine how demoralising it is to find your junior colleagues inspecting you over lunch for the first signs of arteriosclerosis, cerebral softening, and general decay and ruin. But the net result is no scholarships for St. Swithin's."

He paused as the arthritic butler appeared to gather our tea things.

"Instead," Sir Lancelot went on, "I intend to educate the brood of the devil I know, I'm not aware how many children you intend to have, Sparrow, but I'm going to settle some cash on 'em. Don't thank me," he said quickly, seeming alarmed at the possibility.

"I distrust gratitude almost as much as I distrust flattery. Save a man's life and he complains the stitches tickle and your bill's too high. Do something in five minutes for his piles or his flat feet and you've got a devoted friend for life. Besides," he added after a moment, "if you don't get it, the tax merchants will."

He gave a short laugh.

"I remember when the old Duke of Helford fell off his horse, they sent for his accountants before they sent for his doctors. It was myself who pulled him through in the end. Then he went and got married again to some young thing and blew the lot. Family hasn't spoken to me since. I'm coming to see what sort of a home you run, Sparrow. What's the address again? I shall arrive next Tuesday after luncheon, and I shall be staying the night."

To be continued

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—March 2, 1960

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fifty dollars," she said. "From nine until midnight."

"The Holiday Ball must be an expensive piece of entertainment."

"Look," Kate said, "it's very important to me." She added soberly, "You'll earn every cent of it."

He raised one brow. "Special duties? Besides dancing and making myself useful?"

"Yes," Kate said. "I'm asking a great deal for my fifty dollars, Mr. Morgan. Flowers, champagne, candlelight on the table. The orchestra playing my favorite song. Tender glances, eyes only for me. That sort of thing."

"My clients call me Morgan," he said, "even when they pay outrageous prices for my services."

Kate sighed. "I don't think you understand, Morgan. I want a romantic evening. So obviously romantic that no one could possibly mistake it for anything else."

Another silence. His eyes narrowed slightly. Then he said, very gently, "You're old enough to know better, Kate. It isn't a thing you can buy."

"I'm not trying to buy it. Not the real thing. I only want a pretence, an illusion, for one single evening."

"Trying to impress anybody in particular?"

"No man," she said hastily.

"No particular one, I mean."

"The whole world, then?"

He was being unexpectedly kind; suddenly it seemed imperative that he understand. "I'm no wallflower, Morgan, languishing sadly at home while life passes me by. I turned down three invitations to the dance."

"I'm glad to know there are at least three intelligent men in town."

Kate's eyes widened. "You don't have to begin yet," she said bluntly. "I'm only paying you for the dance."

"My apologies," he said, but somehow he did not look at all apologetic.

"I've lived here all my life," Kate said. "I have a fine time. I like people and they seem to like me. I can swim. I play a hard game of tennis. I do fairly well on a horse, and I don't need a handicap for golf."

"I lug my own stuff when I ski and bait my own fishing-lines. I know how to handle my gun when I'm hunting, and then dress my game. I can also dance without stumbling over my feet, and I never drink to excess."

"Quite a list of accomplishments. No wonder you're in demand."

"Certainly," she said without conceit. "I can take care of myself, never cause any bother, and I don't cling. Good old Kate, that's me."

"Without exception?"

Kate almost hated him for a moment; surely he must know how it felt to have a raw nerve end exposed and prodded.

"Without exception," she said flatly. "Maybe they know me too well. I grew up with them, after all, and most of the men in town have been calling me good old Kate since I was in pigtails. Or maybe—it had to be said, painful or not—"maybe that's all I'm worth. I'm no judge of that."

"No, you're not," he agreed. "And how do the women feel about good old Kate?"

"They couldn't do without me. I'm an excellent baby-sitter, I listen to all their troubles, and they know their men are safe with me."

"Good old Kate," he said again. "It's not a bad epithet, you know. I've heard worse."

"I'm tired to death of it," Kate said. Her throat prickled alarmingly. "I want to be a woman, not an institution."

This time his smile went all the way. "It's a good gamble," he said. "I'll try my best."

"Thank you," Kate said gratefully. She stood up and held out her hand. "You've been very kind, Morgan."

Continuing . . .

PRETEND YOU LOVE ME

from page 19

He took her hand in a businesslike clasp and looked down at her thoughtfully. "Kate, do you really think it will help?"

Kate, unaccustomed to men whose height and breadth gave them ample leeway to look down at her, felt an odd pang of pleasure.

"I don't know," she admitted. "But it'll be good for my soul." She hesitated, then went on honestly, "I'll be thirty before I know it, Morgan. I want them to sit up and take notice, just once, before I reach the point of no return."

"I hope it'll give you something to remember," he said, "when you're an old lady nodding in your rocking-chair."

He was laughing at her. But she didn't mind; it was impossible to have been good old Kate for so many years without acquiring the ability to see the funnier side of things.

"Well, I don't expect miracles," she said reasonably. "Not for a mere fifty dollars."

He nodded. "Inflation," he said. "But fifty dollars still has a certain amount of purchasing power. Maybe a sur-

He didn't laugh. "It can't be that bad, Kate."

"It is." She looked at the fuzzy black mop with distaste. Then the mirror blurred again and she closed her eyes.

"Kate, listen to me. Sit down and take it easy. I'll be right over."

"You can't help. Nothing can help. It's done."

"I'll decide that for myself," he said, and hung up.

When he came Kate was sitting on a chair in the hall, meekly obeying him because she felt too dazed to do anything else. He rapped once and then opened the door, not waiting to be admitted; stopping short, he stared at Kate without speaking.

Kate met his scrutiny squarely, seeing nothing else to be done, and tried not to mind so dreadfully that she must look like a fugitive from a side-show.

He shook his head slowly and sighed. "Kate, somebody has done you wrong."

"I know. I tried to tell you."

anything: candlelight, the flame reflecting like a star in the frosty panes; pink roses on the table, as if he had known they were her favorite color; champagne in a silver pail of ice.

But he had added a few unmistakable touches of his own. The way he looked at her, for instance. Listening to her every word with close attention. Putting his hand on hers, across the table, and smiling his remarkably intimate smile.

Her heart thudded unevenly. "Don't overdo it, Morgan. You'll give the game away."

"No point in doing a thing halfway," he said calmly.

"Well, they're beginning to stare," she said. "At first they were only curious, but now they're widely speculating."

"That's what you wanted, isn't it? If the weather were more favorable I could take you out on the terrace and kiss you. As it stands, however, I suppose I'll have to be satisfied with merely looking as if I want to kiss you."

Kate's eyes widened. "Morgan," she said slowly, "that wasn't part of the deal."

"Romance," he said. "You wanted the illusion." Then, with a shrug, "Look misty-eyed, Kate. One of your childhood buddies is coming this way with a purposeful air about him."

Kate did not know how to look misty-eyed. Nor had she ever been looked at, even in her boldest dreams, as if she would have been kissed on the moment were it not for inclement weather on the terrace.

But Morgan, a man of experience and talent, did his part admirably, and Kate was so shaken that for a lengthy moment she could not pull her eyes away from Morgan's, much less remember the name of a man she had known all her life.

It made no difference. Morgan, when confronted with a polite request for permission to dance with Kate, refused with equal politeness and a cool stare of discouragement. Kate, struck dumb, watched the retreating back of a bewildered childhood buddy and turned to stare at Morgan with awed amazement.

"Am I to dance with you," she asked, "exclusively?"

"Certainly." He smiled at her. "I'm jealous of every man in sight, you see. I want you all to myself."

He took her off to dance, a step, which necessitated several more polite refusals, at regular intervals, to part with her company. "Popular lass, aren't you?" he said.

"I told you I was no wallflower."

"Except in affairs of the heart, I believe you said. But it's hard to believe that such persistence on the part of so many is purely platonic."

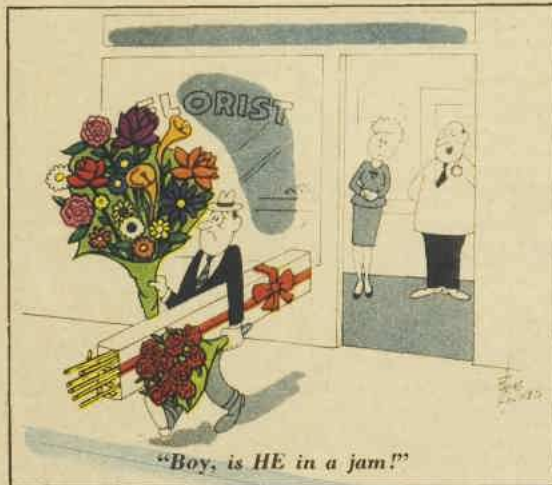
Kate was somewhat puzzled herself. She had never been a wallflower, true, but neither had she been sought out with such flattering frequency. "They're only curious," she said finally. "You've shaken them up a bit."

"Not so much as I intend to."

He smiled down at her. From such close proximity the effect was shattering, and Kate looked away quickly. "If we aren't careful," she said, "I'll be a full-fledged scandal."

It was not long, however, before Kate realised that no one seemed unduly scandalised by her behaviour. On the contrary, people went out of their way to be pleasant to her. Several women stopped at her table to chatter inanities about the ball, the orchestra, the seasonal parties, the weather.

They smiled sweetly at Kate, complimented her dress, asked the name of her hairdresser. And without exception they



prise or two, if not a full-blown miracle."

She stared at him, uncertain of his meaning. But as she walked home in the cold winter's dusk she felt giddy with exhilaration.

The hardest part was behind her; now she had only to complete the preparations so carefully planned in advance, and because she had wisely chosen a weekend when her parents would be away, she had no embarrassing questions, asked in all goodwill, to distract her.

By Saturday evening she had attended to the smallest details. The new dress, bought secretly in an elegant New York shop, looked beautiful.

Bitter-sweet, the saleswoman had called it, with its flowing silk skirt and embroidered white lace top; Kate had been amused, and now she reminded herself to tell John Morgan, who also had an appreciation of ironic humor.

She was not, however, feeling very amused when she called Morgan a few minutes later. Waiting for his answer she stared at herself in the large hall mirror with so much dislike and repugnance that the reflection blurred and wavered.

"Morgan, I can't go," she began without preamble.

"What's happened?" he asked calmly.

"I had my hair done." She had refused to allow the hairdresser to comb it; she would do that herself, she had reasoned, thus viewing her New Self for the first time in guarded privacy. "Morgan, I look like a Ubangi. If I had a brass ring in my nose the picture would be complete."

acknowledged John Morgan with cool aloofness, and then pointedly ignored him. Even Alice Trosper, Morgan's local sponsor, appeared to have changed her mind about his deliciousness.

"Kate, darling," she said warmly, "we haven't seen each other for ages!"

"Since last week," Kate said warily.

"But not to talk. Do come for lunch Monday. I've been longing for a good chat, just the two of us." Then, with a distinct drop in temperature, Alice nodded to Morgan. "Having fun?" she asked vaguely. "I do hope you're enjoying yourself. But you mustn't monopolise our Kate."

Morgan raised one brow. "Why not?"

Alice patted Kate's cheek, smiled an odd little smile and shook her head. "I won't have you abusing my hospitality, John Morgan."

She left a profound silence behind her. Kate looked at Morgan. Finally she said awkwardly, "I'm beginning to think you're the sensation, Morgan, and not me at all."

"I've confiscated public property," he said lightly, "and it isn't done in the best circles."

Kate sighed. She reviewed the past hour in her mind, seeing again the affectionate smiles for her, the frowning silence for Morgan, the men so determined to wrest her away from him, the women so anxious for private little chats.

Her heart jolted painfully. "They're sorry for me," she said blankly.

Not envy, not admiration or

disapproval or amusement, but pity. Pity because she was making a fool of herself. Pity for her gullibility. They did not for a moment believe that Morgan was serious—who could be romantic about good old Kate?—and with the loyalty of old friends they were closing ranks about her.

In all her elaborate plans she had not once anticipated such humiliation.

"I'm afraid I've made things difficult for you," she said.

She saw the flicker of anger in his dark eyes, but she was oddly certain that it was not directed at her. After a moment he said, "You can't have it both ways, Kate."

She put her hands on her hot cheeks and wished her head would not throb so abominably.

"You've traded good old Kate for a new model. Give them time to get used to it."

"You have a kind heart, Morgan," Kate said wearily, "but it's no use."

"I think I should warn you," he retorted, "that I am not famous for being the kindly type."

She tried to smile at him. The evening had fallen apart like a flimsy house made of cards, but it was not his fault. "I'd like to go home now, if you please. I never cared for the Cinderella bit."

He didn't argue, and Kate felt an illogical disappointment. But she would not admit, even to herself, how badly she wanted to dance with him until the orchestra packed its instruments and the club was empty.

To page 74



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Page 73

to smile at him over the flickering candle and pink roses, to grab greedily at each moment until her fifty dollars was spent to the last penny.

She waited in the foyer while he got her coat, feeling the icy cold creep up from her feet and hold her in a frozen vice. She wondered if one should love one's friends for their good intentions or hate them for their perception: surely there was nothing so wicked about an illusion that friendship must instantly expose it for the foolish pretence it was.

"Let's go home, Kate," Morgan said. "It's beginning to snow."

His matter-of-fact voice broke the spell. She went with him docilely, like a child willing to be led, and neither of them spoke again until they stood on her porch in the thickly falling snow.

"Kate—" he began to say, then stopped.

"I almost forgot," she said hastily. She reached in her purse and took out the crisp new fifty-dollar bill. "I'm sorry you had to remind me."

Continuing . . .

PRETEND YOU LOVE ME

from page 73

He had not been thinking of the money, and she knew it, but she did not think she could bear sympathy from him or even understanding.

"Thank you, Morgan. I'm very grateful."

He looked at the bill in his hands; then carefully folded it and put it in his pocket.

"Good-night, Kate."

She stood inside the door until his car left. Then she went slowly upstairs and undressed for bed with the blind ease of habit; when she had finished, she sat before the mirror on her dressing-table and propped her chin in her hands.

She sat there for a long time, staring at the scrubbed face, the wide mouth and firm bones, the enormous eyes. She disregarded the tears, falling silently one by one, and stared at her face as if she had never seen it before.

"Poor old Kate," she said softly. "What a spectacle you made of yourself."

Finally she stirred, wiped her face and went quietly to bed. The chiming clock in the hall struck midnight. She heard it strike once, twice, four times. When she counted six chimes she sighed and admitted defeat; getting out of bed again she put on a warm robe and went downstairs to the kitchen.

The snow had stopped during the night and the world was white and chaste and faintly tinged with pink. Kate cooked breakfast absently, and then found it too dry and tasteless to eat, so she took her coffee to the window, where she could watch the quiet approach of dawn.

She didn't have to see him again. She could stay away

from the club and the hill behind the house where his houses were being built; he was a stranger in town and he would soon be gone.

But the others — the lifelong friends who had watched her performance at the dance — she could not avoid indefinitely.

The front door knocker rapped sharply and Kate's cup rattled uneasily in its saucer. She put it down with great care and went to the door.

John Morgan stood on the porch. He wore a bright plaid woollen shirt, a leather jacket, and heavy pants tucked in his boots; he looked disgustingly alive and wide awake.

"It isn't a respectable hour to call," he said, "but I waited as long as I could."

Kate stared at him, holding to the door to steady herself. She said nothing, because there was nothing sensible to say.

"Did you sleep at all?" He studied her closely. "I thought not. Well, neither did I." He looked as if insomnia were a thing that amused him hugely. "I'm hungry, Kate. Have you had breakfast?"

He sat at the kitchen table, very much at his ease, watching her while she cooked breakfast for him, and then ate every bite with the appetite and enjoyment of a healthy male without a worry in the world.

"You can cook, Kate. One of your many virtues and far from the least."

"You don't have to keep it up, you know. That was last night."

"Which reminds me." He took the fifty-dollar bill from his pocket and laid it on the table between them. "Any plans for the day?"

Kate looked at the bill. It was slightly crumpled now, no longer crisp and new.

"I'd like to hire you for a few hours," he said casually. "Nothing special. A walk, if you'd like it, and a talk."

After a long moment Kate picked up the bill.

"I have a few things to say to you. I waited because you were in no condition to hear them last night." He stood up, made an impatient gesture. "Get a move on, Kate. It's a grand day and we're wasting it."

Sunlight greeted them outside, a pale yellow haze touching the snow-laden spruces with gold and giving an illusion of warmth to the aching cold.

The view of rolling hills and the wide valley below was breathtaking. Kate pointed to the last house, alone on the edge of the hill with the trees behind it and the far horizon in front, its wide stone chimney seeming necessary to anchor it to the earth.

"I like that one best," she said. "It's been my favorite from the beginning."

"I know," Morgan said. Kate looked at him in surprise. "I saw you looking it over a couple of times," he said, "and I could tell from your face that you liked it."

She had never imagined that he had noticed her. "I had to check on their progress now and then," she said quickly. "I love to watch houses being built."

"A good thing." Her surprise grew. "Why?" "You may have to watch a lot of them being built from now on."

Kate stared at the white snow until her eyes burned. "I know you mean to be kind," she said at last. "But you needn't feel sorry for me. I'll get along—I always have. Last night wasn't that bad."

"Kate, Kate," he said gently. Then, "O.K., I'm going too fast for you. Let's start at the beginning again. I'm available for dinner tonight at some quiet spot with an open fire and good food and privacy enough to talk. Think it'd be worth your fifty bucks?"

"I'm sure of it," Kate said faintly.

"Then I'm also taking an option on your company tomorrow. Lunch at the club, and if I can get away we'll have a go at the skates and ice. Same fee, you understand."

Kate took the bill from her

pocket. "If we aren't careful," she said, "we'll wear it out."

"I don't doubt it," he said. "By the time we're through with it we'll have spent several fortunes." He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face, kissing her briefly. "But not this, Kate," he said, smiling a little. "This I intend to keep nice and new and shining for a long, long time."

Kate found her voice finally, but it was so queer and hoarse it startled her. "Why?" she asked simply. "Why me?"

"I liked the way you look, even before I met you," he said, "and now I find I like what goes with it. That's not all, but it's enough for a start." His smile deepened. "Don't worry, Kate. I'm not going to crowd you. We've got the fifty bucks and all the time in the world."

It was generous of him, Kate thought, to pretend a need to persuade her when any fool could see that she had been lost, hopelessly and irrevocably, from the very beginning.

"No one will believe it, Morgan," she said. "It'll be last night all over again."

"They're a lot of blind idiots," he said grimly. "They've known me all my life."

"And I'm going to know you the rest of it. I'm not really surprised at that," he said carelessly. "You're a lot of woman, Kate, and I can see how the ordinary man would be overwhelmed."

The small conceit implied by this remark was not lost on Kate, and her immediate laughter, springing up from some deep well of contentment inside her, was the most satisfying thing she had ever known.

"Morgan," she said very quietly, "I paid for an illusion and look what I got. The real thing, gilt-edged and certifiable."

"I told you it was a good gamble. No miracles, maybe, but a lot of surprises."

They laughed at each other. Then, swinging their hands together, their long strides matching, they went back down the hill in the cold, bright sunlight.

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

"The Heroes"

Ronald McKie (Angus and Robertson). This is an outstanding work of research and a valuable contribution to Australia's war history as well as an immensely readable story. It tells of two security-wrapped raids made on Japanese-held Singapore during World War II by Australia's top-secret "Z" force.

The 14 men of the first attack lived to laugh about it over a beer in Brisbane. The second raid failed through what seems to have been an incredible blunder. Their Japanese captors compared the 10 survivors with their own "heroes" who had penetrated Sydney Harbor in midjet submarines in 1942.

"Tents of Wickedness"

Peter de Vries (Gollancz). This is Peter de Vries' fourth comic novel, and it's a sophisticated mixture-as-before of satire, slapstick, and farce.

The hero is Chick Swallow, a "Dear-Dorothy-Dix" journalist.

As well, there are the zany Sweetie Appleyard and Nick Sherman, who lives only to coin epigrams and send-ups of such varied novelists as William Faulkner, John Marquand, Jane Austen, and Proust.

Either you'll love it and laugh from page one on or wonder what the fuss is about.

"Secrets of the Animal World"

F. J. Pootman (Souvenir Press). This book, translated from the German by Mervyn Savill, is a fascinating introduction to Nature's mysterious and wonderful world.

It gives a glimpse of the life cycles of birds, bees, rats, dogs, fowls, chimpanzees, orang-utans, penguins, and many more, written by a man who obviously loves what he is writing about.

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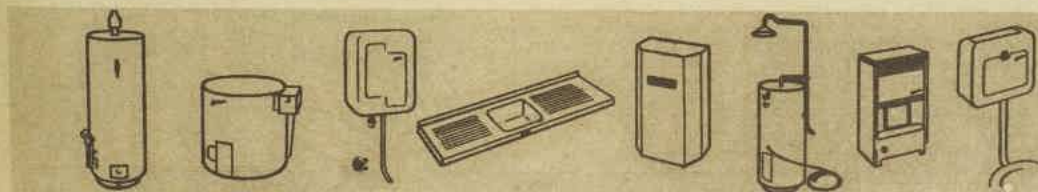


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LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF HOT WATER SERVICES IN THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

In a way, it could scarcely be called luck; it was in fact a total absence of any sort of ill-luck. Except for the nine times he had gone into action against enemy aircraft, all his war missions had been the same. Even in those nine battles, the enemy fighters had somehow never got close enough to line him up in their sights.

He and his brother Bill had been known as the Lucky Brothers. But Bill's luck had been different, the real sort—at least while it lasted.

There was the time when he had come back with part of his Spitfire shot away and a wing on fire; when, after crashing through a couple of hedges, it had settled in just enough mud to put out the fire but not enough for Bill to drown.

There was that other time when, after being shot down over the Channel, he had come down through the smoke and fishing tackle of a trawler that had no business there anyway, and landed with a shout in a hold full of fish.

They preferred to fly together. On take-off and in flight Donald had only to look over his left shoulder to see Bill nod and wink solemnly, a thing they never failed to do if they were about to break formation.

In flight he had several times warned Bill that he was being followed. "Thank you, dear brother," Bill would answer over his mike and, with a solemn wink, he would suddenly dive or swing into evasive action.

It was evident that neither

of them would have married Peggy had their luck held.

They had been together when they met her at a local dance. They both flirted with her, and Peggy had never seemed able to make up her mind which she preferred. Although both knew well that the other was really smitten, they had never pushed the matter further than a simple flirtation.

Lucky Parkson often thought of that bright autumn morning when Bill's luck had bowed to Fate and the Angel of Death. Bill's perspex canopy had turned a bright yellow as oil flowed over it.

"Bill, are you all right?" he had shouted over his microphone.

"No—sorry, old boy," Bill had answered calmly. He had pushed back the canopy and, with a last wink and the usual solemn nod, slumped forward.

His burning machine streaked down towards a wood, all rust and gold in the morning haze. For a long time Donald had flown around the thick column of smoke belching from a black hole.

The sky was quite empty when he had at last turned west towards England, where he was forced to crash-land on top of a cliff, out of fuel.

Later—a good deal later—he married Peggy. They had been happy together and both were proud of their two children. But being the wife of a pilot was a strain at times and though Peggy had never complained, he knew she was relieved there would be no more flying.

Continuing . . . ALBATROSS

from page 23

"More coffee, anyone?" asked Anne.

"No, thanks," Parkson

grinned. Walker snored softly. The shiny black lacquered windscreen turned grey. It could not be dawn and, a moment later, when drops began streaking up it, he knew that they were catching the bad weather sooner than expected.

Parkson checked all his instruments and again looked up. His eye noticed something

gasped Walker as the bird suddenly swooped down and, rigid as a statue, Lucky Parkson slowly and firmly pushed the stick forward and followed into a dive.

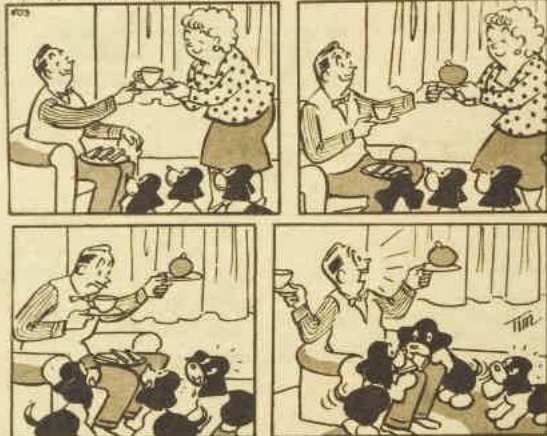
"Hi!" shouted Walker. He grasped the controls and pulled violently. "Lucky, have you gone crazy?"

The whole machine lurched sideways as, with a tearing

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



white. Cloud, he thought, switching on the powerful windscreen wipers—he hated the idea of not being able to see ahead, even if there was nothing to see—and again something white flashed.

Parkson rubbed his eyes, turned off the cabin light and carefully examined his instrument board. The dials glowed a soft blue. Then slowly he raised his eyes to where the windscreen wipers were flicking rapidly. There was something white ahead.

He had already slipped his feet into the controls and was about to touch Walker's shoulder. Yet it could only be a cloud. Leaning forward, his hand groping for his night glasses, he tried to see better. It looked like a great bird, its wings moving up and down as though flying ahead of him in the same direction.

Donald knew that he was being ridiculous but, instead of grabbing his night glasses, his left hand slid up to the searchlight switch. He would see millions of diamonds rushing towards him, sparkling raindrops, and he hesitated because he knew that for some seconds after he would have difficulty in seeing through the blackness of night. Leaning forward, holding the switch between thumb and forefinger, he waited a few seconds, then flicked it on.

In the shaft of rushing raindrops straight ahead he saw a great white bird.

It was impossible, quite impossible! He knew very little about birds, but even if a bird could travel at that altitude over the Atlantic, it could not possibly fly at such a speed. The aircraft would have overtaken and killed the bird even before he had time to see it properly.

Again he looked. There was no possible doubt. A white bird was flying swiftly and strongly straight in front.

"Walker!" he snapped, grabbing the controls and pressing his thumb on the button to disconnect the automatic pilot.

"What's the matter?" said Walker, sitting up very straight and adjusting his earphones as he tried to see what Parkson was looking at.

"That bird, look!"

"Where? Good lord!"

crash, something seemed to hit the tail.

Definitely checking a roll that put them over to the right, Lucky was now sitting well back, pulling at the stick. Things had crashed behind him. Hanging on with both hands to his control-board the flight engineer watched his four pets, the engines, who were holding out beautifully.

"Shall I get on the air, sir?" asked the radio operator.

"Yes; but no Mayday until I say so."

"Yes, sir."

"Walker. She's flying. Go and see what happened. Something hit us back there. Tell Anne to prepare for an emergency," he added, switching on the No Smoking—Fasten Safety Belts panel.

"Captain."

"Yes," snapped Lucky over the intercom.

"I am on the air with cargo flight X-one-one-three going west. They say they have just grazed an airliner that managed to avoid a head-on collision by diving."

"Are they all right?"

"They think so. They want to know if we are."

"Tell them we think so, but ask them to make one or two slow turns. I am doing likewise. Give them our altitude: six thousand five hundred. Make sure they are at least five hundred feet above or below us. One close shave is enough for the time being."

A minute later Lucky saw the lights of the cargo plane.

"At least we won't be alone if we do have to ditch here," he said, pointing as Walker leaned over his shoulder.

"No visible damage, Lucky. Anne has the situation well in hand now. They were jittery until she threatened to beat up a little man who wouldn't take off his shoes."

"Good for her. Anyone hurt?"

"Only Anne. She got a cut over her nose."

"Engineer," called Lucky over the intercom. "Are you happy?"

"All fine, sir."

"Navigator. Know where we are?"

"Seven hundred miles west of Shannon."

"Radio. Our cargo friend all right?"

"He thinks so, sir."

"All right. Tell him we are

resuming our flight if he agrees. Then report the incident to Shannon and ask them to prepare for an emergency landing in about an hour and three-quarters from now, if all goes well."

A very nasty air pocket that caused some minor damage was the only explanation the passengers were able to worm out of Anne. Oh, no, they had not hit the top of a mountain. Yes, they had dived unexpectedly. Yes, they would be going straight on to London after a routine check. Yes, unfortunately, they would be a little late.

No, not more than an hour; if that. Yes, breakfast would be coming up shortly.

Instead of dispersing after the usual formalities, the crew had taken Lucky Parkson to one of the company offices where some twenty people were gathered around champagne bottles to celebrate his last flight as captain and, for the few who knew, to congratulate him once again on his luck.

"Tell me, Lucky," asked young Walker as he lit his cigarette, "what made you dive just in the nick of time? You woke me up a second before and though I craned my neck I couldn't see anything but sheets of rain."

"Well, I thought there was a bird."

"Oh come off it, what else?"

"Luck, I suppose," said Parkson, grinning sheepishly.

Three hours later, Lucky Parkson blew the hooter of his sports car as he swung round the corner of the sea-front road. He saw his son and daughter

run out of the cottage to open the double gate and swing on it as he drove straight into the small garage by the kitchen.

It was not till after tea, when he was sitting in his favorite deckchair, that he lit his pipe, looked out over the sunny white-capped sea, and said between puffs, "D'you know, Peggy, we very nearly had it last night. A real close shave."

"Oh, Don! What happened? I thought it was the weather that had delayed you this morning. That's what they told me on the phone."

"Yes, I know. Truth is we collided with a cargo plane and my rudder was a little damaged."

"No!"

"Yes, and if I hadn't put the ship into a dive it would have been a dive-on collision. Where the devil did that bird come from?"

"Oh, how strange! We haven't seen it for two whole days. It has been coming every evening for over a week now, and the children feed it. They love it. Colonel Brandham says it is an albatross."

"An albatross?"

"Yes. The children call it Bill. Oh—you don't mind, do you, dear? Perhaps I shouldn't have let them."

"Don't be silly, Peggy," said Parkson. "Of course I don't mind."

He got up. Walked slowly towards the huge white bird. It solemnly winked a bright yellow eye and took off with a great flapping of wings.

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13/6

BEGINNERS' PATTERN
F5584.—Beginners' pattern for a little girl's frock requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Price 3/6.

Fashion PATTERNS

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 545 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6244, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

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F5583.—Simple button-through frock requires 5½ yds. 36in. material or 3½ yds. 54in. material and ¼ yd. 36in. contrasting material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5657.—Flattering and feminine shirtmaker dress has a pleated skirt, tucked bodice, and soft collar. Requires 3 yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5660.—Sophisticated suit has waist-length jacket and slim skirt. Requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5651.—Pretty and comfortable winter pyjamas require 5 yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 222—FROCK AND BOLERO

Simple summer frock with contrasting bolero to dress it up. Available cut out ready to sew in a floral cambric in pink, grey, and white; green, rose-pink, and white; pale blue, pink, and white; and grey, green, and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 53/6; 36 and 38in. bust 65/6. Postage 3/- extra.

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Young girl's tennis frock has shirtmaker top and pleated skirt. Available cut out ready to sew in a white pique or white poplin. For a 10- or 11-year-old 33/6; 12- or 13-year-old 34/3; 14- or 15-year-old 35/-; 16-year-old 36/- Postage 2/6 extra.

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Cute and useful bib set for a youngster. Available cut out ready to sew and clearly traced to embroider on pink, blue, white, and lemon headcloth. Bias tape is not supplied. Price 1/6 each. Postage 9d. extra.

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Pretty summer frock for a young girl is available cut out ready to sew in a check gingham in lemon, lilac, green, blue, red, tan, and black. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 40/6; 36 and 38in. bust 51/6. Postage 3/- extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.



AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning February 29



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 20-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck through undercurrents.

★ Many influences are working in your favor below the surface, but results will not be evident just yet. Patience is your best bet, if you try to hurry matters you may undo what has been accomplished. Avoid any form of nagging, or even pressing people for an answer they are not yet prepared to give. Do not discuss hopes and wishes.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in a new association.

★ You'll be launched among people new to you, probably a number of acquaintances who share certain interests. You'll be given the chance to sample this group before committing yourself to a permanent relationship. It's up to you to make up your mind. If you can spare the time and are really keen, join in with enthusiasm.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in your best foot forward.

★ Making the right impression spells opportunity, sometimes friendship, or love. Whether you are at an interview for a job, making a first appearance as Madam President of an organization, or on your first date with that handsome stranger, give yourself all the breaks. Choose dress, accessories in the color you know suits you best.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Mon., Wednesday. Luck in a study programme.

★ Whether you yearn to study flower arrangement, dressmaking, Continental cooking, lampshade making, or any other domestic art, now is the time to attend a class on the subject. Some keen gardeners may join a horticultural society where lectures are given by experts. If young, tennis, swimming lessons, or a keep-fit group, become important.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, rose. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in a present.

★ Should you be offered a gift which you regard without enthusiasm, put your veto to work. Many a dull object can shine when put to new use. That saucer stand painted appears as an indoor plant-holder. The joy of salvage is a challenge to your ingenuity. You remodel a frock, retrim a hat, make something out of nothing.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in a partnership.

★ If young and in love, this influence leads to wedding bells and a lifetime partnership. If you play any game, a sporting partnership could bring victory. If you are speculating, make your investment in company with a friend, this will improve your chances of success. Good fortune may come through a relative who shares a venture.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, black. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck on the job.

★ If a homemaker you turn the house upside down, clean out cupboards, repair odds and ends. If a voluntary worker you may be given a special task which you enjoy in place of one for which you feel unskilled. If in paid employment you are likely to have greater prestige. An office romance could develop into a serious love affair.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, grey. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in taking a chance.

★ You might hold the winning ticket in a raffle or be fortunate when investing in shares due to rise shortly. You might risk a rebuff from one in authority only to discover that your request is granted. You invite an attractive stranger to your home and find the glamor is lasting, romantic. Take the first step; happiness follows.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday. Luck in the evening.

★ Although you may be a worm during daylight hours, you'll be a butterfly in the evening. Stepping out, party going, entertainment, come your way. Most of this may not have been planned in advance; you decide on the spur of the moment and have a delightful time. Use extra care on the highways late at night, where accidents are possible.



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck on an outing.

★ You go on a short expedition and have an adventure or make an adventure with surprising results. You may take a wrong turning and run into an old friend or make a new one. If young, impressionable, a romance begins which you will always associate with that particular place. If older you might consider buying or building a cottage there.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, mauve, blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in the market place.

★ The bargain-hunter brings home several prizes for which she sees an important future. She may also, through self-help, still further improve the position. An exchange of services with friend or neighbor could be the answer to one problem. Some of you unload a white elephant and use the proceeds to acquire what you really want.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, silver. Lucky days, Wed., Thursday. Luck in leadership.

★ People may be looking to you for guidance, original ideas, creative effort. You are naturally capable along these lines, but it might be wise to learn practical details to others where organization is needed. Exercise your wistful charm on those with whom you come in contact, it will smooth over many difficulties, reconcile conflicting opinions.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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JACKY'S DIARY

by JACKY Mendelsohn
Age 32½



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By RUD





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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA are helping the Chief of Police solve the mystery of the Horse Thief. Victims claim to have been held up by a masked riderless horse which spoke to them and threatened them with a gun

strapped to its foreleg. Then Mandrake and Narda, too, are confronted by the Horse Thief, and are ordered to hand over their money in the same way as the other victims were. Mandrake leaps on to the Horse Thief's back. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- There are no flies on this hat (9).
- Get after the dope a coarse woollen fabric (7).
- This porridge can make you sober (5).
- Grass-like water-plant kept in an improvised geyser (5).
- Delay about malice (7).
- Duty on certain articles (6).
- Drink consisting of sugar, spirit, and some animal product (6).
- Written, or could have been written by G.B.S. (7).
- The pawnbroker kinsman (5).
- A Latin bird with nothing in an advice boat (5).
- Never started to ask for alms between two French ones (7).
- Fail to get, but not entirely, an Asian river with a blank poker card (9).



Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

- Injury caused by a whodunit without a hit (5).
- Red gees (Anagr., 7).
- Flowers can serve as rest (6).
- French ecclesiastics (5).
- The God of Love with an electric particle causes this wear and tear (7).
- Indigestion which has a sappy side (9).
- Such plant is always of the same color (9).
- Ruin Mac (Anagr., 7).
- A digger (7).
- In young wild beast I find nightmares (6).
- False gods; one of them turns into an Italian city on the Adda (5).
- Prisons for beasts and birds (5).

Solution will be published next week.



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